MEMORIES OF FOURSCORE YEARS

CHARLES AUGUST FICKE

Gc
929.2
F444f
1135840

M. L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01239 6260

MEMORIES OF FOURSCORE YEARS

MEMORIES OF FOURSCORE YEARS

CHARLES AUGUST FICKE

Printed and bound by the
Graphic Services Inc.
Davenport, Iowa
A. D. 1930

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1135840

CHAPTER PAGE

I. Fischer's Alluring Description of Iowa..... 1
Fischer's alluring description of Iowa.

II. The Journey to Davenport..... 28
Fischer's letters create a sensation — Father's preparations for the journey—The ocean voyage—The journey to Iowa—Arrival in Davenport—The family history—Purchasing a farm—Our new neighbor.

III. The Trying Early Years..... 56
The trying early years—High rates of interest—Letters of my parents to relatives and friends—Letters to my parents—My early memories—My tasks on the farm.

IV. School Years at Long Grove..... 81
Our nearest market town—Hauling grain —Our private teachers — Attending the Long Grove school — Prejudice against foreigners—Beginning of Civil War—Labor scarcity — Our neighbors — Father builds grist mill—"No Man's Land"—Our first kerosene lamp—Our home life.

V. Various Activities on the Farm.....104
Our social intercourse—Religious differences—Threshing days—Hog killing days Bake week—Christmas joys—Lack of children's books—Mother's flower garden—Horse thieves—Passenger pigeons—Poor money—Early fences.

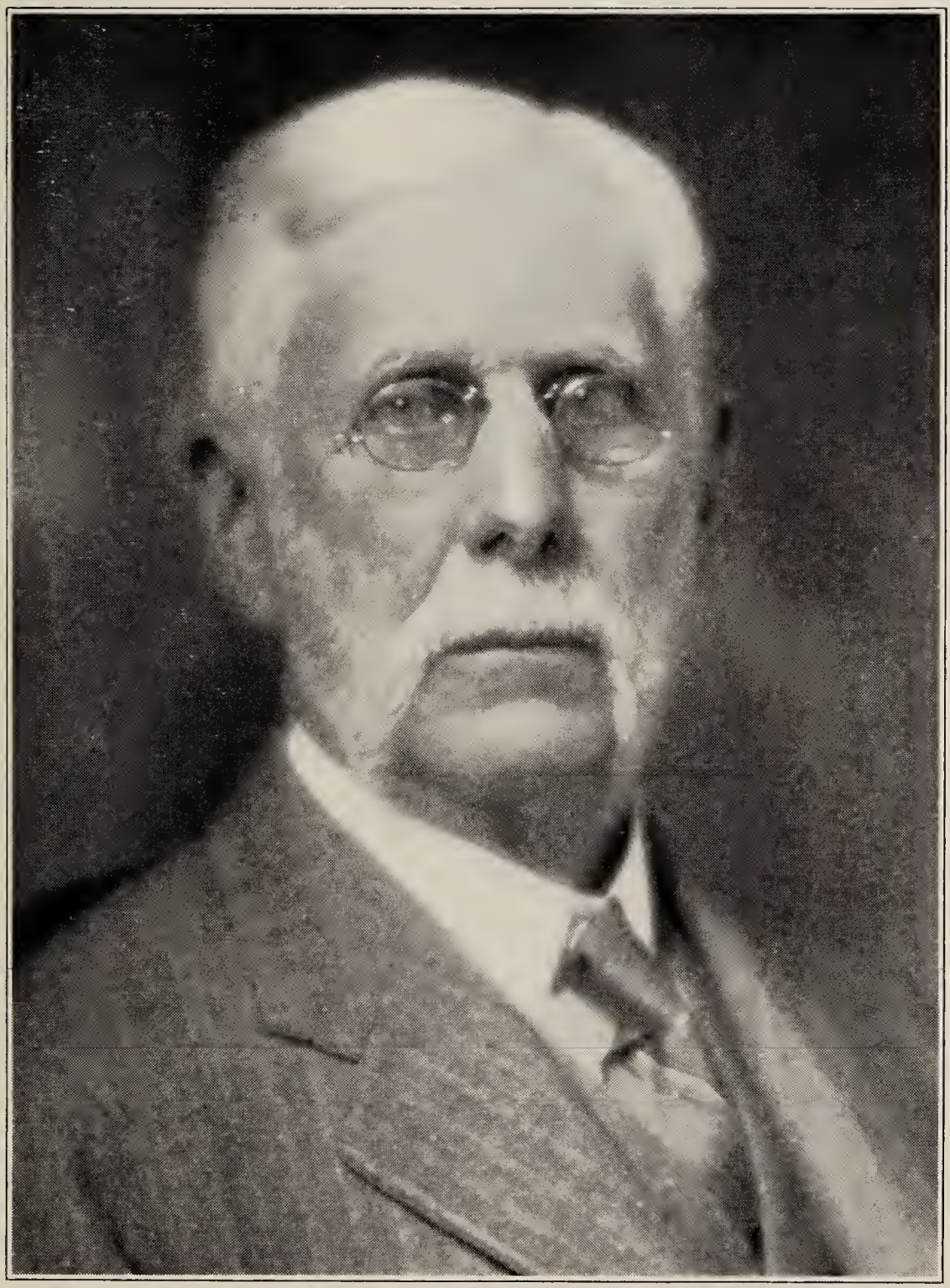
VI. Leaving the Farm 122
Troublesome friends—Youthful pranks—Serving my apprenticeship in Lowden—Attending school in Davenport—Civil War memories.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	Siberia and Russia The Yenesei River—Central Siberia—The Kirgiz Steppe — The vast immigration — Cheliabinsk—Russia in Europe—Moscow— —St. Petersburg.	384
XXI.	Central and South America Our Central and South American tour—Lima—Purchasing antiquities—Chili—Argentina—Brazil.	398
XXII.	Touring Europe in 1912 Touring Europe 1912 — Italy — Austria—England—Buying paintings—Europe 1913 —Russia revisited—Helen married.	410
XXIII.	In the Orient in 1914 Touring Japan, Korea, China, 1914—Peking antiquities—World War begins—Unemployment—Blakeslee picture sale—S. S. Lusitania sunk—Alice married—Reisinger picture sale.	424
XXIV.	The World War United States enters World War—Liberty bond sales—Arthur enlists—Loyalty of German-Americans — War regulations—Arthur's Paris letters—Armistice scenes—Post war drives.	440
XXV.	Visit Europe 1922 Wauna visit 1921—Glacier Park—Tour Europe 1922—Our fortieth wedding anniversary—Donated my antiquities—Offered my paintings to city—Agricultural crisis 1923.	465
XXVI.	Donate My Paintings to City Established Municipal Art Gallery — Desert hobbies—Thrills of hobbies—Yellowstone Park—Taft makes my bust—Phoenix—Tucson—Auto trip.	479
XXVII.	Reach Fourscore Years Tour Europe 1928—Alaska—Books read —Our home life—Visit Miami—My eightieth birthday.	493

Introduction

Generations upon generations of human beings are born, live their alloted years, and die. In the life of each individual there are episodes, which, if recorded, would make interesting reading, at least for the grandchildren of the person in whose life they occurred. This is my apology for writing the following pages.



CHARLES AUGUST FICKE

FRANCES DAVISON FICKE
wife of
CHARLES AUGUST FICKE

Memories of Fourscore Years

CHAPTER I

Fischer's Alluring Description of Iowa

HE fourth decade of the Nineteenth Century was one of unrest throughout Europe. In Germany, as in the other countries of that continent, people longed for greater liberties. To secure these they rose in revolution against their petty tyrants in a number of the states into which Germany was divided. My father, Christoph Heinrich Ficke, was in full sympathy with the effort to secure wider liberties. But being the head of a large family he wisely abstained from active participation in the revolution.

Father was born in Hamburg on April 12, 1807. He served his apprenticeship with Conrad Warncke & Company of that city, owners of a fleet of ships which plied between Hamburg and important world ports. He remained with this firm until shortly before his marriage to my mother. He then established himself in general merchandising in Boizenburg, a town on the Elbe, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Early in 1851, father, by

rendering financial assistance to a friend by the name of Wilhelm Fischer, enabled the latter to emigrate to the United States. In the latter part of the same year he received from Fischer a letter which in free translation from the German read as follows:

"Prairie, near Davenport, August 27, 1851

"It is high time for me to redeem my promise to write you. You probably thought I had forgotten my promise. But that would have been rank ingratitude in return for the great help which you rendered me. I waited thus long purposely before writing, because what would it have profited to write you about matters concerning which I was uninformed. I have now been in the country ten weeks, and have explored it in all directions, so that I am better informed.

"What happens on an ocean voyage you know. The third day I was taken sick with mal de mer but after offering sacrifice thrice I fully recovered. Because of contrary winds our ship was unable to follow the route through the channel. It had to take a course lying north of Scotland. This delayed us several days. The ocean voyage in itself is not as dangerous as one generally believes it to be. In the beginning, of course, one sees only long faces when there is a rough sea and when even with the best efforts he cannot stand erect. Before being aware of it he may be lying flat on his back. Later, however, when anyone fell or was thoroughly drenched

when a large wave struck the deck he was simply laughed at.

"Our trip certainly was a most happy one, and I can commend these ships to every emigrant. Our captain was a pleasant and modest person as also were all who were employed on the vessel. Those who were sick were carefully nursed, and those who were well were given so much food that they could eat but half the portions that were offered them. There was no scarcity of good water. We had but little rough weather during the trip, and after thirty-five days we reached free America. When I left Hamburg I still possessed three Hamburg shillings, but on the ship I made myself useful in the second cabin and thus on the trip earned a few dollars. On May 24 we entered the bay and beautiful New York lay before us. No artist could paint this perfect paradise in its true colors. I have seen many cities of Germany, but in comparison with New York even Hamburg remains far in the rear.

"Approximately an hour before reaching New York the ship stopped and the doctor and the agents of the German Society came aboard. The former examined each of the passengers; the latter gave each of them a printed slip in which one was warned against crooks and hotel and immigrant agents. It also contained a list of the lowest transportation rates to the interior. I advise each of my countrymen to follow closely these directions of the German Society as otherwise he will certainly be cheated, for when he reaches New York he will be over-

whelmed by such people. They are all well dressed people, all speak a splendid German, and all pretend that they have known you ever since your youth. But they are all the biggest rascals. The one praises this, and the other another hotel, and tickets are offered you at a reduced price, but one should have no dealings with these people because they receive $1.00 for every emigrant whom they bring to this or that hotel. This naturally is added to the emigrant's bill, and furthermore they take one to the most disreputable places.

"Every passenger is at liberty upon reaching New York to remain on the ship for two days. Everyone should make use of this privilege. During this time he is given food on the ship, and if he is tired of what they give him, which is quite possible, there are in the harbor a number of so called stewards who sell food and who all speak German. From these one can buy and take with him to the ship as much as he cares, and he is not cheated. We on our old Herschel nearly all pursued this course. Those who considered themselves smart were cheated.

"In regard to transportation beyond New York one must not fail to consult the German Society, 95 Greenwich Street. This Society alone can protect the emigrant against being taken advantage of. The most of us made satisfactory arrangements. One family from Mecklenburg had arranged with an unreliable agent and had paid $10.00 when we had only paid $8.00, and when we reached the railroad this family had to travel by canal boat and for a

trip which took us three days they required from three to four weeks and had to pay for the food on the way. However, if one is headed for Iowa or Wisconsin, no contract should be made beyond Buffalo. The route is from New York by boat to Albany. One should, however, by no means remain there long because living there is very expensive and there are an abundance of sharpers.

"In Albany you take the train to Buffalo. Here there is a German tavern kept by Heinrich Effers, opposite the station. This person is really honest. One should consult him in regard to the further trip and he will advise you fully. If you do not speak English he goes with you to the transportation office. If headed for Iowa contract should be made as far as Chicago; if headed for Wisconsin a contract should be made to Milwaukee. From Buffalo you go by steamboat over Lake Erie to Detroit. Here there is a good German tavern, called 'The Golden Star,' which is run by a Swiss.

"At Detroit you take the train as far as New Buffalo and from there continue the trip to Chicago or Milwaukee. This is the straightest, quickest, and cheapest way. Many buy horses and wagons in Chicago and thus continue the journey to Iowa. You cross Illinois and the distance is 200 miles. We, however, made the trip by canal on a freight boat. It was all very fine and meals were first class. Besides we traveled so fast that we made 100 miles in twenty-six hours. The canal ends at the Illinois River at LaSalle and Peru, where that river becomes

navigable, and from there one can continue his trip to Davenport by steamboat via St. Louis. Mr. Friedrich, however, remained in Peru with his two ladies.

"Two of our party had gone from Chicago to Wisconsin for the purpose of investigating the country and the conditions there. The young Friedrich and I continued our journey on foot to Davenport, where we arrived after three days. The country through which we passed, after leaving New York, was mostly forest. In the older states, however, considerable land had already been put in cultivation, and we passed many larger and smaller farms.

"We nowhere found such crooked streets as in Europe. All the streets are as straight as a string and have beautiful trees on both sides. Most of the eastern cities are lighted by gas, but trains are not run as carefully as in Germany. Trains run through the streets of the city without the track being enclosed and yet one seldom hears of accidents. There are no railroad guards and yet trains travel, even in the darkest night, with much more speed than in Germany. From a point 100 miles from Detroit as far as New Buffalo there are no rails but only oaken planks laid lengthwise and covered with a thin iron rod. There is no lack of transportation facilities here. For one whole day we traveled by train over a road on one side of which there was a canal and on the other a highway. On both sides there were attractive farm homes and farms or cities. The soil everywhere is excellent, and I saw

but few poor districts. In Illinois there is much prairie but also some forests. Iowa, judging by all that I have seen so far, is entitled to preference. The Mississippi forms its eastern boundary. Larger and smaller towns lie in its beautiful and romantic valley.

"Davenport, which was founded 15 years ago, is a wonderfully located city and now contains approximately 4,000 inhabitants. Four or five years ago it was an unimportant place with hardly one hundred houses. This year alone one hundred houses were built and land as far out as from twelve to sixteen miles has already been sold, and I fully believe that in ten years Davenport will equal the first cities of Germany, inasmuch as the immigration largely has it for its goal. One-third of the people are Germans, and in the country perhaps one-half of the people are Germans. One hardly realizes that he is in America because everywhere you hear German spoken. A German Evangelical Lutheran Church is to be built now. There is a Catholic Church already.

"Along the Mississippi there are fine bluffs which are covered with forests. Six miles from Davenport there are rich coal mines. With the exception of a narrow strip along the river there is but little forest. It is all beautiful rolling prairie, mostly rich, black, productive ground suitable for crops of every kind. It is particularly suitable for wheat, maize, barley, and oats. It produces potatoes and especially large cucumbers, onions, beans, and lettuce as well as all other vegetables. Furthermore speculators have not

made many purchases, and one can still obtain land at the price fixed by Congress, namely $1.25 an acre. Annually many families come to this district from St. Louis and the South because the climate in Davenport in the summer is excellent and in the South the contrary.

"When Mr. Friedrich and I reached Davenport on our tour of inspection we made several trips into the surrounding country and found it to be fully to our taste. After four days I returned to Peru alone and on foot. The two who went to Wisconsin had also returned but they brought no good news because they found nothing but dense forests and a person in a lifetime could not place more than forty acres under cultivation. Money also was very scarce there. It was, therefore, decided to go to Iowa. Mr. Friedrich bought a horse and wagon and we took along half of the baggage, weighing about half a ton. It had rained all summer and the roads as a result were miserable. Nevertheless, we arrived safely in Davenport. We rented a house and started out on a search for land. After a few days we found a suitable tract approximately twelve miles from Davenport near a small grove. Friedrich took a claim on half a section, 320 acres. Four officers who had served in the Schleswig-Holstein army arrived here at the same time and took eighty acres adjoining this tract. At once we raised a tent, dug a well, made a fireplace with sod, and cooked and fried what we had. We also began to make hay, but I had great difficulty with my pupils because none of them

stuck to it very long. The oldest Friedrich still lived in the city with the two ladies. The other four of us and the officers lived in the tent. Sundays some of us only went to town in order to once more live comfortably.

"About fourteen days ago when I had been with Friedrich just two months, beginning with the day of landing, we decided to fix the wages. Friedrich then declared that he could not pay me more than $8.00 a month inasmuch as he himself did not know yet how he would get along. However, he made no objection to my leaving provided I could better myself elsewhere. Inasmuch as $8.00 a month was too small wages I preferred to decline his offer, and we parted in friendship. It is an old saying here that every immigrant must get a new skin, new blood, and new money. Friedrich's old money, unfortunately, would soon be gone, because our trip alone cost over $1,000. Now the land is to be paid for; the house and fences are to be built; six persons are to be supported for a year and a half; seed is to be bought for next year, and then the stock has not yet been bought. It is much better if one has still a little money, especially when one does not understand anything about farming. It is better to purchase a complete farm for the reason that labor is expensive.

"Although I owned little when I arrived in America if I remain well I hope that in three or four years I will be able to measure up financially with Friedrich. On the same day that I left the

latter I obtained employment on a farm owned by a man from Holstein at $1.25 a day and board. This will give me employment during harvest and after that I have a prospect of obtaining employment in a mill in Davenport where I will receive $1.00 a day without board, or $14 a month with board. The usual wage here is from $10 to $16 a month with board, and during harvest from $1.25 to $1.50 a day and board. All harvesting here is done with machines and a man and a boy and four horses in ten days can harvest 150 acres of wheat. Eight persons can bind and shock as much as the reaper cuts. Threshing is also done with a machine, and on the average 200 bushels can be threshed in a day. For threshing the farmer pays from three to four cents a bushel. If all this work had to be done by hand nothing would be left for the farmer, because labor is high and help is sometimes hard to obtain.

"German laborers are given the preference. German girls find ready employment. In general I would advise all my countrymen, who like to work, and whose prospects for a future free from worry are not bright, to come to our beautiful and free America, and to come the sooner the better. It is true there is an old saying: 'Remain at home and earn an honest living.' But thousands will no longer be able to do so, and one cannot accomplish at home what he can accomplish in America if industrious and economical. I cannot too often thank you, my dear Mr. Ficke, that you advised me to go to America. I feel free, happy, and contented, and in

two or three years I hope to own a farm of my own if God wills that I remain in good health. On July 7 I made application to become an American citizen, and at the same time renounced allegiance to the King of Prussia and all other rulers in general and the German federation in particular. I am no longer a shackled subject of Prussia, but a free citizen of the United States of North America. Here it is not necessary to show a pass to every petty official or gendarme. Half of America opens its arms to me, and I rejoice to call it my Fatherland. Here people are not divided into classes as in Germany. One person is as good as another.

"Agriculture is considered the foundation of the happiness of the nation, and one can imagine no life more beautiful and more free from worry than that one enjoys who owns a well stocked farm. Most of the immigrants choose agriculture and former merchants, artists, officers, and artisans drive from six to eight oxen as if they had done so all their lives. Very many officers of the Schleswig-Holstein army, mostly Prussians, are now arriving. Many of them are working on the farms, but none of them are ashamed to state that they are farm laborers, for the reason that here it is no disgrace to work. One who possesses a title of nobility must renounce this title before he can become a citizen of the United States.

"The farmer for whom I am now working spent two weeks in Wisconsin with the intention of settling there, but he found it much more difficult than

here to get a start for the reason that one person cannot place in cultivation more than forty acres in a lifetime. In Iowa one can in a single year place eighty acres in cultivation. One is not affected by the scarcity of wood because coal is to be had near by and is cheap, and along the river there is plenty of timber so that one can obtain it at a low price, twenty-five cents a load. Besides many rafts come down the river daily. Another objection to Wisconsin is that money is scarce and farmers are unable to obtain it and can only dispose of their products to the merchant in trade. This is not the case here. Here one receives cash. The working classes, too, in Wisconsin receive only half the pay they receive here, and all the products which the farmer raises there are lower in price than in Iowa. This explains why, annually, many farmers come to Iowa from Wisconsin, and they are much happier here than there. In general Wisconsin has been praised to the skies by speculators only. When anyone consults the German Society in New York in regard to purchasing land it also recommends Wisconsin, but in this case one must not follow its advice. One should consult it only in regard to the trip to the West.

"Houses in the city, as well as in the country, are mostly of frame. In Davenport, however, there are already many beautiful brick houses. One sees but few log houses, in the country. The frame houses are lightly built, covered on the outside with boards, one-half to one foot in width. These boards are not

placed side by side but beginning at the bottom the upper edge of the lowest board is always covered by the lower edge of the upper board to the distance of an inch. The outside of these boards is planed and covered with white oil paint; the other side with lime.

"In the interior laths an inch wide, instead of boards, are nailed against the studding, an inch apart. These are covered with plaster and provide a fine solid wall, and in the city these walls are usually covered with wall paper. The space between the outer boards and the inner lath is not filled; and this space, depending on the size of the house, is usually from four to six inches. One who desires a more solid and warmer building fills this space with brick or dried clay bricks. This, however, seldom happens because frame houses are tight and warm enough without these. The roofs are all covered with wooden shingles. The price of such a house differs according to size. If one makes a contract and does not assist in the construction of such a house, one can secure a house with two rooms for from $150 to $200 but one can spend $500 and even more on a house.

"Snake fences are here but little in vogue. One uses board fences: namely, posts are set in the ground and to these boards are nailed. A good board fence enclosing eighty acres costs approximately $300. This includes cedar posts and boards. If oak posts are used the cost is less. A few farmers have built wire fences. These cost much less than board

fences, and if built with care, will last for a considerable time. The wire is fastened to the post the same as the boards. Four to five wires are customary. Some farmers have built sod fences, but these last only three years and require frequent repair, and farmers, therefore, as soon as possible, build board fences. Cedar posts last from 70 to 75 years, but new boards are required every 20 or 25 years.

"The way of living in America is quite different from that in Germany. In summer as well as in winter people eat only three meals a day. In the morning at six o'clock, at noon, and in the evening at six. Every meal includes bacon and two kinds of meat, and in the morning and at noon coffee, and in the evening tea. Fresh bread is included in every meal. The American table is well supplied. Nevertheless every German must leave the table hungry, because without a word being spoken everybody, like hungry wolves, helps themselves to the food, and before a German is ready to begin everything has been consumed. Soup one never gets except in a few German boarding houses. In the morning no one leaves the house until he has had his breakfast, and the usual working hours are from 7 to 12, and from 1 to 6. No one need think that people here have to kill themselves at work. On the contrary, they are given much more rest than in Germany, and even during harvest one works only 10 hours a day.

"The reaping and binding has now been completed; but inasmuch as barns for the storing of the

grain do not exist, all grain is piled in large piles which are called 'stacks,' and many farmers have from twenty to thirty of these stacks. The threshing machines are placed between these stacks and soon the grain has been threshed. Ten persons are required for this. The straw usually is dragged away from the machine and then burned. However, many German farmers keep it, in order that they may later use it as fertilizer. So far, no one thinks of fertilizing his land. The grains usually raised here are wheat, oats, and maize. Rye is not raised here. Wheat usually yields from 15 to 20 bushels per acre, sometimes more, sometimes less; barley 30 bushels. Particularly fine oats is raised. The yield is from 70 to 100 bushels per acre, and if one can keep it until Spring, or until the next harvest, it will bring more than wheat, as it will then be worth from 30 to 50 cents per bushel. Immediately after harvest it will bring but 20 cents a bushel. The price of wheat varies from 60 to 70 cents a bushel; maize from 20 to 40 cents.

"One raises potatoes with success, and with little labor, and these are larger than in Germany. Chickens, geese, pigeons, and ducks are here as plentiful as in Germany. In short, one finds here all classes of German stock, and horses are beautiful, strong, and large, as also the cows. A good horse can be bought for from $60 to $100; a good cow for $15; a span of oxen from $40 to $50. The prairie is broken with from four to five span of oxen, and one person with an assistant, who can even be a boy

from ten to twelve years of age, can break from two and one-half to three acres a day, and $2.25 per acre is paid for this work. Breaking plows, according to size, cost more or less. One which will cut a twenty-two or a twenty-four inch furrow can be bought for $25.

"There are no Indians here, but in winter they come here to hunt and to exchange their furs for goods in Davenport. Deer is still plentiful, as well on the prairies as in the woods along the river, and especially in winter one sees herds of these of considerable size. One sees rabbits very seldom, and these are not very large. Prairie chickens, which are very abundant, equal a German duck in size. Song birds are absent, but in the woods there are birds of wonderful colors. Mosquitos, gnats, and flies are not wanting, nor many kinds of snakes, of which the rattlesnake is the worst. Most of these are poisonous, but not so dangerous if one applies a quick remedy. I have already killed approximately thirty rattlesnakes and these are usually from three to four feet in length and from one to two inches in diameter.

"The summer months are very hot, especially June and July, and these this year were frequently accompanied by heavy thunder storms. The month of August, however, is a little more moderate. The nights begin to be cool, and the days more pleasant. In summer the days are not as long as in Germany, and in winter they are not as short as in that

country. Soon after sunset it gets dark and twilight does not last as long as in Germany.

"I have not seen sugar maple. In Iowa this tree seldom occurs. Many farmers on the prairies plant trees, usually locusts, which grow rapidly, so that in eight years one has good fence posts and in ten years lumber. Besides, it is very hard and solid, and suitable for building wagons, and consequently one already sees many pretty locust groves in the middle of the prairie, and near these a pretty white farm house, and all of this surrounded by wonderful fields of grain. Orchards have also been planted, and the oldest of these already bear fruit.

"A survey for a railroad from Davenport to Iowa City, and from there further into the interior has been completed. The intention is to build a railroad from here to California, and this will be of the greatest importance for Iowa. Highways have been laid out everywhere. Between every section there is a highway, so that every section is surrounded by four highways. It is but natural that the roads in such a country cannot at once be converted into 'Chausseen.' Temporary bridges, however, have been built over streams, and one can go almost anywhere on foot or by vehicle.

"The Yankees, or native born Americans, in many cities are most peculiar people. In the best of society the men put their feet on the table, or place a chair near a window, and let their legs stick out of the window. In New York I have seen both of these done. If an American farmer has a barn in

which there is much manure, he pulls down the barn, and rebuilds it in another place, and thereby makes it unnecessary to remove the manure. When surveyor Friedrich surveyed his farm we had to cross a wide slough in which there was much water so that our boots and shoes were filled with water. We all took off our boots and poured out the water, but the surveyor, an old Yankee, took a knife and cut a hole in his almost new boots so that the water could run out. But they are the very best of people, and to be preferred to some of the Germans.

"Clothes are a little more expensive than in Germany. Girls marry even at fifteen, but men also marry much younger than in Germany. Marriage in America is not as difficult as one might think. Women there are in plenty, but those coming from Germany are given the preference for the reason that those who live here are somewhat spoiled and not as hard workers. It is not necessary to have a minister perform the marriage. One goes to a Justice of the Peace, who ties the knot, enters the date in his book, and the marriage is legal.

"Persons who are willing to work, even if their means are insufficient to pay more than their transportation to New York or New Orleans, may safely venture to come to America, because at the ports work is easy to be obtained, and they often succeed better than those who bring a few hundred dollars and who either cannot work or are unwilling to work. For the latter class things are bad. Before they are aware of it their few dollars are gone, and

unless they are willing to starve they will be compelled to work. These will then write letters of lamentation, and concoct the rankest lies, but the people should not allow themselves to be scared by these. Whoever is willing to work, even if he is poor, can safely come to free America and no one will be disappointed. He won't have to be afraid of tyrants here who would take from him his wages in the way of high taxes.

"It is quite possible that those who come with families will meet with some difficulties, but these they will soon overcome, and then they will feel free and happy. People of means, who, in addition to the cost of transportation, have a few thousand dollars can, if they purchase a well developed farm near the city, lead a life free of trouble if they hire a hand by the year who understands the work; they can hire such a person for from $150 to $200 a year. Such a person, except during harvest time, alone can do all the work. A well arranged farm of from 200 to 300 acres, with good fences, a good house and with livestock and machinery, can be bought for from $3,000 to $4,000. In my next letter I will send you an estimate of the income and outlay of such a farm. At the present, on account of the harvest, this is impossible, because the farmer, who has promised to assist me in making this estimate, is too busy at present.

WILHELM FISCHER
Davenport, Scott County, Iowa"

This letter four months later was followed by another one, which in free translation is as follows:

"Long Grove, near Davenport, January, 1852

"Dear Mr. Ficke:

"I will now answer your questions to the best of my ability, and according to the best information that I have been able to obtain from old and new farmers. Farms can always be purchased. An American farmer seldom keeps his farm longer than three or four years because he thinks its producing capacity has then been exhausted. He is unwilling to fertilize his land. He again purchases prairie and opens a new farm. Here at Long Grove several farms are for sale: one with 200 acres prairie, 100 acres of which are under cultivation, with forty acres timber, and a fairly good house, but the price of this I cannot yet give you because the owner, a Scotchman, has not made up his mind as yet what price he wants to ask. A good, well arranged farm in Allens Grove, seven miles from here, and fifteen miles from Davenport, is for sale. Two hundred acres are in cultivation and fenced; thirty acres of good timber, a good frame dwelling and a good store, and the district is well settled. There are from thirty to forty farms in the neighborhood. Within three miles are a blacksmith shop and a school. This land lies two miles from the Wapsipinicon, which river, if the trees which are lodged in it are ever removed, will be navigable for larger vessels. The owner asks $2,600.

Fischer's Alluring Description of Iowa

"One can always buy larger or smaller farms. The usual size of these are eighty, one hundred and sixty to two hundred acres. A farm of eighty acres is sufficiently large to support a large family, and for from $1,000 to $1,500 it is possible to purchase a good farm. It is not necessary to pay cash. It is always better to do so, if this is possible, and yet it is not best to divest one-self of all his cash. On a purchase of $2,000 it is enough to pay one-half; and if one keeps from $400 to $500 this will not be too much to buy horses, machinery and stock. The best time to make a purchase is before harvest. It is true, nobody sells a farm with a crop, but one has the advantage that one can familiarize himself with the harvest work and can then start in right after harvest to plow the land. In making a purchase one should not forget to have included approximately 100 bushels of maize, some wheat, oats, barley and potatoes. Then, too, in regard to making hay it is best not to purchase too late because prairie grass is dry in the fall and not good, and it would cost too much to buy hay.

"The schools are, as yet, not of the best. The summer term is three months, and the winter term also three months, but only reading, writing and arithmetic are being taught. Consequently it is best for Germans if several families combine in hiring a private teacher, who can be found at smaller wages than is paid a farm hand. Here in Long Grove there are already two German families who have decided to do this if they can get a third family to join them.

"The usual rate of interest here is from 10 to 15 per cent, but even a rate running from 20 per cent to 40 per cent is sometimes paid.

"The winters here are changeable. When we have no northwest wind the weather is mild and pleasant. The northwest wind is cuttingly cold, but a cold spell usually lasts only three or four days. Snow also does not remain long. We have mostly sunny and pleasant days. All in all, a mild climate. Hunting and parties are the pleasures of winter. A great many deer and wolves have made their appearance, and these shorten the farmer's time if he has any to spare. The wolves are not dangerous and easily frightened. I know of no annoyance except, that during a few days when the northwest wind is blowing, one has to remain behind the stove; or when a wolf steals a goose or a chicken, which, however, seldom happens.

"Most of the settlers here at Long Grove are Scotch. It is very pleasant to meet them as most of them are well educated.

"The average farm house is very simple. The smallest of these contain two rooms without hall. Such a house costs $100. There are also nice larger houses with from four to eight rooms, and a good cellar, and such a house will cost from $400 to $500. There are also a number of brick houses and stone houses, inasmuch as there is good clay and near the Wapsipinicon, four miles from here, there is a quarry.

"As to seeds bring verything that you care to

because everything in this line one has in Germany will also grow here. In the way of weapons, if you bring a shot gun for each male, this will be enough, because hunting becomes less from year to year. Dirks or pistols you do not need. You can make use of a lot of good rope. Rope is expensive here. These and other things, which in New York are subject to duty, you can put in with the soiled clothes, and you will not be bothered about the matter. Bring a supply of empty sacks, as linen is expensive here. Bring plenty of boots and shoes, of the best of quality, because prairie grass is hard on leather. Of other clothes bring coat and trousers of heavy, coarse material for the week day, and heavy winter clothes; and don't forget feather beds, for, although these are unnecessary in summer, they are indispensable in winter. Don't bring any tools. These are equally cheap here and more practical. Only saws are better in Germany. Bring one if you have room for it. Don't be too particular about the size of the boxes. There is no harm in their being large.

"In New York be careful in dealing with so-called hotel runners. Most of these are crooks. Don't believe any of them, no matter how honest they seem to you. They always get the best of you. You can remain on the vessel two days, and you can obtain food in the harbor. Don't go out on the street in the evening, and look out for loafers. If you are obliged to change money take no paper money. Much of it is worthless, and new-comers are

likely to have this offered to them. Do not negotiate with any agent for transportation for the West. The most reliable agent is Loescher, in Greenwich Street, opposite the German Society, and with whom you should make arrangements regarding the most direct way to Chicago. The fare is $7.00 per person for steerage on the boat, and with the emigrant train. Nevertheless, you can travel second cabin on any boat if you have one or two American shillings. What I say in regard to second cabin should be understood this way. You pay the agent for steerage passage. Then when you leave the train and board the steamer you find small attractive cabins for six persons. To obtain these you pay two shillings per person for such a cabin. They contain three bunks, each for two persons. You must provide yourself abundantly with food, and for this you can figure approximately $5.00 a person.

"As the most direct route you must understand the following: From New York you take the Erie Railroad as far as Dunkirk on Lake Erie; from there by steamboat to Detroit; from Detroit to New Buffalo by train, and from there by boat across Lake Michigan to Chicago. In Dunkirk you will find a reliable German hotel keeper by the name of Kaeppler. In New Buffalo you will stop in one of the two nearest inns when you arrive by train. Neither of them amount to much but at the station it is worse and more expensive. Chicago has several German inns. From there you can go by canal boat boat to Peru, and from there to Davenport by ve-

hicle, or you can, as many do, purchase horses and wagon in Chicago and drive to Davenport. In Chicago horses and wagon can be acquired more cheaply than in Davenport. The distance between the two points is approximately 200 miles, and when roads are passable you can cover the distance in eight days.

"In Davenport you can stop with Mr. Walther, but make a contract with him in advance. He charges about $2.25 per week per person, but it is better to rent a house as soon as possible as this will save money and one can at any time find accommodation with some farmer at little cost. At Mr. Walther's place you can ascertain where I am to be found, and I will render you every possible assistance in order, at least in a small way, to return the favors you have done me.

"Now in regard to the receipts and disbursements on the farm. These differ according to size, and I will for that reason discuss those of a farm of 100 acres. If, of this, one puts sixty acres in wheat, 25 acres in maize, 10 acres in oats, and the balance in potatoes and vegetables, and the crop is a good one the receipts will probably be as follows: From 60 acres of wheat at 18 bushels per acre at 50 cents per bushel, $500; from 25 acres of maize one can fatten 40 hogs, which will sell for approximately $400; the oats raised will be needed on the farm, but eggs and butter will yield probably $100; making a total of $1,000.

"The expenses will probably be: A farm hand,

$130; a girl and a boy (the latter being unnecessary in a large family), $100; harvest hand and cost of threshing, $100; coffee, sugar, flour, etc., $150; making a total of $480.

"The following is needed on the farm: Two horses, at $70 each, $140; a wagon, $60; three cows, at $15 each, $45; a reaper at $120, and other implements, $20; total $140. A stove, $20; other household goods $30, total $50; making a grand total of $435.

"In seeds bring, as I have previously told you, whatever you can; particularly of the large turnips, which here grow to a weight of 20 pounds. Also the small Friedrichstiener or Gutowischer turnips, and flower seeds, because everything grows here, and there is room enough for all, and don't fail to come soon. I anticipate with great pleasure your arrival.

"The stepfather of Mr. Holland, with whom I am staying, has some fine rice barley. If you can obtain from him half a barrel of this bring it along. He lives near Doemitz. He himself has but lately imported this, but if you suggest that his son in America would doubtless be pleased to get some of this he may let you have it. I am as well and happy as it is possible to be. There is little worry and want in America. Last November I hired out for a year for $120. I expect to purchase land this year, but I will wait until you arrive, and perhaps we can become neighbors. Then a few prosperous years until I can earn a few hundred dollars, and I

would not swap with anyone over there. Please write me soon and give me some news. Come soon.

WILHELM FISCHER

"Do not forget to provide your boxes with iron bands; otherwise when handled many times on the way they might go to pieces. Should you go to Peru by canal the route from there is as follows: From LaSalle or Peru to Princeton; from there to French's Grove, Cambridge, Camden, and Rock Island, across the river from Davenport."

I offer no apology for including Fischer's two letters in their entirety. They possess great historical interest because of the vivid picture they convey of conditions in Iowa in the early fifties. The author of these letters records some amusing impressions, evidently based on second hand information. But even with these taken at their true value, these letters furnish pictures of a period of which we have none too many.

CHAPTER II

Fischer's letters create a sensation—Father's preparations for the journey—The ocean voyage—The journey to Iowa—Arrival in Davenport—The family history—Purchasing a farm—Our new neighbor.

FISCHER'S letters created a profound sensation in his home town. They arrived at a time when Germany was in the throes of reaction, and when everybody was under suspicion of having been in sympathy with the revolution. Free speech was under a ban and gloom and despair prevailed everywhere. These letters described an earthly Paradise: A country in which all men were equal; in which those who were willing to work would meet with success beyond their fondest dreams; and in which land of the best quality was to be had for the asking. They brought a ray of light into deepest gloom. They even pointed out the most direct route leading to a land of plenty, and warned against the pitfalls that would be encountered on the way.

The letters passed from hand to hand and were eagerly read. They were copied numberless times. in their travels the originals were lost and copies only, in father's handwriting, remain as treasured possessions.

When one at this distance peruses these letters he ceases to wonder that Iowa, which Fischer and doubtless many others, described in such rosy and true colors, attracted so large a volume of the German immigration of the fifties.

The immigration of that period was of the highest class. It included merchants, officers, clerks, farmers, teachers, writers, artisans, and representatives of every vocation that one could mention. It was composed of persons who were willing to work and willing to undergo the hardships of pioneer life which awaited them, in order to better their condition and the condition of those who were dependent on them. And what tremendous admiration they had for their new "fatherland." Fischer voiced his admiration in one of his letters. This admiration was shared by all the newcomers. It was this that caused them to array themselves, almost to a man, on the Union side, at the outbreak of the Civil War, and caused many of them to enlist in the Union army. There were no "Copperheads" among the German immigrants of the fifties and sixties.

Fischer's description of conditions in Iowa was in the main correct. His statement, however, that native born Americans sat with their feet on the table or stuck them out of the window, and that they ate their meals in silence and with such undue haste, is as amusing as it was erroneous. Fisher had been in America but ten weeks when he wrote his first letter in which he criticized American customs. During so short a sojourn he had had no better oppor-

tunity to study the customs of the country than foreign travelers who today visit America for a month and then write a volume of criticism, based on meager information. Fischer could not have had an opportunity during the short time he spent in the country to dine in, and observe the customs of a typical American home. He must have based his impressions on what he saw in a third class, small town, boarding house.

It is almost certain that father, even before Fischer left Germany, had considered the advisability of following him to America, should he report favorably on conditions in that country. Among father's letters I found one from a resident of Wisconsin, which manifestly had been written in reply to a letter from father, sent before Fischer's departure. This letter indicated that father had sought information regarding conditions in that state. It can be readily imagined what effect Fischer's rosy letter had on father, who was so eager to learn the truth about conditions in America. He had a wife and eight children. Their happiness was nearest his heart. What future was there for his children in Germany, in its then wretched condition, and particularly in Boitzenburg a small town on the Elbe, in Mecklenburg, in which he was engaged in business. This business yielded him an income sufficient for present needs. Would it provide a sufficient income when his three sons must be sent to higher educational institutions, in order to obtain an education such as was necessary to pass the examination which would

reduce their term of military service from three to one year? Would it suffice to give his five daughters the education he wanted them to have? In view of the alluring opportunities, open to men with large families, in Iowa, as Fischer had pointed out in his first letter, was it not his duty to dispose of his business, proceed to America and let his children grow up with a country in which a man was a man, his own master, and not the slave of another?

Fischer's first letter, coming from an implicitly trusted friend, stirred father profoundly. Fischer's second letter did so no less. Mother was equally stirred. At first the idea of exchanging her comfortable home in Germany for a cabin on the bleak prairie in Iowa, and parting forever from her mother, her sisters, her brother, and all her dearest friends, appalled her, and she refused to entertain it. But Fischer's letters were so alluring and convincing. They described a paradise on earth. What right, she asked herself, had she to place obstacles in the way of her children becoming dwellers in it? Both father and mother realized that the most momentous problem of their life confronted them, and that upon its correct solution depended their happiness and the happiness of their children. A decision must not be reached in haste. After the receipt of Fischer's first letter father wrote him for additional details. He asked him innumerable questions, all of which were answered in the second letter.

It was perhaps soon after father had dispatched his letter to Fischer, that the letter from Sheboygan,

previously mentioned, arrived. It bore date of September 18, 1851, which was about a month later than that of Fischer's first letter. The Sheboygan letter must have given my parents a rude shock, and must, for the time being, have interrupted father's dream of going to America. It described the conditions in Wisconsin as being far from rosy. It added, that conditions in Iowa, to the writer's best information, were equally unfavorable. Its author called it a most risky venture for a man, with a large family, to come to America unless willing to submit to great privations. He stated that no one should embark in farming, in this country, unless accustomed to hard labor. On the other hand he stated that if father should nevertheless decide to come, he thought father could dispose of his stock to advantage in Sheboygan. Father may even at one time have considered the advisability of going into business in America. A letter from a Mr. Kepler in New York to Goehlman Brothers in Sabula, Iowa, would so indicate. It asked that firm to assist father in finding a suitable location if he should wish to go into business.

After months of anxious waiting, Fischer's second and most assuring letter arrived. It furnished information on every point. What route to take, what to bring, what to do, and what to avoid. Even with the encouragement which this letter brought, many points remained to be considered. Father was a trained merchant. He had had no experience in farming. What success would he make of it? The

idea of going into business, if it was ever seriously entertained, was quickly dismissed. Being unacquainted with American business methods, there would be danger of his losing his all. If he went to America he would invest in land, which was the basis of all wealth. Question after question was advanced. To most of these Fischer's letter furnished answers. If it did not the question was brushed aside.

Grandmother Praesent, my mother's mother, lived in Uelzen within easy reach of Boitzenburg. One of her sisters, the wife of a merchant, resided in the same town. Her other sister, the wife of a government official, and her only brother, a lawyer, resided in Hanover, also within easy reach. With all of these she exchanged frequent visits. If she went to America the chances would be remote that she would ever meet them again. This thought appalled her.

Mother possessed a lovely and well trained voice and was an accomplished pianist. She had many times taken part in amateur musical entertainments. Taken out of an atmosphere of culture and refinement, would not pioneer life, on an Iowa farm, be intolerable? Would she ever be able to accommodate herself to such a life? She certainly would if the future happiness and welfare of her children depended on her doing so. She would take her piano along.

In her home she employed a cook and also a nurse for her children. In America these would have to

be dispensed with. Even this did not appal her. She was an expert cook and would do the cooking herself. In her girlhood she had spent a year in the cooking school for girls maintained by the Bishop of Hildesheim. She would dispense with the nurse for the children. With the assistance of her two older daughters she would take care of the younger children and do the cooking besides.

Many dangers would beset them on the way. Yes, but Fischer had pointed out how to avert these. The journey would be long and tedious. Yes, but at the end of the trail lay the enchanted land of opportunity, with a happy future for her children. But what educational facilities for her children, would a country provide, in whose schools reading, writing, and arithmetic were the only branches that were being taught? Even to this question Fischer's letter furnished the answer. One could employ a private tutor. Every conceivable difficulty was carefully weighed.

Mother, as will be remembered, at first had been unwilling to entertain the idea of going to America. However, the more the question was considered, the firmer became her belief that this would be the thing to do. My parents finally reached the decision that father should close out his business, and that they would embark on their great adventure. The decision, once made, stood. Neither the pleadings and warnings of father's brothers, Uncles August and Eduard Ficke, whom twenty-five years later, on my first trip to Europe, I met and learned to love, nor

the tears of mothers' sisters and the pleadings of big-hearted Grandmother Praesent were able to induce them to revoke it.

It was Spartan courage, on the part of my parents, to surrender what was certain, in exchange for what might prove to be but a will-o'-the-wisp, and to part with relations and friends with the certainty that it was a parting for life. For Iowa was then a land whence no traveller was expected to return, and such it proved to be in father's and mother's case. Neither of them ever revisited Germany or saw any of their German relations again. Of their eight children only four were ever to see Germany again.

1135840

We children never ceased to bless our courageous parents for adhering to their decision to make their great sacrifice, in order to insure our happiness.

Fischer's second letter could not have reached father much earlier than March first. By April 15 he had disposed of his stock of goods, had packed such of his belongings as he expected to take with him to America, and was ready to sail with his family.

Following closely Fischer's directions regarding what he should bring if he expected to engage in farming, he brought not only the things mentioned but many additional things. The shipment included two double-barreled shot guns, seeds of all kinds, rope, empty sacks, and linen napkins, table cloths and sheets, in such abundance, that, upon the marriage of four of my sisters, each was supplied with

a complete outfit. It further included many pairs of boots for the men, numberless pairs of shoes for the children, feather beds for the entire family, crockery in abundance, clothing in plenty for all the family, tools of every description, Fabers' lead pencils in such numbers that they lasted a quarter of a century, many reams of letter paper, a quire of which I preserve as a treasure, and buttons of all kinds to last twenty-five years. Then they brought a piano, the second one brought to Scott County, two high parlor mirrors with heavy mahogany tabernacle frames, two mahogany bureaus, mahogany tables, cut glass, a sterling silver table service, steel engravings in gilt frames, and other articles too numerous to mention. Not until I was old enough to take notice of things did I discover to what varied uses the boxes in which these things arrived had been put. The box in which the piano arrived had been turned into a wardrobe. Not until then did I realize what a difficult task it must have been to transport so large a shipment from Germany to Davenport, with transportation facilities as primitive as they were in the fifties.

From the sale of father's stock of merchandise, and such household goods as were not to be taken along, he realized a considerable sum. What remained of this sum, after paying the ocean passage for ten persons, and the freight on his many boxes, he converted into a letter of credit on New York.

When it became known that father contemplated emigrating to America, he was pitied by some and

envied by others. Pitied for embarking on what was called a foolhardy venture; envied for possessing the means with which to quit Germany. There were many who would gladly have joined him had they had the means to do so. A number of young men and a number of young women pled with father to allow them to accompany him. Even if they had possessed the means to pay for their passage it would have been folly to have allowed this. Our party was already quite large enough.

Of those whose request to be taken along had been turned down, Lizette, who had been my nurse since my birth, was the most heartbroken. She had become so warmly attached to her two-year old charge that she was loath to part from him. Some years later father sent for her and she became the first domestic employed in our family in America. Two years after Lizette arrived she married. Seventy years after Lizette had carried me in her arms in Germany, her grandson showed me a locket, containing a lock of my hair, which she had preserved, and which proved what a flaxen haired chap I had been at the age of two. Later in life, when I had become a successful lawyer in Davenport, Lizette gloried in telling her friends that she had many times carried me in her arms.

The last days in Boitzenburg, with the partings from life-long friends and relations, were most trying. Grandmother Praesent came down from Uelzen to say a last farewell. A few days before the date of sailing, we proceeded to Hamburg. Here Mrs.

Keitel, mother's sister, with her husband met us to bid us Godspeed. They brought a last letter written two days before the day of sailing. This letter, browned with age, lies before me as I write. "My dearest Betty," grandmother wrote, "how I longed for one more line from you, and now that I have received it, I find my fears that you are broken in spirit verified. But my dearest Betty be of good cheer and strong, for your husband and children depend upon you. Pray to God for courage and confidence, and believe me, dearest, He will guard and help you. My blessings, the blessings of a heart-broken, but God-fearing and God-trusting mother go with you to your distant home, and now a hearty farewell."

I treasure as one of my most highly valued possessions the original certificate issued by the "Hamburg-Newyork-Packetfahrt," dated April 10, 1852, entitling C. H. Ficke, Betty Ficke, his wife, and their eight children, Henriette, Herman, Heinrich, Mathilde, Betty, Auguste, Johanna, and August, to passage on the "John Herman," a sailing vessel leaving Hamburg April 15, 1852. On the day named the Ficke family of ten sailed from that port, on the vessel named, for the New World.

As I was only two years old my memory is a blank regarding what occurred between the date on which we sailed and that on which we reached Davenport. Nor does it recall anything that happened during the early years on the farm. Fortunately, however, my parents preserved many of the letters

which they received, and copies of many letters which they wrote during their early years in America, to relations and friends in Germany, and to various persons in this country. From these originals and copies, and from what my parents related to me in later years, I built up what I have related, and what I shall relate regarding our journey to Davenport, and the early years on the farm.

My father's health, during the later years in Germany, had been somewhat impaired. As soon as the ship reached the open sea he had to take to his bed, which he kept during the entire ocean voyage. The burden of looking after the children, therefore, rested entirely on mother. The sea voyage lasted forty-five days. Long as this seems now when one can cross the Atlantic in less than six days, it was called a short journey in the early fifties. M. J. Rholfs, who crossed the Atlantic a few years earlier, required ninety-eight days for the trip. Another of father's friends, who came over a few years later, required eighty-two days. And in 1856 mother wrote grandmother that the things which she had sent mother, through a friend, had been so slow in reaching her because it had taken the friend eighty-six days to cross the Atlantic.

News of our safe arrival in New York had been slow in reaching our relations in Germany. A disturbing rumor had reached them that our ship had been lost in a storm, and they suffered untold agonies until they learned of our safe arrival.

Although our journey had been long and tedious,

all the members of our party, except father, had been free from mal de mer, except during the first few days. They had encountered no serious storms on the way. With the exception of the youngest member they had had little to worry about. He, however, had called the dare of the captain of the ship, to throw his hat overboard, and thereafter worried lest he should not get a new hat in New York.

We slept soundly and many hours. We partook of from three to five meals, which, however, would have been most unpalatable had they not been supplemented by the many delicacies with which grandmother had supplied us. The principal articles of food served were lentils, which appeared on the table at least twice each day. Even the soup, which was frequently served, had lentils as one of its ingredients. No one anticipated the troubles and worries that were encountered in New York, and on the trip to Davenport. During the long days of the voyage, however, every line of Fischer's warnings and instructions were committed to memory. The New York sharpers were not to be allowed to fleece us if it could be prevented.

At last land hove in sight. The joy of the passengers knew no bounds. Had the hour of release really arrived? Were these really the shores of the land of the free? Solid ground was soon to be under our feet. However, the patience of the passengers was yet to be taxed to the utmost. Hours seemed like days while the ship, with slackened sails, at

snail's pace, crept up the lower bay, then through the narrows, and finally up New York bay toward Manhattan Island.

Ellis Island had not yet been made a haven of safety, where arriving passengers would find protection against the human vultures that were lying in wait for them. Ships unloaded their passengers at a wharf on North River on Manhattan Island.

The news that the "John Herman" was coming up the harbor with a large party of immigrants, who would provide rich pickings, reached those interested long before the vessel was ready to dock. Hotel runners and money changers hurried to the dock, ready to fleece the immigrants as soon as they should venture to leave the ship. Much as they wanted to see New York, nothing could have induced the members of our family to surrender the protection the ship afforded them, except for a short time to make the necessary arrangements for the further journey, and these were made with the assistance of persons who had been recommended to father.

Fortunately father was able to complete all his arrangements within the time he and his family were permitted to remain on shipboard. With these completed, the family went direct from the ship to the railway station.

From New York we went by train to Dunkirk, which town was then the western terminus of the railroad that was being constructed from New York to Chicago. Here father called on the person named

in Fischer's letter. From Dunkirk we went by lake vessel to Detroit. From there by railroad to New Buffalo on the East shore of Lake Michigan, and then by lake vessel to Chicago. Chicago as yet had no railway connection with the East.

How differently the lives of the members of our family would have shaped themselves if father had settled in Chicago, and they had had an opportunity to grow up with that city, instead of settling on an Iowa farm.

An agreeable surprise awaited us in Chicago. The route from Chicago to Davenport, which Fischer had recommended, led by canal boat as far as Peru; thence by steamer down the Illinois river to St. Louis, and finally by boat up the Mississippi to our destination; or from Peru, by wagon, to Davenport. The latter route was the one father had planned to take. The construction of a railroad to Davenport had not even begun. A railroad, with the Mississippi as its goal, however, was in the course of construction, and had been completed half way across Illinois, to Cherry Valley, a village a short distance east of Rockford. So we went as far as Cherry Valley by train.

Here father hired two wagons, with drivers, to carry his family and its baggage to Galena. From there we journeyed to Davenport by steamer. Although the journey to Galena by wagon required three days, it was one of unalloyed pleasure, compared with that from New York to Cherry Valley in crowded cars and boats. We were by ourselves

and masters of our own time. We could stop by the wayside as often and as long as we pleased. Hailing from a country where wild flowers were rare, we were interested in those which carpeted the prairies over which we traveled, and the children gathered many of them. Besides the vast expanse of prairie, which we beheld, was fascinating.

Present-day Galena is located on a small stream, which by courtesy, is called a "river." This stream is so narrow, and so lacking of water, as to be unnavigable even for row boats. When we reached Galena in 1852 this, now unimportant, stream was navigable as far as that city, for even the largest Mississippi River steamers. Enduring proof of this fact is found in Galena's historical landmark, its bridge over this "river" which consists of one large span which rests on a turntable, to make possible the opening of the bridge, for passing steamers.

In 1930 I learned from one of Galena's old settlers that in the fifties he had witnessed the opening of this bridge many times a day to permit Mississippi steamers to enter Galena's harbor, then large enough for six large steamers. He stated that this bridge had not been opened for more than sixty years because no boats had navigated this "river" during that time.

When we arrived in Davenport we took lodgings at Walther's Hotel. Here Fischer soon met us. It was a most joyful meeting. The long journey with its troubles and worries, was at last over. We had at last reached our goal.

And now with the arrival of the Ficke family in Iowa, where so far as known, our family name appeared for the first time, it is appropriate to speak briefly of our ancestry.

Father's early ancestors came from East-Friesland, near the border of Holland. Here our family name still frequently appears. My great-grandfather, Govert Ficke, born December 4, 1729, was a teacher on the lower Elbe in Hanover. My grandfather, Christian David Ficke, born December 25, 1762, in his youth, located in Hamburg. Here he became possessed of considerable property, when, after the death of his first wife, he married into an old patrician family by the name of Wolff. His wife brought a large dowry into the union. The Wolff family, next to the Kellinghusen family, was said to have been the oldest patrician family of Hamburg. I heard my father relate how rich my grandmother Ficke had once been in jewelry, Brabant laces, and art treasures. The issue of grandfather's second marriage consisted of my father, Christoph Heinrich Ficke, and his brothers August and Eduard. In 1812, when my father was five, the French under Marshall Davoust, took possession of Hamburg, and proceeded to fortify the city by constructing extensive earthworks. He compelled the people of the city to assist him in this. The most respected citizens were selected to supervise the work. One day grandfather, when on duty as one of the supervisors, saw how a French soldier, who was on guard, with his bayonet goaded a respectable citizen who, while at

work, had collapsed from sheer exhaustion, to compel him to resume work. Angered beyond control, grandfather rushed to the defense of his townsman, and in the encounter with the guard, unfortunately dealt the latter such a violent blow with his cane, that he died from the effects of it.

Grandfather was at once apprehended and condemned to be shot within twenty-four hours. Fortunately, however, the French commissioners were open to persuasion. Grandmother interceded with them in grandfather's behalf, and by the payment of a very large sum, which she was able to raise by selling some of her property, including her jewelry and art treasures, and hypothecating other property, she was able to secure grandfather's release. Through this sacrifice father's parents, temporarily, became utterly impoverished.

I begin the family history on my mother's side with Johann Christian Praesent, my mother's father, who was born in 1770, and who became a merchant of Uelzen in Hanover early in the Nineteenth century. He died in that town in 1829 when my mother was twelve. His picture shows him to have been a person of aristocratic appearance, who dressed in the picturesque style in vogue in the first quarter of that century. His widow, Henrietta Auguste Dorethea Praesent, known to everybody as Betty Praesent, continued his business under the name of "Johann Christian Praesent's Witwe" (widow) until her death in the middle fifties. It is

still being carried on under the identical, time hallowed, firm name by her great grandchildren.

My mother, Sophia Dorethea Elisabeth Praesent (always called Betty), was born August 12, 1817, and was married to my father on September 23, 1835. My mother, after I had reached the marriageable age, used to chide me for my dilatoriness in selecting a wife from among a number of attractive girls, any one of whom she would have been glad to welcome as a daughter-in-law. On one of such occasions she related how sudden had been her engagement, and how romantic had been the brief courtship which preceded it.

A young man in her home town was engaged to her sister. Shortly before their marriage was to take place it was decided that her sister should accompany her betrothed on a visit to his parents. The journey would require two days going and two days returning. The rules of German etiquette required that the young people should be accompanied by a chaperone, and my mother, then seventeen, was prevailed upon, doubtless without difficulty, to accept this important post. The route to the town in which the parents of mother's prospective brother-in-law resided, led by way of Boitzenburg, where a young Mr. Ficke was established in business. When the three travelers reached that town they were handsomely entertained by friends and among the persons whom they met was this young Mr. Ficke, who became most attentive to the young chaperone. The travelers were prevailed upon to remain over an

extra day, and to promise to spend another day in the town on their way home. This promise they redeemed. The young merchant was again most attentive to the chaperone. On the morning on which the travelers were to leave for home, their coachman, whose heart must have been in the right place, announced that it would be impossible to continue the journey that day because one of his horses had suddenly gone lame. Young Mr. Ficke had persuaded him to invent this story. The two young people naturally made the most of this added day.

One morning, not long after the marriage of my mother's sister, her husband handed my mother a letter postmarked Boitzenburg. It came from young Mr. Ficke, and in it he asked Betty to become his wife. Betty's mother upon reading the letter exclaimed: "But Betty you hardly know him." Betty promptly replied: "Oh, yes, mother, we have known each other a month and are greatly in love with each other." Her mother finally consented to the engagement with the condition that the marriage should not take place for a year. From this union issued the eight children, who accompanied their parents to Iowa in 1852.

When we arrived in Davenport this city had a population of thirty-five hundred. It must have been a model town then because it boasted of nine ministers and only two lawyers. The railroad from Chicago did not reach the Mississippi opposite that city until two years after our arrival.

The "Davenport Hotel" then called "Walther's

Hotel," which had been recommended to father by Fischer, was located on the northwest corner of Front and Ripley streets. It had been the first hotel to be built in Davenport and was erected in 1836. During years it had been the center of the city's social activities, but had to take second place after Antoine LeClaire built the "LeClaire House" on the northeast corner of Second and Main streets. By the middle of the sixties it had ceased to be a hotel and was being used as a German school.

Walther's hotel, as can be imagined, was not a suitable place, for a long stay, for a family of ten. Father, therefore, was eager, without delay, to rent a house to shelter his family, pending his search for a farm that was to become its future home. However, an obstacle presented itself which greatly interfered with this plan. How could he start housekeeping until his many boxes, containing his furniture, bedding, crockery and a hundred other things arrived? To draw upon funds with which a farm was to be bought, to provide these articles, was not to be thought of. Inasmuch as these boxes would have to be trans-shipped at Dunkirk, at Detroit, at New Buffalo, at Chicago, at Peru, and at St. Louis could their arrival be expected within any reasonable time?

Long before the shipment arrived, a longer stay at the hotel became impossible. The quarters occupied were too limited, and the drain on father's reserve fund too great.

Father, therefore, rented a house on West Second

Street, below Warren, and furnished it in the simplest possible manner. This done, he and Fischer explored the county in all directions, in an effort to find a suitable farm of which he could obtain immediate possession. He was desirous of locating in a German settlement, near the present site of Walcott or Maysville. None of the farmers in those settlements, however, were willing to sell. In his eagerness to get his family out of the city, and on a farm, he bought the first one whose owner was willing to sell and give immediate possession. This farm of two hundred and eighty acres, situated a few miles northeast of Long Grove, he bought within a month after reaching Davenport, for eighteen hundred dollars, or a little over six dollars per acre. It included a timber tract on the Wapsipinicon. For the growing crop, one span of horses, the machinery and stock on the farm, he paid six hundred dollars in addition.

Father's books of account of that period show that, within a month after buying this farm, he acquired an adjoining eighty acres, which was still "Congress Land," for eighty-four dollars, or a trifle over one dollar per acre. The conclusion follows that he bought a Mexican Land Warrant, at that price, and located it on this eighty. Among father's letters is one, from a New York banker, dated July 24, 1852, in which Mexican Land Warrants are quoted at $34 for 40 acres, $68 for 80 acres, and $138 for 160 acres.

On the farm was a two-story house with base-

ment. On its first floor were the family living room, father's and mother's bedroom, and the parlor or "Best Room." The latter was used only on Sundays, when there was company, or when mother played on the piano. The piano, the two large mirrors, the mahogany sewing table, the sofa, the engravings, the ornaments and other articles, considered too precious to be in daily use, were kept in this room. During the years in which we had private tutors it was used as a school room. Our living room was of such limited dimensions that when, in the evening, it was occupied by the entire family, it was filled to capacity.

The second floor, which was reached by a steep flight of stairs, was divided into five rooms which opened upon a narrow passage. The one occupied by my two brothers and me was just large enough for a double bed, placed crosswise at its farther end, and a lounge placed against its outer wall, under a small square window. Two persons found difficulty in dressing in this room at the same time. Sleeping by an open window then was supposed to bring on ague. Our window and door, therefore, were kept closed even during the warmest summer nights. In winter our window became covered with frost to an unbelievable thickness.

The basement served as a combination dining room and kitchen. It was too small to permit the seating, at meals, at one time, of the entire family and the hired help. No hired help would remain with a farmer who failed to permit it to join him at

meals. Meals, therefore, were served in relays, and we younger children always ate at the second serving. Seated on the stairs, which led to the dining room, we would watch those at the first table. It seemed like an eternity before it was our turn to eat. The walls of this basement were often dripping wet both in summer and winter. In winter because the steam from cooking, when it came in contact with the cold walls, condensed into water; in summer because the moisture laden warm air from the outside, when it came in contact with these walls, also condensed into water. It is a miracle that we all survived under such conditions.

The beautiful things which my parents brought from Germany, were in strange contrast with the modest pioneer home just described. The contrast between our home and its furnishings, however, was no greater than that between our home as it really was, and this home as our relations in Germany believed it to be. After father had sent his brother a sketch of its interior, the latter expressed surprise that it was so well arranged as to permit the different members of the family to enjoy privacy. He stated that he had heard that American farm houses, as a rule, had but one room, which would be occupied promiscuously, by masters and servants, males and females, for cooking, eating, and sleeping. He expressed great relief that such was not true in father's house.

Father's farm lay a mile and a half from the hamlet of Long Grove and half way between the Long

Grove road and the Dubuque road, and on the extreme eastern border of a Scotch settlement which saw its beginning ten years before father's arrival. The land between our farm and the Long Grove road remained in its wild state long after I was permitted to hunt prairie chickens. It was a favorite nesting place for these chickens, then so plentiful in Scott County, and my favorite place for hunting them. Between father's farm and the Dubuque road there was nothing but prairie. Beyond that road lay "No Man's Land," a vast stretch of prairie which extended over the northern part of Scott County almost to Princeton and the Mississippi river. It was given that name because this prairie was owned by no man, but was still the property of the government.

In Long Grove there were a church, a log school house, in which I later attended school, a blacksmith shop owned by a member of the Grieve family, who combined the duties of blacksmith with those of post master, and a dwelling in which resided the blacksmith and his mother and in which was the post office.

Toward the northeast, as far as Walnut Grove, there was also nothing but prairie. In the edge of this grove on the west side of the Dubuque road, however, lived a German settler by the name of Christopher Hacker. His log cabin stood near a pond, located at no inconsiderable elevation, which apparently had neither inlet nor outlet. When I noticed it first this pond was a resort for migrating

ducks and geese in spring and autumn. Eventually it disappeared and its bed was converted into productive farm land. The log cabin was abandoned more than half a century ago, but up to within a few years ago it remained a venerated landmark of far off pioneer days.

In Walnut Grove lived a settler by the name of Pease. His house, located on the Dubuque road, besides being his home, served as a post office, he being the post master, and also as an inn for travelers who used the stage which plied between Davenport and Dubuque over the Dubuque road.

The roads of Iowa, in the fifties, were still in such primitive condition that the stage, which passed over the Dubuque road, required two days to cover the eighty miles between the two cities named. This stage, drawn by four horses, carried passengers and mail between Davenport and Dubuque, and intermediate points. The Pease tavern was one of the stations where horses were changed. No lone settler, of the far west, could have been more thrilled, when for the first time he beheld a railroad train, than was I, when for the first time I saw this stage speeding past. Could but one of these coaches have been preserved, to be exhibited by the side of one of the modern coaches which ply between the two cities over the well paved Dubuque road, what convincing proof it would furnish that the world is progressing and that conditions are now better than in pioneer days.

Adjoining our farm on the north there was a

sandy eighty acre prairie tract to which we resorted when our plows needed scouring. To this tract also resorted the prairie chickens of the neighborhood for their sandbaths. In the early spring when they assembled on this eighty, their calling provided us with an enjoyable musical treat. Beyond this tract was an Irish settlement, near a Catholic church. Beyond that, all the way to Wapsipinicon River, there was nothing but prairie and timber.

Our farm lay more than half a mile off the main highway. It was reached by a narrow lane, used jointly by our neighbor Thomson and us. Pioneer life was lonesome enough even if one lived on a main highway over which there was travel. It was doubly lonesome, both in summer and winter, when one lived remote from such highway, as we did. Only those who sought us out specially found their way to our home through the narrow lane. Gradually, now to the south, now to the east, one settler after another crept in. It was an inspiring sight to behold powerful breaking plows, drawn by four or five span of oxen, slowly but steadily turning the prairie, of this or that forty, which since time immemorial had lain unused, into productive farm land.

But joy and tragedy went hand in hand in this process. Here one saw a disconsolate pair of meadow larks bemourning the loss of their nest and their young, which lay buried under the newly turned sod. There one saw a flock of happy blackbirds banqueting on worms which the breaking plow had uncovered.

The Journey to Davenport

The first new settler to arrive, after father purchased his farm, was a Frenchman by the name of Delecroix. He moved on to a quarter section which adjoined father's farm on the southeast. In France Delecroix had farmed only ten acres. It was impossible to persuade him to break up more than forty acres of his land. The other one hundred and twenty acres remained prairie for years until my brother Herman bought the place, upon his marriage to the daughter of our good neighbor Thomson. Delecroix was ignorant of English and for that reason declined intercourse with members of the Scotch settlement, who were ignorant of French. The only person to whom he applied for information and help was my father because he spoke French fluently.

My sister and I one day were sent to Delecroix's house on an errand. Although seven decades have elapsed since, the memory of this visit remains. We were treated to coffee, in which at our then age we were not permitted to indulge. To climax our joy this coffee was sweatened with an abundance of New Orleans molasses.

When finally all the land, surrounding father's farm, had passed into the hands of actual settlers our farm became a less lonesome place and no longer seemed to be on the outskirts of civilization.

CHAPTER III

The trying early years — High rates of interest — Letters of my parents to relatives and friends— Letters to my parents—My early memories—My tasks on the farm.

FATHER'S early years on the farm were trying beyond measure. After he had paid for the farm and what went with it, and had bought additional horses and stock, and had paid for breaking additional acres of prairie on his farm there still remained a considerable balance in the fund he brought from Germany. Not forseeing the serious financial conditions which would prevail in this country a few years later, and being easily persuaded to help others, who were in need of financial assistance, he lent freely, from his available means to neighbors and newly made friends under their promise that the money would be promptly repaid when father should have need for it himself. However, by the time he needed it himself hard times had arrived, and not a single one of his debtors was able to repay him. Father's losses were large.

During father's first year on the farm two of his horses died. He bought others in their place. The next year two more died. Father may have been ever so competent a merchant, but he evidently was

far from being a competent horse buyer. People must have unloaded on him all their antiquated nags. The number of horses that died on his hands, during the first few years, would have discouraged one with a lesser will to win than was possessed by father. But how was he to supply himself with new horses, when his surplus had vanished, when his debtors were unable to repay him what they owed him, and when money could not be borrowed for less than four per cent a month, even on the best security? This problem caused him many sleepless nights.

During the first year the growing crop, which had been bought with the farm, proved a complete failure. After the grain had been cut and shocked weeks of rain set in and the crop was spoiled. The next two years the farm also yielded but meager returns, one year because of rust damages, the other because of damage by chinch bugs. The fourth year the crop was a bountiful one and promised a large yield. That year, however, after the grain had been cut and shocked, there came four weeks of rain. When the rain finally ceased and sunshine returned, it was found that the grain had sprouted and was fit for hog feed only. To make matters worse farm products in those years were so low in price as to hardly pay the cost of production.

Father's books of account tell a mournful story of the tragic conditions which prevailed in Iowa in the early fifties. One entry shows that he slaughtered a steer and sold part of the meat to a neighbor at

three and one-fourth cents a pound. Another entry shows that he sold ten pounds of mutton at six cents a pound. In March, 1853, he sold some corn to a neighbor at twenty cents, and some wheat at sixty cents a bushel.

In 1852, in December, father bought one hundred bushels of oats at sixteen cents a bushel. His books fail to disclose whether these were for seed for the next year or for feed. That year's crop had evidently not provided him with enough oats for his needs.

During these gloomy years, even when there were crop failures, wages of farm help had to be paid. Additional livestock, horses, and farm implements had to be purchased. Taxes had to be paid. The cost of breaking additional acres had to be met. A family of ten had to be supported. By 1855 father's available means had not only become exhausted but he was deeply in debt besides. That year he encumbered his farm with a two thousand dollar mortgage. What rate this mortgage bore is not disclosed. It was doubtless a high one. A letter from an eastern banker, with whom father had business relations, of about that date, found among father's papers, advised him that the rate of interest, at which he could then furnish money on Iowa farms, was three instead of four per cent a month.

With money at so ruinous a rate, it is miraculous that father was able to save his farm when so many other farmers were losing their farms under fore-

closures of deeds of trust. What would have happened to father had not the Civil War greatly increased the prices of farm products, must be left to conjecture. With the opening of that war, prices of these products doubled and even quadrupled, and the farmers who had not already lost their farms under foreclosure, were able to save them. It was not long before father was entirely out of debt.

In the fifties, correspondence with persons in Germany was carried on under difficulties. It required from three to four months to get a reply to one's letter to that country. Besides the rate of postage was almost prohibitive. America had just begun using adhesive postage stamps. Germany was already using these, on local letters, but not on letters to America. It gave senders of letters the choice between paying sixty cents on such of minimum weight, in advance, or sending them "collect." Some of father's correspondents, assuming, perhaps, that he was rolling in wealth, had the bad habit of sending their letters "collect" although, in these, they were asking favors. Letters from Germany, of which several hundred are extant, sometimes were great curiosities. To keep them within the minimum weight, and yet allow them to be of great length, they were written on the thinnest of paper, in script so small, that often a magnifying glass had to be employed to decipher them. To minimize weight, envelopes were dispensed with. A blank space would be left on the last page, which after the letter was folded, the size of an envelope,

and sealed with a wafer, would be used for the address.

Mother, on an average, wrote four letters a year to her mother and received an equal number in return. Father, on an average, wrote two letters to each of his two brothers a year. His brothers exchanged the letters received so that each of them heard from us at least every three months. To friends my parents would write perhaps only once a year. All the letters which my parents received from relatives and friends, until these one after another passed to the Great Beyond, they carefully preserved. These make most interesting reading. In all of them deepest interest is expressed in our welfare. Many of them request minutest details regarding our activities, mode of life, and measure of success.

One of father's brothers wrote: "I am delighted that Fischer is staying with you, and that your wife and daughters so bravely took hold of the housework. Write me more particulars about your farm. Do you plough with oxen or horses? What did you harvest? How much maize and how much wheat per acre? What crop changes are necessary or customary? How often must you plough and how deep? Do you use fertilizers? Have you a garden behind the house, and if so, how large is it? Is your house surrounded by trees? Where is the barn? Let Herman, the good draftsman, send me a sketch of your place. Is there any timber near you and how old is it? How was the crop this year, and

how were the prices? What livestock have you? How much milk do you get, and what do you do with it? Do you raise potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables? At what hour do you rise, when do you breakfast, and when do you retire? What kind of neighbors have you? Do they visit you, do they love music, and do they play whist in winter? You will perhaps laugh at my asking all these questions, but the great distance that lies between us, and my deep interest in your welfare, prompts me to ask them, and I hope you will answer them. Go fully into details. I measured up an area the size of your farm, and find it so large, that it seems to me that it is impossible for you to farm so much land. It is possible that agriculture with you is more simplified than with us, and that you have better agricultural implements than we, otherwise this would be impossible."

Could a lawyer have asked more searching questions than did Uncle August in this letter? Father, of course, answered fully every question asked. The next letter from Uncle August overflowed with joy over the full report he had received and the rosy pictures father had drawn of conditions in Iowa. He stated that his wife, after reading father's letter, had expressed a wish to go to America and perhaps some day the three branches of the family could be united in that country.

Had father given a true picture of conditions in Iowa, and of his own troubles, his brother would not have expressed a wish to make his home in that

state. It was one of father's and mother's failings, if it was a failing, that in letters to relatives in Germany, they minimized adversities and magnified blessings. Instances of good fortune were promptly reported while reverses were minimized or passed over in silence. Their pride would not permit them to let the home folks, who had opposed their going to America, know how narrow had been the margin between success and failure, and how often failure instead of success, had rewarded their best efforts.

Father's first eight years in America were not a financial success. Although he was one of those farmers, who in common parlance were called "Latin farmers," because they knew more about Latin and other languages or about business than about farming or hard work on the farm, his want of success was not due to any short-comings on his part but to causes from which others, who had followed farming all their lives, suffered as severely as he: crop failures, low prices, scarcity of money, and hard times in general. The only dream of my parents which had become a reality was the one of establishing a home for their children in a country in which there were no class distinctions, where people were rated at their real worth, and in which supposedly they could become masters of their own fortunes.

The letters which my parents wrote to relatives in Germany and which brought joy to those who received them, touched me deeply, when I read the copies which had been retained, knowing, as I did, that they concealed the true conditions. Between

the lines of mother's letters, in particular, I read how during the early years on the farm, homesickness was gnawing at her heart. "Nightly, when I lay my head on my pillow," she wrote to her mother, "my thoughts are with you, dearest mother, and I pray to God to reward you for all that you have done for me, as it is not in my power to do so."

In letters to friends father would sometimes be more candid than in letters to relatives. In these he admitted that he had not found either the Utopia or the Eldorado which he had expected to find. In one of his letters he describes the difference between life in Germany and America. One had to give up such habits as smoking and indulging in an occasional glass of beer. This could not have been difficult for father, because I never knew him to smoke or to care for beer, which he claimed did not agree with him. He brought from Germany a long stemmed pipe, the bowl of which, six inches in length, bore the portrait of Louis Phillipe of France, but never smoked it.

In one letter father wrote that his wife and oldest daughters were suffering privations, because they lacked servants and because the large amount of housework they had to do, left them no time for recreation. He mentioned that the piano was proving a great blessing because it brought them visits from Scotch neighbors, to whom music was a gift of God. He added that the music must not be too frivolous because they were very pious. In another letter he wrote that visits from neighbors usually

occurred about three in the afternoon, that there would be conversation until five which progressed smoothly because these neighbors were intelligent people. Then a repast would be served, and that as soon as the guest had finished his last morsel he would pick up his hat and say "good bye" and the visit would be over. He stated that only the "real Yankees" acted thus, and that the manners of the Scotch neighbors were more refined, because they would remain a while after the repast.

That father was not the only new arrival who met with difficulties, appears from another letter. In that he relates the fate of some former officers of the Schleswig-Holstein army whom his correspondent evidently knew. Von Schuck and Von Schomansky, he stated, had worked for their board for a farmer who was single, Von Schuck acting as cook and chamber maid. Then they had been engaged in floating firewood down the Mississippi to Davenport. Now they were in Missouri in want. Another ex-officer, Von Schumann, had first worked a year for a farmer for his board, and was now a fireman, in a Davenport flour mill at twelve dollars a month. A fourth ex-officer, Baron Von Herzberg, had invested his means in a farm, which he neglected, and finally rented to another. He was now acting as a surveyor. A fifth, Von Gabien, had had no better luck on the farm. He was now a cigarmaker. He mentioned two other ex-officers who were now running a threshing machine.

As has been stated my memory is a blank regard-

ing what happened during the first five years of my life. My earliest recollections are associated with a scene in which my mother is holding me on her knees, and on a slate is drawing a picture of a cat on geometrical lines, giving the creature a triangular head. Judging the picture by ultra-modernistic standards it would perhaps have been called a great work of art. To me in any event it appeared to be a wonderful production. It filled me with admiration for mother's accomplishments as an artist, and so indelibly imprinted itself on my memory that I was able to reproduce it, for my children and grandchildren, innumerable times. The evenings in which mother would draw pictures for me, or hold me on her knees, telling me stories, while ceaselessly working her knitting, are among the most precious memories of my childhood.

I next recall with what profound apprehension I listened to the nocturnal concerts of the wolves, of which there were many in the hills, up the creek which crossed our farm. Nightly these creatures assembled, in far too close proximity to our home, to serenade us, the nearest intruders of their preserves. In later years, I was told that I would turn pale with fear when nightly these concerts opened. It took me years to overcome this early implanted terror. Even when I was old enough to be sent out into what then, to me, was a limitless wilderness, to search for our cattle, I would look for them in the hill country only as a last resort.

Next I recall a visit from a man by the name of

Meyer, who was called "Bartmeyer" because of his long beard, who lived at some distance but would frequently call on father, accompanied by his large dog, of which I was mortally afraid. One day when I saw him approaching, accompanied by his dog, I hid under the bed in my parents' bedroom, and there fell asleep. When I was missed every room in the house, every building on the farm, and every conceivable place where I might be hiding, except the one where I was asleep was searched for me in vain. There was great consternation. When, after having finished my nap, I emerged from my hiding place, I beheld a room full of weeping people. Quickly the scene resolved itself into one of joy. No favor that I had asked at that moment would have been denied me.

Judging from one of father's letters, the years which I do not recall must have been carefree ones for me. Father, when I was three, wrote that I was romping about the farm in sunshine and storm, knew the name of every animal on the place, the English name of every farm implement, was a smart little chap, and as his friend had predicted, would doubtless some day become president of all the agricultural societies of America.

At the age of six I accompanied my parents to Davenport for the first time. On this occasion I received my first lesson in perspective. When we reached the brow of the hill on Brady Street I saw at its bottom between Fifth and Front streets numberless moving objects, apparently not larger than

ants. To my amazement I learned that these were human beings and horses and vehicles whom distance made seem so diminutive. When I learned that the silvery sheet, which I saw at the end of Brady Street, was the Mississippi I became alarmed lest in descending the hill, the like of which I had never beheld, we should be unable to stop in time to prevent our plunging into the river.

My first visit to Davenport became a memorable one for a further reason. In the evening, upon reaching home, I produced from my pocket, a large and beautiful gilt marble, and innocently began to play with it. When questioned where I had obtained it, I replied that it was one of many, which I had seen at a store, at which my parents had made purchases. The lecture that was given me following my confession I never forgot. I see myself seated on the sofa, in the parlor, between my father and mother. They pointed out to me the enormity of the deed I had committed when I carried off the marble without the knowledge of its owner. They laid down a rule for my guidance for the future. The marble was promptly returned to its owner with an apology. Later, after I had become an attorney, its owner became one of my valued clients.

I was perhaps six when I was challenged to show my skill as a marksman. Prairie chickens were then so plentiful that my two brothers could easily bag a dozen in an hour's shooting. Late one afternoon my brother called my attention to a prairie chicken, which he said, had just settled on a fence post near

the front door of our house. Did I think I could hit it? He brought out a gun, held it for me so that I could take steady aim and told me to pull the trigger. There was a loud report and I was told I had killed it. Strangely it kept its place on the post. When I took it down it was stark and cold.

It was an event of great importance when father bought me my first pair of boots. They were red topped. The red field in front was embossed in gold. No peacock could have been prouder of his feathers than was I of my new boots. But pride, as is usual, in my case also preceded the fall. After I had fathomed the depth of all the water holes and mud holes on the place the boots shrunk so badly and their leather became so hard that it became a torture to wear them.

I was blessed with a bountiful crop of freckles on my face and an equally bountiful crop of warts on my hands. Our old servant Lizette had remedies for all the ills to which flesh was heir. She applied the juice of strawberries to my face to remove my freckles. She rubbed my warts with the head of a duck, killed after sunset, during the last quarter of the moon. This head she buried under the eaves of the house. I leave it to the reader to guess how effective these remedies turned out to be.

There was great rejoicings among us children when father one day brought home a barrel of large, square, soda crackers and gave us permission to help ourselves to these to our heart's content. These formed a most welcome addition to our rather mo-

notonous winter menu. In the fifties cracker factories did not make innumerable brands of crackers and cookies, nor did they pack their output in attractive boxes as they do today. They made only large soda crackers, and these they packed in barrels in circular layers.

Early in the spring we children always begged to be allowed to run barefooted. Permission to do so was given with great reluctance. At this distance it surprises me that we had the courage to go into the weeds and even into the prairie without shoes, when snakes were still so plentiful. I lost this courage when one day I stepped barefooted on a curled up snake while walking in the prairie. I felt the reptile uncurl under my foot. It was a horrible sensation.

With the passing years I began to make myself useful. Various duties were assigned to me. I became a member of the churn crew of which my sisters were the other members. It was always a question whose turn it was next to work the dasher. Each one's turn came all too often, especially in spring and summer when many cows were being milked. After hog killing day, when the year's supply of hams, shoulders, and sausages had to be smoked, I was the fireman who kept the smoldering bark fire in the smokehouse alive. In the winter it became my task to pour the year's supply of tallow candles. This required several months because our candle mold was a four-candle one and there was but one pouring each day. This took place in the

evening. The mold after being filled was hung outdoors and by morning the candles were hard enough to be removed.

At the age of six I became a shepherd. Each morning during spring, summer, and autumn, accompanied by my faithful dog, I drove our milch cows to that part of our farm which was still in prairie. Here all day I kept them from straying upon the cultivated fields. In early spring and late fall I constructed shelters at various points to protect me against biting north winds. At noon one of my sisters relieved me while I went home for my meal. To relieve the monotony of the long days I tried to learn to knit but did not succeed. Later, after we owned a mill pond, I made fish nets. There were periods when I had a glorious time. In the high grass, in one of the swales, grew quantities of delicious wild strawberries. I indulged in these to my heart's content and supplied the family with these besides. Finally, after fences had been built which separated our cultivated land from our prairie, I ceased to be a herder.

It became my task to be a nurse to our young calves. I had to carry their dinner to them and make them partake of it. This sometimes was a difficult task. Some of them refused to drink their milk unless I lent them my thumb to suck during the meal. This member therefor had to do yeoman's duty. Some of the calves were ungrateful creatures. As a reward for my service they would fill their nostrils with milk and blow it into my face

or upset their dinner pail and spill its contents over my clothes.

One of my tasks provided me with many thrills. We kept many hens and some of these were most perverse creatures. Instead of laying their eggs in the nests which we had provided for them in the henhouse, they persisted in hiding these in some remote weed patch. However they were too stupid to hide their perverseness. As soon as they had laid an egg they would cackle. This at once started me for the weed patch from which I had received the signal. Frequently I found nests in which a hen had assembled half a dozen or more eggs, preparatory to raising a family of chicks. These hens manifested another perverseness. They insisted on roosting in the branches of the trees instead of in the henhouse. Even in the coldest winter, after I had again and again removed them from the trees to the henhouse, they would return to the trees.

When I was seven I became a contractor. I agreed with father to rid his farm of gophers, at one cent a head. I was a member of no union, so had to work for very low wages. Early each morning I started out with my gopher traps in search of newly made gopher hills. When one was found I dug a pit in it, set my trap in this, covered it with soil, and covered the pit with a board to darken it. After an hour or two I would return for my prey. I stuck to my contract until father had become indebted to me in the sum of fifty-two cents.

As I advanced in years other tasks were assigned

to me. I helped at milking, feeding the cows corn and hay, and bedding them, and feeding the pigs. I pitied the cows as I watched their efforts to master an ear of corn, with their head turned heavenward. I envied the pigs their strong jaws, which enabled them to strip a cob of its kernels in two bites. I coveted equally strong jaws so that I might crack nuts with them. I never tired of watching the pigs grab ears of corn and hurrying to a remote corner of the pen to enjoy them in peace.

My first connection with work in the field, was to assist at corn planting. The methods and implements, employed in the fifties, in raising corn, were most primitive. The field was ploughed and well dragged in the spring. It was then divided into innumerable small squares, with an implement called a "marker," which was drawn over the field, first lengthwise and then crosswise, and which made four narrow furrows as far apart as the rows of corn were to be. Up and down these furrows my brother and I would travel all day planting corn. At each intersection of an east and west furrow with a north and south one, my brother, with one stroke of the hoe would make a small cavity, into which I would drop the seed corn, which my brother would then cover up with another stroke of the hoe. I had to stoop low each time to prevent the seed from scattering. Stooping all day at the rate of twelve times a minute, and seven hundred and twenty times an hour or about five thousand times a day was a most trying task even for a young back.

About a month later an equally trying task awaited me. The field had to be gone over with a cultivator. Day after day I followed the man doing the cultivating, resurrecting the plants which his cultivator had covered up. Before I left the farm, a hand corn-planter, which simultaneously made a hole and dropped the seed into it, had been invented and by means of this implement I then planted corn at the intersections.

In the fifties, corn, now Scott County's major crop was its minor one. There was then a very limited demand for this product, for feeding. Farmers lacked inducements to raise cattle and hogs because there was no demand for these for shipment. They restricted themselves to raising milch cows, oxen for use in breaking prairie, and calves, young steers, and hogs for local butchers. Some additional hogs were raised to be sold dressed, in winter. Farmers then sold ten times more calves than they do today.

The first year in which I assisted in the harvest field it was my task to carry water and whisky to the harvest crew. A harvest crew consisted of two men for the McCormick handrake harvester, six binders and two shockers. The binders and shockers were usually transients, who drifted to the Iowa harvest fields from the South. These harvesters would quickly desert the farmer who failed to supply them with whiskey along with the water. Carrying a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a jug of water in the other, I would encircle the field in the direction opposite to that in which the binders and

shockers were moving and in passing would supply each with a drink out of the bottle and the jug.

Whisky then was so cheap that a Front street merchant allowed his patrons to remain at his store as long as they pleased, drink as much whisky as they pleased, in payment of which they would drop a nickel into a box at the door when they left. Farmers before harvest bought their liquor in ten to forty gallon quantities. I found a bill among father's old papers, dated 1860, which indicated that he had purchased a barrel of whisky at twenty cents a gallon. Since both father and my brothers abhorred whisky, I cannot conceive what he did with so large a quantity.

A year or two after I began assisting at corn-planting father announced that he was one man short in his seeding crew, and that I was to drive one of the teams attached to harrows, that were to follow my brother while he was doing the seeding by hand. All sowing was then still being done by hand. With this announcement began a new epoch in my life. I was to be given a man's job. My joy knew no bounds. That spring, in wind and dust, I walked miles daily, following the sower with my team and harrows. When, after a long day, I complained of excruciating pains in my knees, I was told that these were growing pains which every boy had to endure. Being anxious to grow I began to look upon these pains as a blessing. When spring work was over, these pains ceased as suddenly as they had begun.

I concluded that perhaps boys like trees and plants grew only in spring.

That year, after having assisted at seeding and corn planting I was entrusted with what I considered a most responsible task: that of cultivating the corn with a one horse cultivator. For the first time I was to go into the field alone, and depend on my own resources. I realized that I was being put on my honor to do a good job and to resurrect all the young plants which my cultivator might cover up.

That year, for the first time, I assisted at stacking. I drove the wagon from shock to shock, and arranged the sheaves, on the wagon, as they were pitched up to me. One day one of the sheaves was accompanied by an unwelcome visitor: a large snake. There was not room enough for both of us on the wagon so I left, and rather in haste. The next year I was given a new job. I became assistant to the stacker. While he, on his knees, built up compactly, the outer layers of sheaves of the stack I carried the sheaves to him or built up the inner layers. The erroneous belief still prevailed that all grains had to be stacked and allowed to go through a sweating process before being threshed and that if this were not done the grain would spoil later. During my years on the farm I did not learn of an instance in which grain was threshed directly from the shocks. Stacking days occupy a bright place in my memory. During these mother would, at four o'clock in the afternoon, send out coffee and her delicious coffee cake for the entire stacking crew.

When I had become tall enough and strong enough to handle a plow, I joined my brothers at ploughing. This work was not drudgery when two or three of us were on the same job. From time to time, while our teams were given a rest, there would be opportunities for conversation, though our subjects of conversation were limited. Ploughing even had its fascinations. It was interesting to watch the coulter, steadily cutting its path through the tangled mass of wild buckwheat, weeds and stubble, and to observe the plough turning a field, which was a picture of confusion, into one restful to the eye and indicative of the richness of Iowa's soil, because of its dark color.

Ploughing however lost its fascination, and became drudgery for me, after father had purchased a threshing machine, and my brothers during months were engaged in threshing for others, and I had to do the ploughing alone. In 1862 when I was a little over twelve I began ploughing in August and continued at it until December twenty-fourth.

That year there was so little frost before Christmas that I was able to continue at my work, without intermission, almost four solid months. That year I alone ploughed father's entire farm. This work finally became unendurably monotonous. Would winter never come and put an end to this misery? Daily, long before the noon hour, I would begin to keep my eye on the flagpole near the house, on which a red flag was hoisted when it was time for the midday meal. I hoped and often hoped in vain,

that the flag would appear before I would have to start on another round. In the afternoon I would again and again measure the distance between the sun and the skyline with my hand to determine whether it was not time to quit work. The earth revolved all too slowly. The days seemed like weeks. I lived entirely in the present and in my immediate surroundings. Nothing had happened to which my thoughts could revert or upon which my mind could feast. My imaginative faculties were not yet able to draw upon the future. I found relief only in anticipating the quitting hour and that at which I could retire to rest my weary bones.

We usually delayed husking our corn until winter was well advanced and the ground was covered with snow. There was too much other work which needed attention first. My two brothers and I usually formed one of the husking crews. Each of them took two rows on opposite sides of the wagon, giving me the center row, which had been broken down by the wagon. It was easier for me to stoop than for them. The objection to this row, however, was that the ears often had to be dug out of the snow.

At the age of eleven I considered myself a full-fledged farmer when it became my job to drive the four horses which drew our McCormick hand-rake reaper. That year (1861), with my brother Herman at the rake and myself on the driver's seat we cut father's entire crop. One day my horses took fright and started on a wild run. I stuck to the reins but lacked the strength to stop them. Before my brother

could come to my assistance some of the wheels of the reaper were minus some of their cogs. In 1862 my brother and I performed the same task. In 1863 our crop was cut with a newly invented "header."

CHAPTER IV

Our nearest market town—Hauling grain—Our private teachers — Attending the Long Grove School—Prejudice against foreigners—Beginning of Civil War—Labor scarcity—Our neighbors—Father builds grist mill—"No Man's Land"—Our first kerosene lamp—Our home life.

ATHER'S nearest market and railroad town was Davenport, fourteen miles distant. When prices were favorable our grain was hauled to that city, regardless of condition of roads. Delay might result in loss. At the age of nine I became the driver of one of the teams which did the hauling. In summer my task was a delightful one. It ceased to be such when subzero weather arrived, or snow or mud made travel difficult. Between our farm and the city there were three stretches of road which in spring or after heavy rains became bottomless. These were the slough, half a mile wide, just north of the present village of Eldridge, the level stretch, a mile north of the Five Mile House, and Goose creek bottom, near the city. Sometimes it took us four hours to reach Davenport with heavy loads, when one can now travel that distance, by auto, over paved or gravelled roads, in twenty minutes. In winter, when high west winds swept, unobstructed, over the new and tree-

less farms, the north and south highways quickly became packed with snow to the height of the fences. Then we had to pick our way, to the west of the road, through fences and fields.

In the early days there were a number of taverns along Scott County's principal highways. Three of these lay between Long Grove and the city. These were called the "Yellow Dog," the "Cold Spring House," and the "Five Mile House." They were most respectable places and of real benefit to the farmers. Teams drawing heavy loads, great distances, sometimes over bottomless roads, needed water and an occasional rest. These they found at these taverns. True, their keepers sold beer. But this then was not a crime. We usually watered and rested our teams at the Five Mile House. Father would here treat me to a nickel's worth of those unforgettable molasses cookies, large as a saucer, kept by the proprietor for boys with a sweet tooth like mine.

There were then still many quarters of virgin prairie between Long Grove and Davenport. Slowly but surely these were converted into cultivated farms. Even a quarter section which adjoins the city, was then still virgin prairie.

The corner of Sixteenth and Harrison Streets was then Davenport's Grain Market. Here buyers, representing the various grain dealers, awaited the farmers. To this market came the settlers of Scott County and other counties, with their grain. Here the buyers mounted our wagons, opened several

sacks of our grain and made their bids. Near this market were a number of saloons. Custom decreed that the farmer invite the buyer, whose bid he accepted, into one of these, and treat him to a glass of beer. The farmer who ignored this custom was called a tightwad and would probably receive a less favorable bid. Each buyer, therefore daily indulged in as many glasses of beer as he had bought loads of grain.

The city permitted grain dealers and merchants to maintain scales, for weighing loads, in the street in front of their respective places of business. There were several of these on Harrison, Second, and on other streets. We, like most of the farmers, had our loads weighed at the public scale on the levee over which old Mrs. Bomberg presided.

We always drove down the steep Harrison Street hill. Our loads being heavy, we set our brakes so tight that the hind wheels ceased revolving. Inasmuch as most other farmers took the same precaution, the many wagons, sliding braked wheels over the macadamized street, made Harrison Street even noisier than it is today. After unloading we tied our horses to the wagon box, on the levee, and fed them. Often the levee was crowded with hundreds of teams thus tied to wagon boxes. The center of the farmers' trade then was on Front Street between Main and Perry, and on Brady Street between Front and Second. Here the sidewalk between the buildings and the curb was still covered over in frontier fashion. None of Iowa's grain then went east. It

went south. We unloaded our grain, mostly barley, at the dealers' warehouses where it was later sacked and shipped to St. Louis and beyond by boat.

Our nearest public school was at Long Grove, a mile and a half from our home. Instruction in this school, of course, was in English, of which we children, during the first years, neither spoke nor understood more than a few words. It would have been useless, therefore, to send us to this school until we learned at least some English. Father for that reason, during a number of years employed private teachers for us. He had no difficulty in finding such. The country harbored many young Germans and other nationals, with fine education, who were glad to accept positions as teachers until they could find other employment more remunerative, or more to their liking. Three of our teachers were Germans. One of these, when applying for the position, wrote that he could teach Latin, French, and natural history but not drawing. The fourth one was an Englishman by the name of Howard. Because of his many attainments and his aristocratic demeanor, we always spoke of him as "Lord" Howard when he was not present. We had a new teacher each winter.

Our German teachers knew but little more English than ourselves and their instruction was in German. Our progress in learning English, therefore was slow until Howard became our teacher. Having learned to add and multiply in German, I am to this day far quicker, in figures, in that language

than in English. Howard's specialties were history and languages, of which he spoke a number. During the one year in which he taught us, we learned more than we could have learned in the public school in years. Howard was at his best when teaching Greek, Roman, and English history. I was better versed in history, when at the age of eight, I entered the Long Grove school, than other children in that school of double my age. Howard was too proud however to perform manual labor. Our term of school, the year he was our teacher, extended into haymaking time. The services of us children were needed in the hay field to turn the hay and father, therefore, commandeered these services. When he even invited Howard to help, that gentleman took umbrage, and threw up his job, to our undisguised joy. We greatly preferred turning and raking hay in the meadow on a beautiful June day, to doing our lessons in the school room.

The fifties were trying years for children of German parentage. The so-called "Know Nothing" movement was at its height. The intense prejudice against foreigners vented itself even upon their children. Although our schoolmates, at the Long Grove school, were themselves children of foreign born parents, who had come from Scotland, they shared in the prevailing prejudice against Germans. They ostracized us. None of them permitted us to join them in their games. If I tried to join the boys, who were coasting down the hill in the cemetery on their long bob sled, I was rudely repelled.

The teachers did not share in this prejudice. They did their best to lessen it. One of them even commissioned me to provide her with the switches with which the boys, hostile to us, were to receive the punishment they so richly deserved. Her partiality, however, got me into trouble. Lacking the knife with which to cut the switch she wanted, I sought to borrow one from another boy. In my dense ignorance of English pronunciation, I sounded the letter "k" in knife. It was a long time before I heard the last of my unfortunate mistake. This ostracism did not cause me to lose my self-respect, or create within me a feeling of inferiority. I knew myself to be, culturally, far in advance of my schoolmates through four years of instruction at home by private instructors. This conviction made these trying years tolerable.

The prejudice against us, however, began to fade at the beginning of the Civil War, when so many Germans rushed to the defense of the Union. It disappeared entirely when the Long Grove Home Guard was organized, and my brother Herman was made its captain. Most of the boys, who, while my schoolmates, had ostracized me, later, when they were men, and I an attorney, became my clients.

Only one of our teachers at Long Grove was a man. He taught us military tactics. This training created a desire in us to become soldiers. Had we been old enough we would have enlisted. The claim of anti-militarists, that the military training now being given in our schools encourages militarism, if

judged by my own experience, therefore, is not without foundation. When people passed, while we were drilling, we opened ranks, presented arms, and cheered for the Union. We used heavy sticks in place of guns, and provided ourselves with military caps. Mine was a Christmas present. When I wore it, for the first time, on the way to school, both of my ears were frozen when I arrived.

We fought battles and built snow forts both Union and Rebel. The latter were always captured. One day when I was one of the defenders of a Rebel fort and when the snow was very wet and the snow balls very solid, one of these struck me squarely in the eye. I saw a thousand stars. It was a deserved punishment for my temporary disloyalty to my country.

Eventually it was decided to get a drum and that each boy should contribute five cents towards its purchase. I was willing to contribute my entire fortune, the fifty-two cents which I had to my credit with my father for killing gophers, as my prestige, because my brother was captain of the Home Guard, by this time was such that I had the best prospect of being chosen drummer. Be that as it may. I was commissioned to ascertain the price of a drum. It was found to be three dollars and fifty cents, which was more than the youthful defenders of their country could raise and the project had to be abandoned.

Of the historical events which preceded the Civil war I recall among others John Brown's raid on

Harper's Ferry and Lincoln's presidential campaign. Brown's trial and execution greatly stirred my father because he was a strong opponent of slavery. He was an ardent supporter of Lincoln for the same reason. I was interested in Lincoln chiefly because he was called the "rail splitter." Knowing how difficult it was to split rails, my youthful logic led me to the conclusion that any one who was a good rail splitter would also be a good president.

With Lincoln's election my interest in public affairs must have ceased for a time. My memory recalls no events which transpired between his election and the fall of Fort Sumpter, and Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. One evening, when father returned from the city, he called to us, even before dismounting, that Fort Sumpter had fallen and that Lincoln had asked for seventy-five thousand volunteers, to assist in preserving the Union. Thence on events of sufficient importance, to be retained by my memory, came fast. I was in Davenport in May when Captain Wentz's company of ninety-day men embarked for Keokuk, preparatory to being sent to the front. I was again in the city in August when this company, whose term of service had expired, returned. Hours before the steamer on which it was returning arrived thousands were assembled on the levee to greet the heroes. They were escorted to the Court House square and banqueted under the tall elm trees which then enclosed it.

Captain Wentz, upon his discharge at once re-

enlisted, and was given a Lieutenant Colonelcy. He fell in the battle of Belmont in November. I was again in the city when his body arrived and for a day lay in state in Metropolitan Hall.

In course of time military camps were established at three points in the city. One, where the Orphans Home is now located, one on the present site of Camp McClellan addition, and the third near the site of St. Ambrose College. The latter was the cavalry camp. One day when I was driving down Harrison Street with a load of grain, I passed a cavalry troop. One of the troopers, mounted on a very poor animal, halted me, and offered to trade me his horse for one of mine. To be addressed by a soldier in uniform, so perplexed me that I was barely able to stammer a refusal. I lacked the worldly wisdom to realize that he was joking.

The first volunteer from Long Grove was Mark Thomson, son of our nearest neighbor. He was wounded at Fort Donelson and sent home on furlough. His war stories were so thrilling that they inspired other young men of the neighborhood to enlist. Early in the spring the people of Long Grove staged a wolf hunt. Every man, and every boy old enough to carry a gun or a big stick, attended. The grove was surrounded in an attempt to drive the wolves to a point where the men who were to kill them were stationed. No wolves were found. When the hunt was over, however, two of the hunters were missing. These were the two oldest boys of our school. They had slipped away to the city and had

enlisted. They were under military age, but recruiting officers overlooked such a small matter. Men and more men were needed to save the Union.

Among the difficulties resulting to the Scott County farmers from the war, was the inability to find the needed help during harvest. This help had drifted in from the south, before the war. This source was now closed. The war, furthermore, had reduced the home supply of such labor. Of Scott County's fifteen townships, eleven had by this time become well settled. In these there were not less than twelve hundred producers of small grain. Each of these needed from six to eight harvest hands when his grain was ready for the reaper. Where was this help to come from? Father would go to Davenport and make the rounds of all the boarding houses where he would be likely to find idle men. He would accost men on the streets to learn whether they wanted work. Hundreds of other farmers did the same thing. Bidding for this labor became keen and the harvesters could name their own price. Father would return with one or two men when he needed six. Even after a number of trips to the city he would fail to secure all the help he needed.

Another difficulty affected me in particular. I had been allowed coffee, of which I was very fond, only during the few years in which I had done a man's work. The war raised the price of this article to a prohibitive one. Its unrestricted use in a household of twelve or more persons became too heavy a drain on father's purse. The command went forth

that unadulterated coffee should be served only on Sunday afternoons. At other times a mixture of roasted barley and chicory, a concoction which I abhorred, was to be served. The time during which I had been allowed coffee had been all too short. All week I looked forward to my Sunday afternoon cup of coffee.

When father took possession of his farm, his nearest neighbor on the south was Hugh M. Thomsen, who jointly with us used the lane which led from the Long Grove road to our farm. Neighbor Thomsen was a serious minded, dignified, big hearted Scotchman. Of all our neighbors, he was the one who obtained the most genuine pleasure from his association with his equally serious minded, dignified, and big hearted neighbor, my father. Being an old resident he was ever ready to assist my father in solving the many perplexing problems which confronted him. Of Mrs. Thomsen we saw little until my brother Herman married into her family. We then found her to be one of the jolliest of women. Even after she had acquired the title of "grandmother" she could down all others in dancing the Highland Fling and Virginia Reel. She was an expert at the spinning wheel. I loved to watch her at this work. In the long winter evenings she spun all the yarn from which was made the "homespun" for her entire family. In the spring the yarn, spun during the winter, was taken to the Maquoketa Woolen Mill and turned into homespun. The heavy clothes worn by the men and women of the Scotch

settlement, at that time, were made entirely of this material. No member of our family ever wore clothes made of homespun.

Mr. Thomsen's home greatly interested me. It was so different from our own and other houses I had seen. Whether it had been built in imitation of an ancestral cottage in Scotland I do not know. The beams of its living room, which supported the floor above, had been left exposed. The spaces between these had been converted into shelves or receptacles for books, and various other articles. Some of these were used for storing seed corn in winter. Into the sides and corners of this room cupboards had been built and these were filled with china, utensils and other articles which the Thomsens had brought from Scotland.

When my brother Herman announced his engagement to Agnes Thomsen there was considerable speculation how she and mother would get along together. Mother, although she understood English perfectly, spoke it with difficulty. My brother's betrothed neither spoke nor understood German. How cordial a relationship would result between the two? Fortunately a most admirable one was established. Mother supplemented her English with German. Her daughter-in-law learned to understand though not to speak German. Mother would speak in German and be well understood. Her daughter-in-law would answer in English and be equally well understood.

Our nearest neighbor on the west was David Hardie, a widower, with a large family of boys and

girls. In Scotland he had been a barrister. He was as bright as he was eccentric. One of Hardie's failings was that he would constantly borrow articles from his neighbors and forget to return them promptly. This forgetfulness was not intentional. He simply could not help it. Yet he was such a jolly and good natured neighbor that one could not refuse him nor be cross with him because of his weakness. Once he borrowed father's wheelbarrow, and of course forgot to return it. When father himself had need for it he called for it at the Hardie home. Hardie while using it had broken it. When father left with the wheelbarrow, Hardie expressed the hope that father would repair it at once because very soon he wanted to borrow it again. This incident became one of the often repeated stories of the neighborhood.

Adjoining the Hardie farm on the west was the William Grieve farm. Next to this was the James Pollock farm, and next to this the John Little farm. The owners of all these farms were Scotch. They were excellent farmers and took the best of care of their places. The Scotch settlers differed widely from the native born settlers. The latter were ready to sell their farms if they could get their price, and open up new ones. The former refused to sell at any price. They had bought their land from the government with the intention of making it their permanent home. Nothing would tempt them to change that decision. In this respect they resembled the Germans. They, too, refused to sell their farms,

at any price, as father had learned to his sorrow when he sought to buy a farm in a German settlement.

These Scotch farmers maintained an organization called "The Ploughing Society of Long Grove." This had for its goal the promotion of good ploughing and a thorough system of cultivation of their farms. Annually, this society arranged ploughing matches at which prizes were awarded. These were the first contests, of this kind, in Iowa, so far as known. The training which the Grieve boys received at these ploughing matches made them always the winners, when in later years, the Scott County Fair Association and the Deere Plow Company arranged such matches. These boys could draw a furrow as straight as a bee line.

In the Long Grove settlement there were four Brownlee families: those of William, Robert, Alexander, and Reverend James. The Brownlees were the pillars of the Long Grove Christian Church of which Reverend James was the pastor. The latter was so strict in his religious views, that once, when I took a meal at his house, and cut my chunk of broken bread with a knife, he rebuked me with the statement that it was impious to cut bread with a knife. It should be broken, not cut. The Brownlees founded the Long Grove settlement in the early forties. When I began to attend the Long Grove school their orchards were already bearing abundant crops. We passed Alexander Brownlee's orchard daily going to and returning from school. To

see its trees weighed down with luscious fruit placed an almost irresistible temptation in our path. We saw schoolmates slipping through the hedge which enclosed the orchard, and returning, they would be munching an apple. To our credit be it said we resisted the temptation.

However, I was put to a severer test and then was found wanting. Andrew and Robert Brownlee, sons of Reverend James Brownlee, each daily brought a large apple to school with his lunch. I envied them because of their apples. I had never, to the best of my recollection, had an entire apple to myself. At Christmas, Santa Claus brought me a small mouth organ. I took it with me to school. Then it was the Brownlee boys' turn to envy me. Neither they nor any other of my schoolmates possessed a similar treasure. Andrew offered to trade me his apple for it. I accepted his offer. I thought I was getting a splendid bargain. I did not continue to think so very long. After I had eaten my apple I realized what a mistake I had made. My mouth organ was gone and I had nothing to show for it. I had acted in haste and could now repent at leisure. What would my mother say to my one sided trade? What she did say my memory fails to recall.

The Scotch settlers belonged to two factions. One of these, headed by the Brownlees, frowned upon dancing. Its members called it an unpardonable sin. The members of the other faction, to which belonged the Thomsens, Hardies, Grieves, and Pollocks, considered dancing a delightful pastime. Once,

after my brother Herman had given a barn dance, in his new barn, his wife was rebuked by Reverend Brownlee for permitting such unholy pastime on their farm. She countered with the remark that dancing was less sinful than the kissing games in which young Scotch people indulged at their social gatherings.

Most of the sons of the early Scotch settlers became infected with the rolling stone virus. They parted with the farms which their fathers had opened under great difficulties and went west.

Three years after father arrived in Iowa he decided to build a grist mill. The west branch of the Walnut creek, which crossed our farm, it was believed, would provide enough water to operate such a mill. He entered into a contract with a millwright, in which the latter agreed to install complete mill machinery within six weeks after the completion of the mill building. Father's discouraging experience at farming, presumably, induced him to go into so risky a venture. With money almost unobtainable, and rates of interest extortionate, this venture should have impressed him as being doubly hazardous.

When father announced his intention of building a mill there was great rejoicing in the northern part of Scott County. In one of mother's letters to her mother she told how the settlers from near and far offered their services, gratis, in hauling the material, and that when there was not enough of this to go round those who were left out expressed deep disap-

pointment. Willingness to co-operate with their neighbors was one of the great virtues of the early settlers.

When the mill and the dam, which impounded the water of the creek, had been completed and the "Elizabeth Mill," so named after my mother, was ready to start, there was even greater rejoicing. The settlers came to congratulate father upon his public spirit and the courage he had shown in building the mill. They brought grain, to be converted into flour, in such quantities that some of them had to wait months before they received their flour.

Prosperity seemed to be at father's door. Years of worry, however, lay ahead. No one had foreseen that in spring, when the snow suddenly melted on the hillsides, up stream, and in summer after heavy rains or cloudbursts, the quiet Walnut creek would become a wild torrent and carry away the milldam. That calamity happened the very next spring. Months were required to rebuild it. This calamity repeated itself a number of times, as the years passed. Another unforseen difficulty arose. The mill was built when the land up stream, which constituted the watershed, was still prairie. Prairie, after rains, readily allowed the water to find its way to the creek. Slowly but surely this prairie was converted into cultivated land and this retained the water. The supply required to run the mill began to dwindle and finally the mill had to be closed. The mill, however, was not closed until after a long, hopeless, and costly struggle with these unconquer-

able forces. At first, after the water had begun to dwindle, the mill ceased running two or three days a week. When finally the pond went all but dry, the long foreseen and inevitable end came. The mill was closed, the machinery sold, and the building removed to a site near our home. The agony was at last over. When the "Elizabeth Mill" shall have passed out of the memory of the oldest settler, people will wonder what prehistoric people were the builders of the earthworks, once the dam of our mill, which though slowly dwindling in height, will be visible during centuries to come.

The mill with its large water-wheel, and the mill pond, richly stocked with fish for a while had a great fascination for me. The mill, however, lost this fascination when it became my duty daily to turn the grindstone on which the picks, needed to recut the millstones, had to be sharpened. I never lost my interest in the millpond. I sat on its banks by the hour fishing but usually caught only sunfish, because the suckers, catfish, and pike, though plentiful, scorned my bait, which consisted of grasshoppers or angleworms.

After heavy rains, however, the fish which had despised my bait, got themselves into trouble, and many of them were caught. Following such rains the sluices of the dam had to be opened, to relieve the pressure on the latter. Following the closing of these, the water in the ditch below would be lowered so suddenly that the fish had not time to escape, and hundreds of them would sometimes be impris-

oned in the larger or smaller depressions in the ditch. Armed with garden rakes we would descend upon these prisoners. Sometimes we would fill washtubs with them. Then mother would call on the entire family to assist in cleaning the catch, and for weeks thereafter fish in aspic was our daily diet.

To the settlers for miles around, our pond was a great attraction. It afforded good bathing, and in spring and autumn, when migrating ducks and geese were its visitors, it attracted lovers of sport. From a blind on shore they made war on these unsuspecting creatures. My brother Herman, from this point of vantage, one morning shot a beautiful swan. He greatly regretted his act when he discovered what a majestic bird he had slain.

Our pond, on several occasions, was used for baptismal purposes. Once this happened when the pond was still covered with ice. New converts ready to join the Long Grove church came accompanied by the entire congregation, to be baptized. A large hole was made in the ice near the shore, where the water was of the needed depth but not too deep. Into this descended the minister and the convert. The congregation sang while the act of baptism was being performed. As each convert emerged from the icy water with chattering teeth he was wrapped up in warm blankets and with the last convert baptized the interesting ceremony was over.

Our mill played its part in the Civil War drama. My father, like all the German pioneers of the fifties and sixties, was a staunch Republican, and a loyal

supporter of the Union cause. He had become an American citizen as soon as the law permitted him to do so, and had voted for Lincoln. He and all the members of our family followed closely the events of the war. To the north of us, along the Wapsipinicon, lived a number of settlers who in common parlance were styled "Copperheads," and whose loyalty to the Union was questioned. During the war, the Union men of our locality organized a secret society in support of the Union cause. Father and my two brothers were among its most active members. Unbeknown to me this society held its secret meetings in father's mill. I did not even know that there was such a society. When I accidentally learned of its existence, and that it was holding its meetings in our mill, I was made to promise that I would disclose, to no one, what I had discovered lest the Copperheads on the Wapsi would learn for what purpose our mill was being used, and set it on fire.

After all the prairie on our farm had been broken, we turned our cattle into "No Man's Land." If these failed to return by a certain hour of the afternoon, I went in search of them on horseback. I considered this good sport, except when darkness overtook me before I found the cattle, or when I had to look for them in the hill district where I feared to encounter wolves. I was not allowed to use a saddle, lest, if thrown off, my foot would be caught in a stirrup. One afternoon, in a district recently swept by a prairie fire, when descending

a steep hill covered with ashes, my horse broke into a run. I slid over its head, was bowled over several times, and finally landed on my back, half stunned, and face covered with ashes. When I regained my senses, my horse was far on its way home.

I was perhaps nine, when I was first permitted to take one of father's guns and hunt prairie chickens. These were so plentiful, that, although I was not a crack shot, I could start out with my dog an hour before sunset, and before dark, bag half a dozen or more birds. To hunt with an old-fashioned gun, however, was nerve-wracking sport. My dog would discover a covey of birds. With my first two shots I would bring down, or fail to bring down, one or two birds. Then I had to stop to reload. Powder had to be measured out from the powder flask. Paper wads had to be rammed down. Shot had to be measured out, and more wads had to be rammed down. Finally percussion caps had to be put on. By this time most likely the rest of the birds had departed. If I brought down my birds and failed to search for them in the high grass, before reloading, I would not find them later.

It must have been in the late fifties, when father came home with the surprising news that he had been shown a lamp, which burned oil that flowed from the earth, called "earth oil." He said it provided a light more brilliant than three of our candles combined. A month later our first kerosene lamp replaced the time hallowed tallow candle in our home. This epoch making invention ended my

activities as a maker of candles. The term "earth oil" was soon replaced by the term "kerosene."

There exists a belief that there is an advantage in being the youngest child in a family. In my case the contrary was true. It made me the legatee of all the clothes which my two brothers had outgrown. For good measure, clothes made over from those of my father were thrown in. Until I was over thirteen, I did not own a coat, a vest, or a pair of trousers, which had not been made over from clothes which had once belonged to father or to one of my brothers.

Although father's early years on the farm were trying ones, in which he found difficulty in making the credit and debit sides of his ledger balance, we, nevertheless, always had an abundance of plain and wholesome food. At first, when our supply of flour was low, wheat was taken to the grist mill at Buena Vista and converted into flour. After father built his mill our supply of flour was never low. Our annual hog killing, in November, provided us with eonugh salt pork, bacon, and smoked hams to last until the next hog killing day. We had sweet corn, carrots, peas, turnips, and other vegetables in summer; no end of milk the year round, served fresh or in the form of milk soup; and good butter, which, however, was served in small portions because much of it had to be sold to provide groceries. Eggs were served not oftener than once a week, and then not more than one to each child. Most of these had to be sold for the same reason.

If the sportsmen of the family had had good luck we had rabbit meat in winter, and ducks in spring and autumn. In the prairie chicken season these were part of the menu so often that one almost became surfeited with them. Fruit was never served. Our orchard was not yet bearing and money was too scarce to be spent for fruit. Father bought his sugar and molasses, by the barrel, in St. Louis, at wholesale prices, and occasionally brought home a barrel of soda crackers. Our winter diet, compared with that enjoyed by the present generation, was a most monotonous one. Canned goods were nonexistent, and we had only such vegetables as were saved over from summer. Potatoes were plentiful.

Winter, however, was the season when mother was at her best as a culinary artist, and when she made the most of what she had learned in the Hildesheim cooking school. I recall with unalloyed pleasure many of the delicious dishes which were included in mother's menus. We had rice, sago, grape, and egg soups. The latter resembled soft custard, but had only one-fourth its consistency. We had potato soup, and (save the mark) pumpkin soup. Scorn not the latter, you who have never tasted this delicious dish, concocted of rich milk, pumpkins and various condiments. Then we had the "big pancake," the Yorkshire pudding of today; the "grosse klos," or big dumpling, as large and as round as a large cannon ball, rich in raisins and steamed in a bag, and served with piquant sauce; and the "armen ritter" (poor knight), the French

toast of today, served with jelly or plenty of sugar. How, in what country, and in what distant century did such a quaint name for toast originate?

Then there were mother's delicious pancakes, the size of a dinner plate, of which half a dozen or more were piled on top of each other, which piles were then cut into quarters and served like layer cake. Then there was the most delicious of all of mother's dishes: the "torte." The ingredients which went into this pudding were a family secret, which was never disclosed. This mixture was poured into a pudding mold, the shape of a hat box but smaller. With the mold tightly closed, it was steamed or boiled the requisite length of time, and not a minute longer. When the mold was reopened, behold, as if produced by magic, there appeared the wonderful "torte" exactly the size of the mold. But woe if it was not eaten at once. If allowed to cool it flattened out like a pancake. I must not forget to mention mother's wonderful bread. It was good enough for gods to feast on. When we praised it she loved to tell of the far off days, when she was a child, and when in her mother's home, a supply of bread, sufficient to last six months, was produced at a single baking, which extended over days. It was believed that bread should age before being eaten.

Mother was tardy in including American dishes in her menus. At one of our Sunday afternoon coffees there appeared on the table, without her knowledge, a new kind of cake, called marble cake.

Her face, when she beheld it, was a sight to behold. We greeted her surprise with a round of applause. One of my sisters was the culprit responsible for the innovation. Mother, however, approved of it and thereafter it frequently appeared on the Sunday afternoon coffee table. Baked custard was an unknown dish in our family until I tasted it at neighbor Hardie's house. I praised it so highly that mother sent for the recipe. Thereafter it became one of her favorite dishes. Fresh meats and meat soups seldom appeared on our table.

Mother's banner dinners were served on Sundays, when we had as our guests German friends like the Claussens, Rohlfs, Rushs, or the Petersens from Lowden. On such occasions mother was in her glory, and the dinner table fairly groaned under the weight of good things to eat. These dinners were fit for kings. For us, younger children, who ate at the second serving, the time which those at the first table took for their meal seemed like eternity. Those at the first table failed to realize how desperately hungry we were.

Father enjoyed telling an amusing potato story on mother. In her cooking school she had been taught that small potatoes were superior to large ones. In Germany, therefore, she had always given the former the preference. She decided to continue this practice in America. Inasmuch as we had raised no potatoes the first year, we were compelled to purchase our supply. When our neighbors learned of mother's preference for small potatoes they were all anxious to unload their small ones on us.

CHAPTER V

Our social intercourse — Religious differences — Threshing days—Hog killing days—Bake week—Christmas joys — Lack of children's books — Mother's flower garden—Horse thieves—Passenger pigeons—Poor money—Early fences.

ALL the German settlers with whom my parents maintained social intercourse lived at a considerable distance. The family with which we exchanged visits most frequently was that of M. J. Rohlfs. His farm lay about eight miles from ours. Mr. Rohlfs' arrival in Iowa preceded ours by several years. In Germany he had held an educational position of considerable importance. But like father he had seen greater opportunities for his family, which consisted of his wife, three boys and two girls, in America and so emigrated. Mr. Rohlfs was a talented amateur musician. Inasmuch as my mother was also accomplished in music, a delightful and lasting friendship was quickly established between the two families. The Rohlfs piano was the first one brought to Scott county. Ours, as has been stated, was the second.

The family with which father and mother were on most intimate terms in Davenport was that of H. R. Claussen. Among the many letters of intro-

duction which father brought from Germany, was one to Mr. Claussen. In a letter to the gentleman who had given father this letter, he spoke in glowing terms of the hearty reception he and his family had received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Claussen. Thus began the friendship between the two families that was to last through life. Elfriede, the only daughter, visited my sister Henriette weeks at a time and became her bridesmaid at her marriage. Of all the friendships which my parents contracted, that with Mr. and Mrs. Claussen was the closest and longest.

My parents maintained practically no social intercourse with the families of the Scotch settlers. Father was on the best of terms with the men, and they would now and then call on him, and perhaps ask mother to play for them on her piano. The younger members of these families, whose ages compared with those of my brothers and older sisters, sometimes came to our house to dance to the music of our piano. But I recall no instance in which mother and father exchanged social calls with any of these families. The explanation for this strange situation is easily found. Mother, theoretically, was master of the English language. She was able to read and understand it but gave many of its words a French accent. She never learned to converse fluently in English and all her life continued to use German in her intercourse with the members of her family.

There was still another obstacle to such inter-

course. The Scotch families were members of an orthodox church and my parents had become members of no church in America. People, today, wonder why the many immigrants from Protestant Northern Germany, who arrived in the fifties and sixties, in so negligible a degree became affiliated with churches in their new home, when in Germany they had, with few exceptions, been church members. Creed prevented such affiliation. It was not loyalty to the religion of Christ which the churches of America demanded of the newcomers; they demanded loyalty to this or that creed. Loyalty of this kind failed to appeal to people, who, in Germany, had practiced religion free from sectarianism. Those who, in Germany, had attended church Sunday mornings, and in the afternoons had strolled in the woods, attended social gatherings, and perhaps even a dance at which their pastor looked on, without being called heretics, were not attracted in their new home, by a religion which considered it a sin to attend a social gathering, or a dance on Sunday, or to prepare a meal, or to laugh or smile on that day.

Christian religion, thus narrowly defined, kept many immigrants from Protestant Germany out of the American churches and caused them to be called agnostics, though they believed in the religion of Christ, and in a future life. The immigrants from Catholic Southern Germany, had no such difficulty to cope with. These, without being asked to change their belief, were at once received into the Catholic

churches of America with open arms. They and their descendants, to this day, uphold the power of the church which so hospitably received them.

Threshing week was an outstanding event in pioneer days. The settlers called it a "moveable feast." Whether it was to begin in August, in December, or in January, lay in the hands of the autocrat, the owner of the threshing outfit. On father's farm threshing was uniformly delayed until after ploughing and corn husking had been completed. The grain in the stacks could wait, but the land had to be ploughed, and the corn had to be husked, in season. Only once within my memory, was our grain threshed in summer. This fact impressed itself indelibly on my memory through a tragic event. In the early years we raised no watermelons on our farm. Our good neighbor Thomsen however did. That year one of his sons helped us at threshing. Through him he sent us a large and luscious watermelon. It was the first I had ever seen. It was carefully hid, on the piano in the parlor, lest the threshers should find it and eat it. We planned to feast upon it, after the threshers had retired for the night to the barn in which they slept on their blankets. We anticipated a great treat. Finally the moment for it arrived. The melon was sought for, in its hiding place. Indescribable consternation followed. It had disappeared. The threshers had found it and eaten it.

Threshing days affected different members of our family in different ways. For the women these

meant much extra work. Additional persons, with healthy appetites, had to be provided for. Meals had to be bountiful, lest the threshers would talk ill of our table as they were prone to do of the table in the homes in which they had been ill fed. For father threshing days were days of anxiety. During these he was to learn whether the year's yield had come up to expectation, and whether the part of the crop not needed for seed and feed, and which could be sold, would yield a sufficient sum to meet taxes, store bills and interest, and leave something over. Threshing week was the barometer that was to indicate whether joy or disappointment was to be the reward for the year's labor and worry.

My own interest in threshing week changed from year to year as the years passed. At first, when too young to help, I was simply a looker on. I watched the voracious, sheaf-devouring, howling monster, called a "separator" at its work. It fascinated me to see the "feeder" so lovingly place his arm around each sheaf, after its band had been cut, and then so heartlessly feed it to the monster.

The "power," around which eight horses circled ceaselessly, also fascinated me. The driver, standing on a platform in the center of this mechanism, would swing his whip and again and again shout to his horses and call their names. Then I loved to ride on the drag, with the man who hauled off the straw and chaff. Above all I loved to watch the removal of the last sheaves of each stack, and see our dogs

make war on the rats, which had been deprived of their last hiding place.

My earliest task in connection with threshing was to hold the sacks, into which father emptied measure after measure of grain as it came from the separator. At the same time I kept tab, on an indicator, or the number of these measures, by moving a shoe peg up another hole, after each half bushel measure had been emptied into the sack. In free moments, when not engaged in dancing a jig to keep my feet warm, I dreamt of the day when I would be old enough to become a power driver. While engaged in this dream I occasionally forgot about the shoe peg and the indicator. Though this inattention yielded profit to father by reducing the number of measures, for the threshing of which he would have to pay, it yielded me a tremendous scolding from him.

After a year or two, my first task became that of one of my sisters, and it became mine to drag the straw and chaff away from the separator. The latter was greatly to my liking. I rode on the drag, on the outward trip and walked or danced, on the way back, to keep my feet from turning into icicles. After a few years, when father had acquired a threshing outfit, and we did our threshing with our own outfit, I became a band cutter. During the long hours of the day I stood by the side of my brother, the "feeder," cutting the straw bands of the sheaves with one of the large butcher knives which father had brought from Germany, and pass-

ing the sheaves to him to be fed to the hungry monster. When the threshing of a group of stacks was finished, a match was touched to the straw, except when it had been piled for preservation, and another straw fire was added to the many, which, in the threshing season, nightly illuminated the horizon. Farmers then did not deem it necessary to convert their straw into fertilizer.

Hog slaughtering week was another outstanding event in pioneer days. Farmers then practically sold all their hogs "dressed." During the year they sold an occasional live hog to a local butcher. The bulk of their hogs, however, they kept until "hog slaughtering week." The date of this week depended on the weather and the price of "dressed" hogs. If freezing weather and favorable prices combined in November, this event took place in that month. If these did not combine in November, this event was postponed until December. Davenport then had no packing houses, which bought live hogs for conversion into finished products, for shipment. Farmers of Scott and remoter counties did their own slaughtering, and sold their dressed hogs to butchers, grocers, grain dealers, shippers, and private individuals in Davenport. On Saturdays following a week of freezing weather, hundreds of loads of these were brought to the city. Consumers of pork, hams, bacon, lard, and even sausages, instead of buying these from their local butchers, as needed, bought a dressed hog or two from the

farmer, the grocer, or grain dealer, and themselves converted these into the products mentioned.

Hog slaughtering week, with us, lasted from Monday morning until Saturday night and sometimes even longer. The killing and dressing were done in the early days of the week. Not only the hogs that were to be sold, but also those intended for home consumption during the year, were included in the killing. After the men had finished their initial task, all other members of the family joined them. Lard was fried out. Five kinds of sausages were made. The supply of these was prodigious. After the hams, shoulders and sausages had been hung in the smoke house, it became my job, after I was old enough to assume it, to keep the fire in the smoke house going. It was a red letter day when smoked sausage, of the new crop, for the first time appeared on our table.

Another important event in our family was what was called "bake" week. This came shortly before Christmas. We children were most eager to help. The supply of cookies baked in that week lasted for a year. There were always accidents which resulted in broken cookies. These wrecks we were permitted to eat on the spot.

There was never a Sunday afternoon coffee, at our house, at which in addition to mother's famous "butter kuchen" (coffee cake), there were not served three or four kinds of cookies, baked during bake week. These were kept stored in airtight boxes and improved with age. At Christmas each child re-

ceived a heaped plate of these cookies as a supplement to other presents.

We never had a Christmas without a Christmas tree. However few our Christmas presents might be in the early years, because of the low stage of father's finances, he would have spent his last cent for a tree. Christmas without such, according to German notions, would be unthinkable. We celebrated Christmas on December twenty-fourth, in the evening. That day mother kept herself locked up in the parlor most of the time, trimming the tree and arranging the presents, while we children were full of expectation. During the preceding day we repeated many times, a song mother told us she had sung at Christmas, when a child, which ran as follows: "Morgen Kinder wird's was geben, Morgen werden wir uns freun. Welch ein Jubel, welch ein Leben, wird's in unserem Hause sein. Einmal werden wir noch wach, Heisa, dann ist's Weinachtstag." It was an expression of joy that after one more awakening it would be Christmas day. On Christmas Eve, after chores had been done and supper finished, mother again locked herself into the parlor, while we children waited at the door. Finally she rang a bell, unlocked the door, and there was the Christmas tree in all its glory, surrounded by tables and chairs on which were our presents. Presents in some years were few. There was, however, always a heaped plate of cookies and a bag of candy for each child. Candy was such a rare article,

that even if there had been no other presents, we would have been satisfied.

Looking back on my years on the farm, I reach the conclusion that my greatest privation was the lack of suitable reading matter and illustrated books. The library which my parents brought from Germany was a very respectable one. Among others it contained Scott's works in German translation in fifty-seven volumes. But it included no books for children. Only five of its volumes contained illustrations. One of these contained stories from Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, with drawings of classic sculptures by Flaxman, the British sculptor. The only book in the library which really interested me was "Reynard the Fox," with twelve colored illustrations. I had no conception that this was a celebrated German beast epic and a satire on the state of society in Germany in the Middle ages. It contained so humorous an account of the adventures of Reynard, at the court of king Nodel (the lion), and the struggle between Reynard, typifying the church, and Isegrim (the wolf) typifying the Feudal barons, that I read it again and again until I knew its contents almost by heart.

My father was a subscriber to the New York Sun. Its title page bore a picture of the rising sun. Its only other illustrations were cuts of houses and horses, one fourth the size of a postage stamp, designed to call attention to horses and houses that were for sale. Such was my hunger for illustra-

tions, that even these insignificant ones were deemed treasures worthy of being preserved.

Life on the farm, regardless of the privations mentioned, however, had its redeeming features. It taught me to depend upon my own resources. When driving the reaper, cultivating corn, searching for cattle, and in a score of other activities, I had to do my own thinking, reasoning and planning. There was no one to do these for me. In this respect, therefore, from my eighth to my thirteenth year I was on an equal footing with every adult on the farm.

Among my other privations were lack of playmates, lack of time for play, and the assignment to me of tasks not usually performed by boys of my age. Yet I enjoyed my work, except during the year when I alone ploughed our entire farm, and usually was as happy as a lark. I knew nothing of the world beyond my narrow horizon, nor was I aware that other boys had greater privileges or better times than I. City boys may have had advantages, but I had the wonderful Northern lights, and nightly the glorious firmament, with its millions of stars, which entranced me.

Love of flowers is one of the characteristics of the German people. My mother possessed this characteristic in a marked degree. Fischer had advised bringing plenty of flower seeds. Mother would have brought these even without this advice. Father had obtained possession of his farm too late in the year for mother to do much in establishing a flower

garden that year. She lost no time in doing so early the next spring. Several acres were laid out in flower beds of various designs and dimensions. Paths three feet wide separated these beds. The entire garden was enclosed with double rows of maple trees, with a path six feet wide between the rows.

The ground adjoining the flower garden, on the east, was converted into a lawn, beyond which the vegetable garden was laid out. It soon became apparent that horticulture was not as simple in America as in Europe. Hardly had the young plants, raised from imported seed, shown their heads above ground, than they were met by an army of contestants for places in the sun. There followed a war to a finish, between the plants, whose ancestors had been occupants of these acres since time immemorial, and those, whose ancestors had had situs in Germany. To complicate matters, the untutored eyes of us children, who were weeding the flower beds, and who were to assist the plants raised from imported seed in their battle against native ones, could not always distinguish between the contestants. And, since the truth must be told, we perhaps made no great effort to do so because it was much easier to eliminate both contestants simultaneously. Notwithstanding our shortcomings, mother raised many beautiful flowers. She prided herself on her flower garden. It became a great attraction for our Scotch and American neighbors, for whom German flowers were novelties.

When father finally sold his farm and moved to the city, mother's flower garden, the lawn, and the maple avenue were in their prime. The purchaser, however, was more practical than sentimental. He decided it would be better to raise potatoes than flowers. Besides, the maples would make good fence posts. The plow and the ax were put in action. The beautiful flower garden, vegetable garden, and lawn disappeared. A potato patch took their place. Poetic justice however overtook their destroyer. He raised a large crop of potatoes. He took a load of these to Davenport. Potatoes that year were a drug in the market. He was offered but five cents a bushel for his load. Angered at being offered so ruinous a price, he dumped his potatoes into the river. He had reckoned without the host. He was haled before a magistrate and fined for creating a nuisance. Only once after moving to the city did mother revisit the farm. She was heart broken when she beheld that all that she had created through her love for the beautiful, had been ruthlessly destroyed.

My memory retains other incidents of pioneer days, which did not, so far, lend themselves to inclusion in this narrative without breaking its continuity. Some of these are now included without regard to chronological order. Father's farm, as has been stated, lay some distance from the main highway, and but few strangers found their way to our place. Among the few who came, however, occasionally were some upon whom we looked with suspi-

cion, particularly after learning of horse thieves operating in adjoining counties and even in our own county, and that some of these had been hung by "regulators." One evening two suspicious looking persons drove into our yard, and asked me how far it was to the place to which they were going. How could I tell them when they had not told me where they were going. Having never seen a drunken person, I was tremendously scared when I discovered that they were drunk. They insisted that we should keep them over night. Before retiring they drew large rolls of money from their pockets and counted it in our presence. We were greatly relieved in the morning when we found that they had not disappeared over night, and one or two of our horses with them.

The horse thieves were reported to have their haunts near Belleview, Tipton, Lowden, and Big Rock. We never learned whether any Long Grove settlers were members of the "Regulator's" organization. Nor did we learn of any horses having been stolen in our immediate neighborhood.

The prairie to the east, southeast, and northeast of our farm was beautiful when clad in its spring or summer raiment. It was the personification of hades, when late in fall, or early in spring, it was swept by fires of unknown origin. When these approached after dark, the shore line of an ocean of fire seemed to be heading toward our farm. The danger was perhaps not as great as it seemed to be,

or would have been had these fires been in the direction from which the wind was usually blowing. Heading against the wind they made slow progress, and it was possible to guard our farm against them without danger to life. When we saw a prairie fire approaching everybody turned out, equipped with brooms and other suitable instruments, in an attempt to keep the fire from invading our farm.

In the late fifties and early sixties, buffalo robes and even buffalo overcoats were within reach of even the poorest settlers. There was scarcely a farmer who did not own from one to two robes and one buffalo overcoat. Buffaloes were being killed in such numbers, in the West, that finally the buffalo robe market became glutted, and robes could be bought at five dollars each.

In the early sixties vast flocks of passenger pigeons made their appearance in Spring. Some of these flocks were of unbelievable size. They contained thousands upon thousands of birds. When such a flock settled upon a newly sown field efforts to drive it off were unavailing. If I fired obliquely at the birds, closely perched on the top board or rail of a fence, or into a whirling cloud of them chased out of a tree, I sometimes killed as many as half a dozen with one shot. How miraculous that passenger pigeons should completely disappear from the face of the earth.

One of the difficulties with which farmers had to cope in the fifties was poor money. They might raise ever so abundant a crop and sell it at a satis-

factory price, and yet would not know whether the proceeds received one day would be of value the next. A farmer, to protect himself, took the "bank note detector," a publication, issued at intervals, which listed counterfeits, and notes of banks which had failed. Father studied his "detector" carefully, and as quickly as possible parted with the money received for his crop, yet with all this care he sometimes found himself the owner of notes which had no value. Only those who lived through the days of "wild cat" and "red dog" money, of the fifties, can fully appreciate the blessings of our present circulating medium.

In pioneer days, settlers whose farms bordered on or were near uninclosed prairie, grazed their stock upon it without asking anyone's permission. This practice worked hardship to no one, regardless of whether the prairie was private or government property. However, when so liberal a practice was applied to uninclosed timber tracts, it became a hardship. When father acquired a timber tract on the Wapsi, he supposed that he had supplied himself with enough fuel to last him during life. Settlers in the prairie districts, however, who owned no timber tracts, helped themselves to his trees so freely that the supply soon became all but exhausted. Winter after winter when our people went to our timber tract for their year's supply of fuel, they found that others had helped themselves to a number of our best trees. Father, however, was so good natured

that he did not even try to learn who had been the poachers.

In the early years the settlers who lived near timber built "snake" fences. Others built fences of posts and rails. Board fences came into use later, and plain wire fences still later. Father was the first one in our neighborhood to build one of the latter. When I left the farm in 1863 barbed wire had not yet made its appearance. In the early sixties a craze to plant osage orange and willow hedges prevailed. These were to solve the fence question for all time. The country swarmed with canvassers who pestered the farmers to buy willow cuttings, and osage orange plants. They carried samples of willow wood to prove into what powerful hedges willow cuttings would grow in a few years. Many farmers who then succumbed to the wiles of these canvassers, in later years, worked overtime to eliminate the hedges from which they expected so much, because they shaded and impoverished too much land.

Sunday with us was a day of rest and recreation, in the fullest sense of these words. My memory fails to recall a single instance of work being done in the field on that day. Chores and cooking of course had to be done. All unnecessary work was omitted.

This rule was adhered to for no religious reasons, but because father believed that men and beasts were entitled to one day of rest out of seven. On that day we were allowed to sleep as long as we

pleased. In the afternoon we often had visitors. In the evening we gathered around the piano and sang the German songs we loved, to mother's accompaniment. Or we all joined in a game of "black Peter," now called "old maid." It was a serious matter to be the loser because his or her face was decorated with a burnt cork until it resembled that of an Indian Medicine Man.

CHAPTER VI

Troublesome friends — Youthful pranks — Serving my apprenticeship in Lowden—Attending school in Davenport—Civil War memories.

FATHER was burdened not only with his own problems, but often also with those of others. Among his correspondence I found many letters from fathers in Germany who had sons in this country, or wanted to send sons to this country, whom they wanted father to look after. To one father in Germany father wrote that if his son Sigismund wanted to come over he must understand that only if willing to work would he succeed. He promised to allow the boy to stay with him for a while until he could determine whether he liked farming. If he did not, he would try and get him work in the city. And if he failed of success either on the farm or in the city he promised to advance him the means with which to return to Germany. Then there were letters from persons in this country who had not found the Utopia which they had expected to find in America. One correspondent, a young doctor, who wrote a beautiful hand, and evidently was a man of fine education, but ignorant of English, begged father to allow him to come to him and work for his board because he had lost all hope of getting a start in his

profession in America. There were dozens of other letters of similar import.

Lest my grandsons should get the impression that I was a perfect boy and did not sometimes play tricks, I had better confess to some of my shortcomings. One day when my parents had gone to Davenport, I brought out father's large pipe which he brought from Germany, but never smoked because he did not indulge in tobacco in any form. I decided to have a smoke. Inasmuch as there was no tobacco in the house I filled the pipe with sawdust and settled down for a good time. It may be imagined with what result. When my parents returned that night they found a tremendously sick boy. In vain they sought for the cause of his sickness. They never learned its cause until ten years later.

One of our horses—the one I always rode when I went after the cattle—was claimed to be blind in both eyes, which I did not believe. I decided to let the horse itself prove the truth or falsity of this claim. I would ride it up to the closed gate which led to the prairie. If it could see it would stop, before striking the gate with its nose. If it was blind it would not. The test was a complete success. The horse was blind. My conscience later imposed the punishment I so well deserved.

Daily when we returned from school, we children helped ourselves to all the bread and butter or bread and molasses we wanted. The only restriction imposed was that we should not put molasses on top of butter or butter on top of molasses. We

could put either but not both on the same slice of bread. If not satisfied with one of these one could not be very hungry. I must have had the makings of a lawyer in me even then. I reasoned perhaps, that if I placed butter on one side, and molasses on the other side of the slice, it would not be a violation of the rule. Be that as it may. In any event that is what I did, and for a while my logic served me to good purpose. However, there came a day of reckoning. I was found out and thereafter for a while there was neither butter nor molasses but only dry bread for my afternoon lunch.

In the early fifties, following the Schleswig-Holstein uprising, there came to this country for political reasons a mentally richly endowed minister by the name of Lorenz Petersen, accompanied by his wife, five daughters and four sons. In the late fifties the Petersens, with the exception of three of the sons, settled on a farm in Cedar county near the site of the present town of Lowden. Two of the daughters having married, their husbands acquired farms adjoining that of Reverend Petersen. With this group of people, though living at a distance of thirty miles, my parents entertained friendly relations. When, in 1861, the Northwestern Railway Company completed its line to Lowden, the three sons, who up to that time had been employed in mercantile houses in New York, also came west and opened a general store under the firm name of Petersen Brothers, in that town.

In 1862 there transpired an event, which, though

unimportant in itself, was destined to affect profoundly the future course of my life. The event referred to was the sale, by father, of some hams. Early in the summer of that year father discovered that the supply of hams, which he had provided for the family at the November killing, was greatly in excess of its needs during the rest of the year. He looked around for a purchaser for this surplus and found one in the firm of Petersen Brothers of Lowden. It was the sale and delivery of these hams which started the chain of events which were so greatly to affect my future.

When it became time to deliver the hams it was decided to make the trip to Lowden one of pleasure as well as business. Father, mother, my sister Betty, and I started for Lowden with the hams. In due time we delivered these to Petersen Brothers, whose three members we met for the first time on this occasion. This task completed, we spent a Sunday and the better part of a week with the Petersen family on the farm. During this visit Julius, a member of the firm, showed much interest in my sister. Within a month he and his parents made us a return visit lasting a week. We younger children quickly sized up the situation and we were not surprised when before the end of the year my sister Betty and Julius Petersen announced their engagement.

Their wedding took place in September, 1863. It was a gala event. The festivities began several days in advance, with the arrival of thirteen mem-

bers of the Petersen family and friends of that family from Lowden. In addition there came friends of both families from other distant points. The capacity of our house was taxed to the utmost. Our barn was turned into a dormitory for the male guests. Our many friends from Davenport and from our home county came early in the morning of the day of the wedding and remained all day. Mother was in her element. The wedding dinner was served at long tables on the lawn under the trees. There was no limit to the good things to eat.

The marriage ceremony was a double one. In the forenoon the guests and the members of both families accompanied the young people to the home of the justice of the peace of Winfield township, who lived not far from the Wapsipinicon. His Honor was overwhelmed to see so large a gathering in his humble home. In the fewest possible words he tied the knot which united the young people for life. It was the first wedding in which he had officiated. The second marriage ceremony was performed at our home in a solemn and touching manner by the groom's venerable father.

Long before the wedding it had been arranged between my parents and my prosective brother-in-law that, following the wedding I should become an apprentice in Petersen Brothers' store and live at the home of my sister. With the wedding over and the last of the guests gone the day on which I was to leave the farm was at hand. The next morning I was to accompany the last of the returning

members of the Petersen family to Lowden. The first chapter of my life was to come to a close. A new chapter was to begin. I was to leave the farm supposedly for good. I thought I could do so gladly. But I was also to part from my mother who, I knew, would be more lonesome than ever, with both my sister and me gone. This conviction had a depressing effect. Mother sought to make me believe that she was rejoiced that I was to have this opportunity to obtain a business training, and she was. But she was unable to hide from me how deeply my leaving pained her.

The day before my departure, accompanied by my dog, I tramped over the fields in which I had trapped gophers, hunted prairie chickens, and herded cattle; over which I had so often gone with the plow, the harrow and the reaper. I walked along the creek and seated myself where I had so often fished, before our mill pond had vanished. Now when leaving the scene of my early activities I was deeply moved and unspeakably sad.

In Lowden I was in a new world. The activity of this small inland town was in strange contrast with the quiet life on the farm. Railroads had not yet penetrated into every county of the state. When the railroad reached Lowden it had become the market town for large districts, lying to the north and to the south. Grain, dressed hogs, and butter and eggs, in large quantities were being shipped from this point. Petersen Brothers shipped most of these. In addition they were engaged in gen-

eral merchandising and dealt in lumber and agricultural implements.

I greatly enjoyed my work, except that which was connected with packing and shipping eggs and butter and handling grain. The town was without an elevator. When a car had to be loaded and the wheat, which was to be shipped, had to be cleaned, it was my task to turn the fanning mill. I had to pack all the eggs, which the firm took in trade at from eight to ten cents a dozen. No cash was paid for any of them. We packed these eggs in barrels with oats as a filler. Chicago commission houses invariably claimed deductions for breakage due to poor packing and I would get the blame. This blame should have been placed on the dishonest commission houses. The alleged breakage was a fiction.

The winter that year was called an "old timer." The entire state was covered with a deep blanket of snow. Great drifts, at times, impeded railway travel, and the cold was intense. I went home for the Christmas holidays. I sought to return after a heavy snow storm, by train from DeWitt. Six days in succession I was driven to that town before a train was able to get through from Clinton, to proceed to Lowden. Either snow was more abundant then or railroads were less well equipped to battle with it.

The train which carried me to Lowden was held in that town all day because the road beyond was still blocked. Diners were not yet in use. Trains

stopped at designated stations for meals. The nearest meal station was Cedar Rapids and that town might not be reached for another day. The passengers of our train were famished. When our train reached Lowden I hurried to the store, filled two baskets with crackers and smoked herrings, and returning to the train began selling these to the passengers. They haled me as their deliverer. One of the passengers, however, offered me a twenty dollar bill which I could not change. When I insisted on his paying me the ten cents which he owed me, he took me by the neck and threw me and my baskets out of the car. Before long a committee of the passengers came to the store and reported that they had driven my assailant from the car and asked me to resume my good offices.

That winter prairie chickens were so plentiful that we filled barrels with these at fifteen cents apiece and shipped them to Chicago. Flocks of these swept over the snow covered country and in their swift flight, blinded by the sun and snow, many collided with telegraph wires and were killed or maimed. If I walked up the railroad track a mile or two it would be the exception if I did not find one or more chickens under the telegraph wires.

My year in Lowden had many delightful features. The Petersens were polished and charming people. It was a pleasure and an education to be among them. We invariably spent our Sundays with the old people on the farm. Their timber was full of rabbits which I hunted. One day when I was out

walking with Reverend Petersen he suddenly turned to me with the remark: "Why, August, you walk pigeon-toed. That won't do for a young man. Never do so again." Though I felt greatly humiliated, this criticism broke me of that habit.

Of the events of the Civil War which transpired during my early months in Lowden my memory has retained little. My work in my new field must have completely monopolized my attention.

Perhaps I eventually became aware that the war was still in progress through an incident which occurred at our store. Two soldiers, home on furlough, came accompanied by a number of friends and asked for eggs. They stated that they intended to stage a raw egg eating contest and that the one who should first withdraw from the contest was to pay for the eggs consumed and for the drinks for the party. I produced a basket with eggs and the contest began. One of the contestants quit after the third egg which, he claimed, had been too ancient to suit his taste. His rival, however, continued in the now one-sided contest until he had finished his twenty-fourth egg. That done the loser paid me for the eggs and the party withdrew to a nearby saloon.

One war event of that period, however, my memory vividly recalls: The battle which in history became known as the "Battle of Missionary Ridge." While this battle was in progress many townspeople were assembled at the railway station. The station agent, from time to time, repeated reports regarding this battle, as they passed over the wires. Mem-

ories of these anxious hours at Lowden were vividly revived when thirty years later I visited the battlefield of Missionary Ridge. Here I roamed over the fields and through the woods where death had held high carnival the day I was waiting at the Lowden station. I found dozens of rifle bullets, both Confederate and Union, by recent rains uncovered, which on that tragic day had sought victims. These mementoes of a bitter war now repose in the Davenport Public Museum.

My apprenticeship produced most satisfactory results. It gave me an insight into the various business activities in which my employers were engaged. It broadened my vision and above all it caused me, and those interested in me, to realize how sorely I needed additional schooling. It brought on the decision that I should receive that schooling in Davenport. As a reward for my faithful services I was presented with a silver watch. It was a second hand one. Being my first watch I was overcome with joy, but my joy was of short duration. The watch had one great fault: It would not run. The watchmaker to whom I took it broke my heart when he informed me that it had been stepped on, that two of its wheels were broken and that after being repaired it would not be worth what it would cost to repair it. I certainly got the best of the boy to whom, a year later, I traded it off for a knife.

Just before harvest, in 1864, I left Lowden and returned to the farm. It was still impossible for father to obtain the necessary harvest hands and my

services, therefore, were sorely needed at home. My brother Herman and I, that year, again operated the McCormick handrake harvester. Then I helped at stacking, and after that until school opened, spent my time at ploughing.

When it was time for me to enter school father made efforts to secure board and lodging for me in a private family in Davenport. Failing in this he secured these for me at the Keystone House, of which Jacob Hoering was proprietor, at three dollars and a half a week. My room was a small one in a frame annex. It had one window, which opened upon the kitchen roof. This roof sloped toward a brick wall which prevented my rolling off the roof, when on hot nights, I slept on it to find relief from the unbearable heat in my room. The occupant of a corner room, a cobbler but recently arrived from Germany, who used his room as workshop and bedroom, had to pass through my room coming and going. Lacking privacy, my quarters therefore, were not of the best. What my room lacked, Hoering made up in kindness. When he learned that I hoped, some day, to become a student in Griswold College he made me a proposition which made me radiantly happy, and which I immediately accepted. If I would build the fires in the morning, sweep the office, carry ashes, and run errands for him before and after school hours, he would make me no charge for board and lodging. To this offer however he attached the condition that I should not disclose it to father; that I should let him continue to pay for my

keep; and that the amounts to be paid by him should go into a fund which should eventually be used to carry me through the college mentioned. The fact however, that now, at the age of fourteen, I had become self-supporting was too important a matter to withhold from my parents. With Hoering's consent I gave father the good news on his next visit to the city.

During the whole of my school year, therefore, I performed the duties assigned to me. Occasionally I earned a dime or a quarter for carrying baggage for transient guests, of whom, however, few came to the house. Sometimes I even earned a dime for shining the boots of these transients. I use the term boots advisedly. Men of that period wore boots. The shoe age had not yet arrived.

The conditions under which I was getting an education, at times, were almost unendurable. Before school hours in the morning, and after these hours in the afternoon, I had not a moment's spare time in which to do my lessons. There remained only the hours after supper in which to do them. Inasmuch as the hotel office was always crowded, evenings, and loud conversation prevented me from studying there, I had to do my lessons in my room. This had neither chimney nor stove, and in winter was as cold as an ice box. Here I would sit, in my overcoat, and study as long as I could stand it. When chilled to the bones I retired and continued to study with only my face and hands above the cover. My room also lacked gas and I had to do my work by

the dim light of a tallow candle. And how I hated the shriek of the siren of Michael Donahue's foundry at six o'clock in the morning, when it was still pitch dark. This was the signal that I must rise, dress in my cold room, build fires, and carry ashes and coal.

I entered the grammar school at Sixth and Warren streets after the summer vacation of 1864. Miss Phoebe Sudlow, later for so many years Superintendent of the Public Schools of Davenport, was its principal. The city then had but four grammar schools and a modest high school, as compared with its present twenty grammar or intermediate schools and magnificent high school. Within two weeks I was promoted into a higher class. In another two weeks I was promoted into the highest class. With this class I was graduated at the end of the school year. Perhaps I was not as far behind boys of my age, in schooling, as I feared.

My school year had its tragic as well as its amusing incidents. A photograph, taken that year, shows me clad in an outlandish black broadcloth coat with very tight sleeves. This coat was made for my brother Herman, in Germany, when he was about to be confirmed. After he had outgrown it, it was laid aside and kept for ten years until I, the youngest of the family, would be old enough to wear it. Then I inherited it. If ever I hated a coat it was this one. In the country where for several years I had worn this coat on Sundays, and where less attention was paid to dress, it did not trouble me. But in the city where other boys were dressed in new clothes, it

gave me a feeling of humiliation, especially since its sleeves by this time had become about two inches too short. Although this coat was my only one, and its loss, therefore, should have been considered a calamity, I was nevertheless deeply grateful to the schoolmates who brought about its destruction. Its end came about in the following manner. There was always a rivalry between the boys of our school, to be the first to enter the building, after the door was unlocked in the morning. On the fatal day I headed the line and was holding my place against all comers, with my back braced against the locked door. Two of my room mates, each grabbing one of my coat tails, attempted to dislodge me, with the result that the back of my coat was ripped open to the collar. That was the end of my last inherited coat.

On another cold morning there happened another tragic incident. A large pane in the front door of the building had been broken by an unknown person. Half a dozen of us crawled through the opening. Although none of us were guilty of breaking the pane, we had to pay the cost of replacing it. However, my teacher must not have considered my various shortcomings very serious. At the end of the school year, when it appeared that I stood highest in deportment, in my room, Miss Sudlow in a short address presented me with a book as a reward.

One day, on the way to school, I saw a span of runaway horses, attached to a farm wagon, coming toward me down Fifth street at terrific speed. I ran into the street and sought to stop them by shouts

and by swinging my arms. They avoided me, yet as they passed, with speed somewhat slackened, I grabbed the bridle of one of the horses and finally succeeded in stopping the team. Imagine my amazement and joy when I found that the team that I had stopped belonged to my father. While my brother had been loading lumber a locomotive had caused his team to run away.

During my school year the Civil War was in its most critical period. From every front, at which our armies were fighting for the preservation of the Union, came calls for reinforcements. Wards and townships, desirous of filling their quotas of recruits, offered bounties to those who would enlist. The city papers were filled with advertisements of firms offering to furnish substitutes for men who had been drafted, and with advertisements of wards and townships, which were overbidding each other in the amount of bounty they offered recruits. Several Davenport wards, in their advertisements, first offered $150 bounty. Then they increased their offer to $200, with ten dollars to the party who brought a recruit. Le Claire Township finally outbid all seekers of recruits by offering $550 to recruits who would enlist for five years.

The country was filled with professional bounty hunters. These were called "Professional Bounty Jumpers." These persons would enlist, pocket the bounty, and desert before they could be sent to the front, in order to repeat their crookedness in another county or state under another name. At

Camp McClellan there was a strongly guarded enclosure in which were the substitutes for drafted men and recruits who had enlisted for bounty. The drafts were held in Metropolitan Hall. The days on which these took place were days of gloom. Many of those who were of military age attended to learn their fate.

One evening I was present when General Joe Hooker, called "Fighting Joe," was addressing an open air meeting from the portico of the LeClaire hotel. While he was making his most eloquent appeal in support of the Union cause a well known Front Street innkeeper, a Democrat of the class styled "Copperheads" stationed himself by his side and in a stentorian tone called for three cheers for Jefferson Davis. Imagine what would have happened to a sympathizer with Germany who, during the World war, at a patriotic meeting, had called for three cheers for Emperor William. In the case referred to the General proceeded with his address and the incident was deemed closed after the unpatriotic citizen had been unceremoniously thrown into the street.

During the autumn of 1864 twenty thousand prisoners were confined in the Rebel prison on Rock Island. Shortly after the discovery of a plot to release the Rebel prisoners confined in Camp Douglas, near Chicago, Adjutant General Baker, late one evening, caused a general alarm to be sounded, and the Davenport Militia Companies to be ordered out, upon his being apprised by the Rock Island prison

authorities that they had discovered a plot which had as its goal a break for liberty by the Rebel prisoners that night. No such break was made but Davenport people obtained little sleep that night.

One evening, a little later, there was another alarm. A report had gained credence that the prisoners had broken out; that they had made a rush for the railroad bridge after killing their guards; that many of them had crossed to Davenport before the bridge tender had opened the draw; and after this had been done many prisoners had been pushed into the river by their comrades who did not know that the draw had been opened. There was again tremendous excitement. People ran hither and thither wildly repeating the story they had heard. I myself repeated it to whomever I met. I expected every moment to encounter one of the escaped prisoners. It was again a false alarm. No prisoners had even attempted to escape.

In the presidential election of 1864 General McClellan was the Democratic candidate against Lincoln. I had heard Copperheads so often denounced as enemies of the country that when I heard McClellan spoken of as a Copperhead I could not understand how so dangerouns a person could be trusted at the head of the Union army. When I heard Hiram Price, candidate for Congress, whom I highly respected, in a joint debate with his Democrat opponent, George H. Parker, pronounce McClellan a Copperhead in unmeasured terms, I decided that he must really be a very dangerous man. I had not

yet learned that political speeches should not be taken too seriously.

During the closing months of 1864 and the early months of 1865 stirring events followed each other in rapid succession. The battle of Winchester, which inspired the well known poem "Sheridan's Ride," was fought and won. Sherman made his famous march from Atlanta to the sea. The Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery was adopted. Then Richmond fell.

When the news of Richmond's surrender reached Davenport pandemonium broke loose. Church bells, school bells, and the fire bell were rung. Every steam whistle joined in a concert. As if by magic the streets became filled with a seething mass of humanity. Men, women and children formed themselves into a procession and paraded through the streets singing patriotic songs. At the levee bonfires were lit and salutes were fired by a battery of guns. I witnessed an unfortunate premature discharge of one of the guns which came near costing two of the gunners their lives. Finally from the portico of the LeClaire Hotel prominent speakers addressed the multitude. Never in its history had Davenport witnessed so great an outpouring on short notice.

A few days later further good news arrived. General Lee had surrendered with his army. The rejoicings which followed the surrender of Richmond were repeated. Surely this was the end of the war. Again there was ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, singing and cheering and processions. This

time, however, the rejoicings were spread over two days. The news of Lee's surrender had arrived on Sunday. That day there was a spontaneous celebration. Next day this was supplemented by a dignified celebration in front of the LeClaire Hotel at which speakers addressed the assembled thousands from the portico of that building.

Those who witnessed the pandemonium which reigned in the streets of Davenport, after the armistice which ended the World War had been signed, can understand why the celebrations which followed the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee remain as vivid in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday, although sixty-five years have elapsed since. When Lincoln, a few days after Lee's surrender, issued a proclamation that recruiting and the draft were to cease, the country was tremendously relieved.

Hardly had the echoes of the demonstrations of joy, that had recently been staged throughout the North, died away when there came a bolt out of the blue sky. Five days after Lee's surrender the news that Abraham Lincoln, our beloved president, had been shot down in cold blood by an assassin, shook the North to its foundation. Crowds besieged the telegraph and newspaper offices. Was the South, through murder, aiming to gain what it had not been able to accomplish by war? Deep gloom settled over the city. People spoke to each other in a whisper. Flags were hung at half mast. Public buildings and business houses were draped in mourn-

ing. All business was suspended. A public meeting was called at Metropolitan Hall at which speakers gave utterance to the nation's sorrow.

A month later the North had once more cause to rejoice. Jefferson Davis had been captured. Now surely the war was over. The fathers, sons, and husbands, who had been absent so long, would now surely soon be home.

Then the troops began to return. Those from Iowa, which had been mustered into the service at Davenport, were returned to that city to be mustered out. They had seen hard service. New uniforms had not been furnished them any too often, those of some being ragged with long service. Men were glad to discard their uniforms and once more don civilian clothes. Upon receiving their pay they hastened to supply thesmelves with these regardless of cost. The city then had more dealers in ready made clothing than it has had at any one time since. The representatives of these dealers hovered about the camp in which were quartered the men waiting to be mustered out. They resembled vultures gathered around carrion. They sought out company officers to whom they offered inducements to march squads of their men to this or that dealer.

During the war my father had kept my uncle, August Ficke, informed in regard to its progress. My uncle, therefore, had a faith equal to that of my father in its successful outcome.

On April 12, 1862 Uncle August wrote to my father: "Your war with the Southern States creates

profound excitement here. All the enemies of freedom here are rejoicing over your misfortune and are predicting the downfall of your Republic. The officers are laughing about your soldiers and I have many bitter word combats with them. My trump card is always my statement that seven hundred thousand volunteers have offered their services to fight for the Union and the Constitution. Then I ask them whether it would be possible to find that number of volunteers in Germany who would offer their services to fight for their rulers. Now that Europe is sending military experts to America to study her military methods I take great pleasure in rubbing this into our headswelled militarists."

In 1864, when the prospects of saving the Union were at their worst and most fervent appeals were being made to its friends for financial assistance, my uncle gave still stronger proof of his confidence in the Union cause. He sent my father a very considerable sum for investment in United States bonds. The investment was instantly made. Uncle's remittance came in a draft payable in gold dollars. Gold dollars then brought approximately two dollars and fifty cents in paper. Uncle's bonds, therefore, cost him but about forty dollars per one hundred dollar bond. When, after the war, these bonds went not only to par with gold but to a premium, my uncle received the reward for his confidence in our Union which he so richly deserved.

CHAPTER VII

I became a dry goods salesman—Davenport's social conditions 1865—I attend commercial college — Am employed in insurance office — Davenport in 1868—My various activities—Began reading law —My first travel experience—Became a bank employee — Davenport's transitional years — The Franco-Prussian war—The Chicago fire—My law reading—H. R. Claussen's gracious offer.

AFTER I had been graduated from the grammar school and had received a certificate entitling me to enter the high school the question arose of what further schooling I should receive. I still dreamed of attending Griswold College. My father, however, deemed the chasm between the grammar school and Griswold College too wide to be negotiated in one leap. He favored my attending the high school for a time and later perhaps Griswold College. It was decided that during the summer I should help on the farm and during that time it should be decided which school I was to attend.

Man is said to be the master of his own fortune. The truth is that conditions and influences, beyond his control, and which he is too weak to resist, are its masters. That summer while I was doing my usual tasks on the farm there transpired another

event, which, though unimportant, was nevertheless to affect greatly the course of my life. A new drygoods store was opened in Davenport. Its proprietor, having learned that I had had a year's experience in clerking, offered me a position. Nothing was remoter from my plans than the acceptance of a position before obtaining additional schooling. The offer of this position however made necessary the immediate solution of the problem under consideration. There were now three, instead of two courses, from which to choose. I spent sleepless nights in an endeavor to decide, in my own mind, which one to choose. Should I accept the position offered me and dismiss the idea of entering school, or should I decline the position and enter one of the two schools, and, if so, which?

My mother's father and my father's father had been successful merchants. My father was himself a thoroughly trained merchant. Although he was now farming he nevertheless harbored the wish to get back into business some day. If this wish should materialize I would be a help to him after obtaining a business training. Then too, why should I not choose a mercantile career like my father and my two grandfathers. The offer of this position was the opportunity to start upon such a career, and for that reason father favored its acceptance. I finally decided to follow his advice and accepted the position offered me. In August, 1865, therefore, I became a drygoods salesman.

I started at a salary of eighteen dollars a month.

I paid fourteen dollars a month for board and lodging at the Keystone House. During the first month, by mistake, I sold some blankets five dollars below cost and this amount was deducted from my wages. Instead of being four dollars ahead for the month I was one dollar in the hole. A couple of months later my salary was increased to twenty dollars a month. When through strict economy my savings had reached six dollars I considered myself rich. I was not to remain so very long. A burglar entered my room one night and stole not only my entire savings but also the knife for which I had traded the worthless Lowden watch. To lose one's entire fortune is a calamity difficult to bear. Never in my life have I felt a financial loss more keenly than this one. Davenport as yet had no savings banks in which one could keep one's savings. The first of such banks, the German, was not established until four years later.

During the fifties and early sixties Davenport received a very large German immigration. By 1865 it had become a German oasis in the American Commonwealth. It remained such during decades. During that time there resided in Davenport a negro, who was a great wag, and spoke Low German as perfectly as a native of Holstein. He would sometimes go to the depot, and when a group of Holsteiners arrived, speak to them in their own tongue. When they expressed surprise at his speaking their language he assured them, to their great horror,

that they would become as black as he was if they stayed in America as long as he had been there.

During the sixties and seventies German born and native born residents of Davenport had little in common. Each of these classes was deficient in the language of the other. Main street was the dividing line between the two. A German rarely chose residence east of that street. If he did both Germans and Americans looked askance at him. The Germans maintained a theatre in which German plays were staged weekly during nine months of the years and in which appeared many of the foremost theatrical stars of Germany. No Americans attended these plays.

The Germans also had many Clubs, Lodges, Singing Societies, and other organizations in which the proceedings were in German and in which no Americans held membership. As late as 1889 thirty-eight such organizations participated officially in the first commemoration of German-American day. These organizations arranged concerts, turnfests, saengerfests, dances and other entertainments which Americans rarely attended.

When I began my clerkship American merchants were beginning to make efforts to capture German-American patronage. Of the American dry goods stores only one as yet had secured a German clerk. When our competitor, W. H. Carter, learned that I spoke both English and German he offered me a position at twenty-five dollars a month. Although satisfied with my position I was unable to resist the

offer to enter an older and more up-to-date establishment, at a higher salary. Within three months Carter increased my salary to thirty dollars a month. Within another month he increased it to forty dollars. When with the strictest economy I had increased my savings to thirty dollars I considered myself more of a capitalist than at any time since. Being the youngest of the employees I was both salesman and errand boy.

The Carters came from New York. They were refined people, considered themselves highbrows, lived in Clinton Row on Brady Street, north of Tenth, then the fashionable district, and put on considerable style. One day Carter sent me to his home on an errand. The maid asked for my visiting card. Inasmuch as errand boys then dispensed with such I was finally admitted without it.

In the sixties merchants made slaves of their employees. I had to be on duty at seven in the morning and remain on duty until ten o'clock at night. During the rainiest nights of the year, and the coldest nights of winter, when streets were deserted, and not a customer appeared, we kept open until ten. Five of us sat around with nothing to do. On one evening a week I was permitted to leave at six. All week I would look forward to the evening when I would not have to return to the store.

During my first summer with Carter I had the misfortune to break my ankle. With five friends of my own age, I used to spend my Sundays in boating or fishing or on long walks. One day while on

Michell's Bluff we ran a race down a steep ravine. Too late to avoid it I saw a ditch at its bottom. I landed on the other side with a broken ankle. What added to my misfortune was that one of my new, made-to-order, pair of boots which had cost me eight dollars had to be cut open to be removed. This accident laid me up for two months at the end of which my savings had vanished.

Two months after I had resumed work an even greater misfortune overtook me. I came down with malignant diphtheria. My doctor advised me to go home to my parents in the country. Foolish as this advice was I followed it. I had a burning fever and should have gone to bed. I found opportunity to ride nine miles of the distance to father's farm and walked the other five miles. During weeks my life hung on a thread. Not until four months later was I able to resume work. Even then I was too feeble to lift bolts of goods from the counter to the shelf. A few months later came a third misfortune. Mr. Carter had laid in too large a stock. Prices were steadily declining and people held off for lower prices. His creditors closed his store and I was out of work with savings amounting to only four dollars. Fortunately my father by this time had sold his farm and opened a grocery store in partnership with my brother Henry in the city, and I was living with my parents. When Carter a few months later re-opened I re-entered his employ. During the intervening time I canvassed the city for orders for Hageboeck's lithographic view of Davenport which

had just been issued, and earned enough to buy me the overcoat which I sorely needed.

Davenport's drygoods stores of that period differed widely from the department stores of today. Carter's stock consisted largely of staples and notions. We carried calicos, muslins, flannels, and blankets but none of the hundred and one articles which one finds in present day department stores. Although our store was second in importance we carried only a limited line of dress goods. We had one bolt of black silk and two of colored silks. The latter became shop worn because nobody wore silk. Women wore calico which was selling at sixty cents a yard. Bleached muslin was then selling at one dollar a yard. When a daughter of Dr. Barrows was about to be married to Ad. H. Sanders I sold her father her outfit. When he bought a bolt of forty-seven yards of bleached muslin for which he paid me forty-seven dollars he established himself, in my mind, as a veritable Croesus. Women then were wearing rattan or steel wire hoop skirts as large as barrels. It was a trick to manipulate these into bundles so that they could be transported without employing furniture vans. No women, as yet, found employment in any mercantile establishments.

Those were the years when we used paper fractional currency in denominations of five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents. Peoples' purses bulged with this currency as did those of the German people with billion mark notes in 1922. Our patrons were so careless with this money, that almost any after-

noon, when the rush of the day was over, I could pick up some of it, on the counters among the goods, or on the floor in front of the counters.

At that period Scott County farmers were still enclosing their farms with board fences. These, though inviting advertisements, were not yet defaced with such. Nor had Scott County's most beautiful scenery been marred by unsightly billboards. Two of my friends were the first to conceive the idea of using our county's board fences for advertising purposes. They asked me to join them in this venture. When I declined they went on without me. Before long the board fences along the principal highways were a sight to behold. They carried announcements, in crude letters and glaring colors, that this or that merchant was dealing in such and such articles. Board fence advertisements were the ancestors of present day billboards which all the world so greatly detests.

When William Bell & Son opened a new drygoods establishment in a building surrounding the Davenport National Bank, on the site now occupied by the Union Savings Bank and Trust Company, I accepted a position with that firm. The firm's store had two entrances, one on Brady, the other on Third Street. One day a woman entered on Brady Street and asked to be shown calico. None that I showed her pleased her and she left in disgust. She walked around the corner and re-entered the store on Third Street, not realizing that she was again in the store she had just left. She again asked for calico and

I again showed her the identical goods she had inspected and rejected two minutes earlier. This was exactly the calico she wanted and she quickly completed her purchase.

Six months after I entered Bell & Sons' employ the building which they occupied, and with it their entire stock of goods, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Carter at once offered me my old position at an increased salary. That autumn however the country's business was at low ebb. The war years had been years of inflation. With peace restored, years of liquidation followed. Carter was in despair. His goods were not selling and he was not making expenses. Two months after I had re-entered his employ he reduced my salary from fifty to thirty-five dollars a month. It would have been useless for me to look for another position. All the other dry goods houses were suffering from like lack of trade.

Where was the rosy future of which I had dreamed when in a weak hour I had chosen, or others had chosen for me, a business career. I saw no future in the work in which I was engaged. I had had no opportunity to perfect myself in the branches in which I was deficient. I had not found time to read a single book since leaving school. My daily long hours of service had prevented my reading even the daily paper. Intellectually, therefore, I remained where I was when I was graduated from the grammar school. Two of the best years of my life had been wasted. I bitterly rued not having continued my schooling. My mind revolted at the

thought of spending the rest of my life in the work in which I was then engaged. How and when would I be released from this intolerable life? I longed for work in which I could lose myself and in which I could employ my energies unfettered.

A solution came sooner than I had hoped. Again it was not I who was master of my own fortune. My employer was its master. He cut the Gordian knot for me. Early in January, 1868, when business conditions were at their lowest, Mr. Carter informed me that he would have to reduce his clerical force in order to reduce expenses, and that it would please him if I could find another position. The hour for my delivery had arrived. I would not remain where I was not wanted. I went home, consulted my father, and within an hour from the time when Mr. Carter had spoken to me I had left his employ and was a free man. On the following day I entered Bryant & Statton's Commercial College.

Had I been free to choose I would not have selected a commercial college. It would not provide me with the schooling I wanted. But what other alternative was there? It was too late to enter the high school three years after I had finished the grammar school. Griswold College was the school I most wanted to attend. But my savings were insufficient to carry me through that school. They were sufficient to carry me through the commercial college. Having once become self supporting I intended to remain so although father would have gladly rendered me financial assistance. In selecting the com-

mercial school I had chosen the only path open to me.

From the day I entered college, life once more was worth living. It was a tremendous relief to be engaged in worth while work instead of being consumed by ennui. After two months, in a contest in which there were more than a hundred competitors, I captured the first prize for greatest improvement in penmanship within a given period. I won this prize easily because I was an amazingly poor penman at the start. Before I had finished my course, there came to the head of the school a request to provide a competent bookkeeper. He recommended me. As a result of his recommendation I was offered by the insurance firm of Hartwell & Smith a position which I accepted. I entered the employ of this firm on May 10, 1868, and continued with it until December 31, 1869.

During this period Davenport remained an old-fashioned town. It lacked street cars, paved streets, sewers, water works, a paid fire department, and a foot and wagon bridge to Rock Island. It had not a single house with a bath room. People obtained their drinking water from wells, many of which were contaminated by nearby outhouses. They drew the water with which to quench fires from the nearest cistern, or well, by hand pumps. It had but one savings bank and that was not established until a year after I accepted my position. The automobile radio, moving picture, telephone, and electric light had not yet been invented. Washington square and Lafayette square were still enclosed with fences.

When the City Council ordered these removed there were violent protests. People claimed that marauding cows, which roamed the city, would destroy the shrubbery in these parks. Lawns were kept fenced to protect them against cows.

The city depended on a volunteer fire department for protection against fires. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, and politicians belonged to it. Members were exempt from poll taxes. They were at their best at the annual Review when they paraded before the Mayor and City Council in their red flannel shirts with their hand pumps, hose carts, and hook-and-ladder wagon. These apparatuses were started to the fires by men. Additional manpower was commandeered on the way to the fire. Refusal to serve brought arrest and a fine. One rainy night, on my way home from a party, dressed in my Sunday best, my service was commandeered. With an umbrella in one hand and with the other tugging at the rope of a hand pump, I helped drag this apparatus to a fire near Koehler & Lange's brewery in East Davenport, and then worked at the pump until ready to drop from exhaustion.

The citizens in time raised a fund with which a steam fire engine was purchased. It was named "The Michael Donahue" after the person who had contributed the largest amount toward its purchase. The "Donahue" was kept locked up in the Engine House on Second Street and Western Avenue. When there was a fire it was dragged out into the street and some one would start a fire under its boiler. The

first team which passed would be commandeered to haul it to the fire. The owner of such team would later present a bill to the city for service rendered.

Much of the river front was still used for sawmill purposes. Rafts of logs extended for blocks. The lumber industry was the city's most important one. The Wisconsin forests, however, were being so rapidly denuded of their timber that people predicted that our sawmills, ere many years, would have to suspend operations and that Davenport would then retrograde. The first prediction came true. The second fortunately did not.

In winter Davenport maintained a number of skating rinks on the river. These were enclosed, lighted with torches, provided with heated shacks, and in the evening enlivened by music by bands. In the absence of other outdoor winter diversions, young and old flocked to these rinks in multitudes.

During certain periods, each year, there was as little intercourse between Davenport, and Rock Island and Moline as if these cities had lain on opposite shores of the Pacific. From the day, at the beginning of winter, on which the ferry ceased running until the ice was safe for pedestrians and sleighs, and in spring, from the time the ice became unsafe, until the ferry resumed its trips, intercourse between these cities remained suspended. When, after the river had frozen over, the first foolhardy pedestrian had crossed on the ice, his name was given publicity. The occupant of the first sleigh which crossed on the ice was considered a hero.

Shortly before I entered the employ of Hartwell & Smith I applied to Schricker & Mueller, sawmill owners, for a position as bookkeeper. Mr. Mueller favored giving me the place. Mr. Schricker turned me down with the statement that I was too young. I was then eighteen, measured over six feet and was very slender and stooped. The braces which I wore finally gave me the erect posture which I still retain at eighty. My height sometimes caused me embarrassment. Once when I passed a woman who was accompanied by a little girl the latter shouted: "Mother, mother see that immense giant." I nearly collapsed from mortification.

After I had been with Hartwell & Smith two months Mr. Schricker changed his opinion in regard to my youth. He offered me the position for which I had applied. I then declined it. Ten years later I served him in many matters which required the attention of an attorney.

From the day on which I entered upon my new work, life took on a much brighter hue. The office hours were from eight to four. The hours before and after these were my own and I made the best use of them. Entries in my diary indicate how I employed these. During several months I continued to attend evening classes, in penmanship, in the business college. I joined the athletic section, and the literary section of the Turner Society. As a member of the former I attended evening classes twice a week under a competent instructor. As a member of the latter I participated in its monthly

debates. I joined with others in forming a literary and social club called the "Jung Maenner Bund" (Young Men's Club) in whose semi-monthly debates I participated, and before which I read carefully prepared papers in German. Most of its members had so recently arrived from Germany that they understood no other language than German. We debated and solved to our complete satisfaction, many of the contemporary questions which are still as far from solution as they were then. How much wisdom I, a youth with no experience in life, contributed to these debates or in my papers I leave to imagination.

Twice a week I took lessons on the piano, lessons in German grammar, and English and English grammar from Mrs. Sheldon, wife of Professor Sheldon of Griswold College.

Once, when I was still clerking for Carter and while in despair, my father suggested that I take up the study of law. I turned down his suggestion because I lacked the means with which to obtain a legal education. While in the employ of Hartwell & Smith, however, the idea of studying law assumed definite form. Across the hall from their office was the office of Lane & Day. This firm permitted me to use its law library. An entry in my diary indicates that on December 18, 1868, I began reading "Blackstone's Commentaries." I read mornings before office hours and evenings until I fell asleep over my book. Soon after I began reading law I joined with C. M. Waterman, W. H. Gabbert, and

W. O. Speer, (later respectively judges of the Supreme Courts of Iowa and Montana) in organizing a "Moot Court" and debating society, which met in various law offices one evening a week. Occasionally, after office hours, I rowed to one of the islands below the city, and there, out of sight and hearing, hidden among the willows practiced public speaking. I orated as if I were addressing the United States Senate as one of its members.

My social status also experienced a great change. I became a member of the "Concordia" Singing Society of which my sisters were already members. I attended the dances of this society and those of the Turner society and the Jung Maenner Bund. To these dances came the young ladies, modestly attired in white, accompanied by their parents, relatives, or chaperones. We danced the old fashioned waltz, polka, redowa, mazurka, schottish, gallop, tyrolese waltz, and on special occasions a cotillion. We had not yet learned to dance American square dances. Such outlandish dances as the "Fox Trot," and "Charleston" had not yet been invented. Happily, too, ear splitting "Jazz" had not yet made its appearance. We danced to the strains of the "Blue Danube" and other equally lovely airs. Our dances usually were on Saturday evenings. At midnight an elaborate supper was served. The guests were seated at long tables and there were toasts and addresses.

In the summer of 1869 I had my first experience traveling. I went on what I considered a great ad-

venture. I visited Chicago, Milwaukee, and Madison, and came down the Mississippi from Prairie du Chien by steamer. While viewing Chicago from the tower of its court house, later destroyed in its great fire, a gentleman from Boston expressed to me his great disappointment because he was unable to discover the western prairies which he had been told he could see from this tower. I spent one night at Prairie du Chien. I still wore boots. Upon retiring I placed these outside of my room to be shined. I overslept next morning and was awakened by the siren of the boat which was to carry me home, as it was about to land. I was horrified to find my boots missing. Had they been stolen? I was in a panic. I rushed about the hotel in my socks and finally found my boots in the porter's room in the basement, in time to catch my boat.

Near the close of 1869 there transpired another event which was to have far reaching consequences for me. Hugo Schmidt, teller of the First National Bank, resigned his position. H. R. Claussen, the warm friend of our family already mentioned, a director of this bank, without my knowledge proposed my name for the vacancy. After having done so, he suggested that I see his co-directors. This I did. With not a single exception they assured me that I would be given the position unless one other person, to whom the position had been offered, accepted it. The prospect of becoming the teller of the first National Bank organized in the United States, at the age of nineteen, carried me high into

the clouds. I did not remain there long. E. S. Carl, the teller of the Davenport National Bank, the person to whom the position had been offered, had accepted it.

As soon as I learned this, I applied at the Davenport National Bank for the position Mr. Carl was to vacate. Mr. Woodward, its cashier, advised me to call on the directors, which I did. History repeated itself in this case. With not a single exception the directors assured me that I would be given the position unless one other person, to whom it had been offered, accepted it. The prospect of becoming teller of the strongest bank of the state again carried me into the clouds, but not as high as before, because I remembered my previous precipitous fall. Again I was not to remain there long. Hugo Schmidt, late teller of the First National Bank, the person to whom the position had been offered, had accepted it. The two banks were simply swapping tellers. Simultaneously with the information that the position had been filled I was offered the position of discount and correspondence clerk. This position I accepted.

I entered the employ of the Davenport National Bank on January 2, 1870, and remained in its employ until July 1, 1876. This was Davenport's transitional period, during which it transformed itself from an old fashioned town into a modern city. An extensive system of sewers was constructed. The first street car line was built. A

paid fire department was established. The Donahues built the Davenport Water Works.

In September, 1873, while the Donahues were building the waterworks, Michael Donahue one day entered the bank, with blanched face, holding in his hand a telegram. He asked me whether a check for fifty thousand dollars, drawn by Peter Donahue of San Francisco on Jay Cooke & Company of New York, which he had deposited recently, had been paid. When I informed him that it had, he was overjoyed. He handed me the telegram which stated that Jay, Cooke & Company had suspended payment that day. This failure precipitated the devastating financial and business crisis which continued through 1873, 1874, and 1875.

Davenport's first street car line extended from Koehler & Lange's brewery on the east to Division Street on the west. One of my tasks was to present for payment the drafts the bank received for collection. Daily, in certain seasons, it would receive drafts on Koehler & Lange for barley purchased and on the Glucose Company for corn purchased. These concerns were three miles apart. Daily, therefore, I had to walk six miles to call on both of these concerns. After the street car line was completed and the mule car made a trip over the entire line every two hours, as required under the company's ordinance,—the number of miles I had to walk were reduced by half—Davenport was convinced that it was now a modern city. In its efforts to put on metropolitan airs the city however stopped short of

paving its streets. It did not begin to pave these until 1889, the year before it elected me its mayor.

A week after I entered the bank's employ, it held its annual election of directors. When voting began, a caterer began to serve a buffet lunch of fried oysters and other toothsome foods. Every stockholder came to vote, although it was sub-zero weather. I marveled at the deep interest stockholders were taking in the election, notwithstanding the fact that the same board of directors had been elected year after year and would be re-elected this year with not a dissenting vote. I ceased to marvel however when I saw how perfunctorily they voted, and how energetically they attacked the lunch. If present day bankers would serve fried oysters at annual elections they would not have to beg for proxies to obtain a respectable vote at such elections.

Among the directors re-elected were William Renwick, Colonel J. H. Berryhill, and Hiram Price. The first named was a strong willed Scotchman, the owner of a saw mill. When the city council was asked to grant a permit for the erection of oil tanks, near his mill, he threatened to close his mill if the permit were granted. When the council disregarded his threat he fitted his act to his threat by closing his mill. Davenport's art lovers, of whom Mr. Renwick was one, at that time aspired no higher than owning "Chromos." A car load of these arrived in the city to be sold at auction. Mr. Renwick and I became bidders at this auction. I bought a very moderate priced one. He bought a large one which

I considered a priceless treasure, for forty dollars. This convinced me that Mr. Renwick must be a person of unlimited wealth for only such a person, I thought, would pay so enormous a price for a single picture.

Colonel Berryhill, the second person named, drove the finest span of horses owned in the city. In season, he spent most of his time hunting prairie chickens which then were still plentiful within a few miles of Davenport. One day the Colonel confided to me that he was worth sixty thousand dollars. When I expressed amazement over his being so rich, he smiled and said, "August, you will be as rich as that yourself some day." "Colonel," I replied, "if you will give me your guarantee that I will some day be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, I will agree to turn over to you every dollar that I will ever be worth above that amount." Fortunately my offer was not accepted.

Mr. Price, the third person named, was the most energetic and magnetic of the three. He repeatedly represented this district in Congress, was a brilliant speaker, a ready debater, and the most outspoken supporter of prohibition. Though differing with him on that question, I greatly admired him for his sincerity. One hot summer afternoon, the employees of the bank were refreshing themselves from a bucket of lemonade. They invited Colonel Berryhill to join them, and he, the good spender that he was, went out after a bottle of claret which he added to the lemonade. Then Mr. Price entered

and was invited to join the rest. Just as he was lifting his glass, I warned him that claret was included in the mixture. Then the storm broke.

My task of making the bank's collections had one objectionable feature. Every few days I had to present for acceptance drafts drawn on Joseph A. Davenport, a commission merchant and son of the bank's president. "Joe" had the reptuation of being able to utter more oaths, in a given time, than any other person in the city. He was most generous with these whenever I presented a draft. One day he promised that if ever I called on him again, with a draft, he would throw me out. He redeemed this promise more promptly than was his habit in regard to other promises. Next day when again I presented a draft, he fitted his act to his promise. He took me by the neck and threw me out. That ended my calls on "Joe" for all time. A better fighter than I called on him after that.

One of my fellow employees was Frank C. Alden, foster son of Wm. Penn Clark, a Washington, D. C., lawyer whose wife and son resided in Davenport. Mr. Clark owned a large collection of copies of Old Masters, of various schools of painting of Europe, and also a large library. From this library I was permitted to borrow books. Much of the pleasure I received from travel in Italy in later years, was due to my reading Gibbon's Rome, lent me by Mr. Clark. Among the paintings in Mr. Clark's collection was a copy of a portrait of a woman by Van Dyck to whose superbly painted hand Alden called

my attention. Whenever, in later years, I saw portraits in the art galleries, I made mental comparison between the hands in these portraits and the one in the portrait in the Clark collection.

When I accepted the position in the bank I assumed that it would give me more time for reading law than I had had before. This was true. However, I soon discovered that after my long daily walks and my other strenuous work, I was less able to concentrate my mind on my reading, and in the evening, when I sought to study, I had to battle with sleep. Notwithstanding this handicap I continued my reading with satisfactory results, except during the exciting months of the Franco-Prussian war and those which followed the great Chicago fire. During these periods it was impossible for me to keep my mind on my books.

In July, 1870, the uncalled for and indefensible Franco-Prussian war burst upon the world with appalling suddenness. Its effect upon America was pernicious. That country was slowly recovering from the effects of the Civil War. Efforts to restore friendly relations between people whom the late war had made enemies were meeting with encouraging success, as were also the efforts to restore parity between greenbacks and gold. Within a week after France declared war against Germany gold rose to a premium of twenty per cent. With equal promptness our people who had been living side by side in harmony were divided into opposing factions. It was natural that the sympathies of the German-

Americans and of many native born Americans should be with Germany, and that the sympathies of the Franco-Americans and of many other native born Americans should be with France in this war. Almost overnight, therefore, neighbors found themselves pitted against neighbors in their sympathies and many old friendships were broken.

France declared war against Germany on July 19. On August 4 the first battle was fought, and won by the Germans. Additional German victories followed each other in rapid succession. On September 1, Napoleon was taken prisoner at Sedan. Before the end of January, Paris had capitulated and the war was over. After the first battle the sympathizers with Germany organized in Davenport for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of the widows and orphans of German soldiers killed in battle. To raise these funds they clung to the antiquated method of arranging concerts and other entertainments instead of arranging drives as was done during the World War.

In May, 1871, Christine Nilsson, the Swedish Nightingale, on her American triumphal tour appeared at the Burtis Opera House. No singer since Jennie Lind had been accorded a reception equal to that which Miss Nilsson received. The state of my finances and the high prices of the tickets, permitted me to invite only my mother to accompany me to the concert. All the other members of our family were among the more than a thousand persons who gathered in the street in front of the opera house to

hear Miss Nilsson sing. Every seat and every foot of standing room in the parquet and both galleries was occupied. During the concert there came a sound like the breaking of timber from the upper gallery. A number of people left the galleries for fear that they were over-loaded. Forty years later, when I erected the American Theatre on the site now occupied by the Kahl office building, I recalled this incident. To be certain that there should be no question regarding the carrying ability of the gallery in my theatre I caused it to be tested in advance by loading it down with sacks of cement weighing in the aggregate double what the gallery would ever be called upon to carry.

On Sunday, October 8, 1871, came the great Chicago fire. Hour after hour and day after day came reports telling of the rapid progress the fire was making. Each report was more alarming than its predecessors. Chicago was doomed. When the conflagration had finally exhausted itself Chicago was in ashes and every insurance company which carried risks in that city was considered bankrupt, and most of them were.

Realizing that the insurance companies, in which they held policies no longer afforded them protection against losses by fire, Davenport merchants and property owners were in a panic. Their antiquated volunteer fire department likewise afforded them but little protection. In this emergency they formed an organization, of which I became a member, which undertook to patrol the business district at night,

in order to guard against fires. During several months and until reliable insurance was obtainable I took my turns in doing duty as night watchman. During this period I entirely suspended my reading.

At the beginning of 1872 my savings had reached a gratifying sum. I saw that in another year they would reach an amount sufficient to carry me over the period required to complete my studies in some Davenport law office, and also over the period during which supposedly I would have to wait for clients. I therefore made tentative plans to quit the bank at the close of the year. That year I allowed myself but seven hours of sleep each night. During spring, summer, and autumn I rose with the sun and read. I was then obtaining law books from Abner Davison, the attorney of our bank.

About the middle of the year Mr. H. R. Claussen once more showed his friendly interest in me. He made me the offer that if I would come to his home each Sunday morning for two hours he would discuss with me the subjects which I had read during the preceding week. I declined this amazing offer until I became convinced that he had made it in good faith and really wanted me to accept it. Those were glorious hours which I thereafter spent in Mr. Claussen's company on Sunday mornings. During part of each session the plan outlined was adhered to. When we had finished our discussions of legal subjects he would talk to me on a variety of other subjects most interestingly. He manifested real pleasure in talking to as eager a listener as he found

me to be. Often Mrs. Claussen would join us in these conversations. When Mr. Claussen learned how deeply I regretted not having had an opportunity to acquire Latin he offered to assist me in its study, and with his assistance I studied this language with gratifying results. I here once more record my deep gratitude to Mr. Claussen for his valuable aid and the inspirations received from him.

CHAPTER VIII

My political activities—The financial crisis of 1873—I leave the bank—The Centennial Exposition—I attend the Albany Law School—I meet Miss Fannie Davison—Touring Europe in 1877.

N 1872 the Liberal Republican party appeared on the political horizon. Horace Greeley became its nominee for the presidency. The German-Americans joined this party en masse. I became one of Greeley's most enthusiastic supporters and was elected treasurer of the Scott County Greeley and Brown Club. During the campaign I delivered my first political address in P. N. Jacobsen's Hall in Northwest Davenport. It was in German. My father was strongly opposed to my political activities. He thought I was too young and inexperienced to be telling men two and three times my age for whom they should vote. Looking back upon this campaign I am surprised that the directors of my bank tolerated my political activities in behalf of Greeley. With but one exception they were supporters of Grant and the regular Republican ticket, and Mr. Price was one of the Republican leaders.

There are great advantages in making tentative plans because they can be changed on the slightest provocation. My tentative plans to quit the bank

at the close of 1872 were made before Mr. Claussen had so generously offered to assist me in my studies, and at a time when I was discouraged over the slow progress I was making in these, handicapped as I was.

Before the close of that year I found that with Mr. Claussen's assistance I was making such splendid progress that it seemed unnecessary to spend as much time in some local law office as planned, before being admitted to practice. I therefore decided to continue my studies further under Mr. Claussen's direction and remain with the bank at least during 1873.

Furthermore, Mr. and Mrs. Claussen's rosy stories about Europe had led me to the decision to spend five or six months in travel in that country, before opening a law office, and my savings were not yet sufficient to carry out so ambitious a plan.

The year 1873 however brought the financial crisis which began with the failure of Jay Cooke & Company already mentioned. This crisis continued through 1874 and beyond. Many banks, manufacturers, and merchants went bankrupt. With business conditions at their worst I was in no hurry to give up a position which yielded me a good salary and enter upon a law practice which might yield me but a meagre income for years to come. Another reason for my delay in applying for admission to the bar was Mr. Claussen's assurance, given me near the close of the year, that my knowledge of the

law was sufficient to enable me to pass my examination at any time. Thus I drifted through 1873 and 1874.

Early in 1875 I decided to quit the bank in July and start for Europe. With this trip in view I began to take French lessons.

As the year progressed business conditions, however, went from bad to worse. Through the failure of two Chicago banks and the failure of a number of local merchants our bank sustained large losses. To climax our difficulties the president of our bank, pressed by his creditors, resigned his office and B. B. Woodward, the bank's long time cashier, was made president. His promotion left the bank without a cashier.

Shortly after being promoted Mr. Woodward informed me that, although a new cashier would not be chosen until January, he had me in view for that position, and that in the meantime he would endeavor to shape matters so that I would be elected. He advised me to abandon the idea of becoming a lawyer and to stick to banking. He also advised me to concentrate my efforts upon informing myself on all matters connected with banking, and offered to assist me in qualifying myself for the position he had in view for me.

At the age of nineteen the prospect of becoming teller of the strongest bank of the state had been alluring. At the age of twenty-five the prospect of becoming cashier of this bank was even more alluring. Although reluctant to abandon my long cher-

ished plan I nevertheless accepted Mr. Woodward's advice. I gave up, irrevocably as I then believed, the idea of becoming a lawyer. I laid my law books aside, and during the rest of the year devoted my leisure to the study of banking.

It had been difficult for me to decide upon so radical a change of my plans, but now that the decision had been made, and metaphorically speaking, I was no longer adrift on the sea of uncertainty, my mind was relieved. The thought that Mr. Woodward's plan might miscarry did not enter my mind. In my mind's eye I beheld myself cashier of the strongest bank in Iowa.

Shortly after I had decided to remain with the bank Mr. Woodward said to me, "August, tomorrow, in the presence of the other employees, I shall ask you to relieve me of part of my work." The next day he said, in the most casual manner, but so that the other employees heard him, "August, can you find time to relieve me of some of my work?" I replied: "Certainly, Mr. Woodward, and I will be glad to do so." After that he turned over to me much of his work. Thereafter I was practically, though not nominally or officially, cashier of the bank. So confident was I of eventually becoming the bank's cashier, that with my savings I purchased from our vice-president stock of our bank at $185 a share, which within six months was unsalable even at $85 a share.

During 1875 times continued hard. More local merchants failed with heavy losses to our bank. In

December Mr. Woodward informed me of his doubts that a cashier would be chosen in January. On account of the bank's heavy losses he said the directors would probably allow the cashiership to remain vacant another year.

A worse blow was to follow. A few days later when he again referred to the subject, Mr. Woodward said to me: "August, let me say to you in all kindness that I think you are not yet qualified for the position. There are a number of things in which you are deficient."

Mr. Woodward's attitude was unquestionably correct. An experienced financier was needed to pilot the institution through a financial crisis which threatened to wreck it. At this distance I wonder how I could even have had the courage to aspire to its cashiership, knowing as I did that the bank was fighting for its very existence.

The fact nevertheless remains that from the time when Mr. Woodward became the bank's president, I had performed every duty ordinarily required of a cashier except that of passing upon the investments and signing the notes issued by the institution. Mr. Price told me that if I became as good a lawyer as I had been a banker I would achieve success, and when Mr. Woodward learned that I intended to quit the bank he advised me to become a candidate for city treasurer at the spring election.

As Mr. Woodward had predicted the cashiership was not filled at the January election.

As soon as I learned that I was not to become

the bank's cashier I resumed reading law. By this time I had discovered that there was a law school in Albany, New York, from which E. E. Cook had been graduated. If this school turned out such able lawyers as I knew Edward Cook to be, that was where I would finish my legal education. And that is where I did.

When it became known that I intended to leave the Davenport National Bank, a director of the First National Bank informed me that I could have the cashiership of that bank, which was about to become vacant, if I wanted it, and suggested that I apply for that position. I declined to do so. A number of friends advised me to become a candidate for city treasurer. This I also refused to do. Now that I had readopted my original plan I resisted every temptation to again abandon it. Its readoption had a redeeming feature: the years spent in reading law had not been spent in vain.

In July, accompanied by my sister Johanna, I attended the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. People who planned to visit this Exposition considered it to be their first duty to provide themselves with a linen duster. I saw more linen dusters in 1876 than in all the years since, combined. To ride in Pullman cars was then considered intolerable snobbishness and extravagance. Most people, unless in a hurry, traveled only in the daytime and stopped overnight at some convenient point en route.

We left Davenport at seven o'clock in the morning and reached Chicago nine hours later. It took us

ten hours to go from there to Detroit, twelve hours from Detroit to Niagara Falls, and eighteen hours from there to Philadelphia. This made forty-nine hours of actual travel between Davenport and Philadelphia. We broke our journey at night at Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, and halfway between that point and Philadelphia. On our train straw ballots were several times taken to determine whether Tilden or Hayes was the favorite candidate for the presidency. After one of such ballots a passenger, an Englishman, who had been invited to vote, expressed his amazement over our crude way of electing presidents. He believed himself to have assisted in electing a president of the United States.

We devoted two weeks to the exposition. I worked like a slave in an endeavor to take in all its wonders. Notes in my dairy show that of all exhibits those in Memorial Hall gave me the most pleasure. Here were four thousand paintings by the world's most important living artists. Here for the first time I saw original oil paintings. Entries in my diary furthermore evidence that, even then, I was interested in art in general, and in German nineteenth century art in particular.

After Philadelphia we devoted a week to New York City. We had rooms at French's Hotel, opposite City Hall Square, then one of New York's popular hotels. My room was $1.00 and that of my sister $1.50 a day. Persons of moderate means could then still afford to travel. Entries in my diary recall long forgotten incidents. I again see New

York as I saw it then. That city then had neither elevated nor underground railways. It took an hour and a quarter to go from Central Park to City Hall Square by horse car. The route led through streets dimly lighted, at night, by gas lamps. In all the world there was as yet not a single electric light in use. Broadway remained paved with cobble stones. As the old fashioned, horse drawn busses passed over this paving the noise was deafening. Construction of the Brooklyn suspension bridge had just begun. Not a wire had yet been strung. Only its two large piers were in process of construction. The district south of Central Park where now stands the Plaza Hotel, and the districts east and west of this park, now covered with myriads of buildings, were then still open country. The larger part of Central Park still resembled an unexplored wilderness.

New York even then had its perplexing labor and unemployment problems. At a labor demonstration in City Hall Park, participated in by thousands, I saw banners bearing the following inscriptions: "The working man gets $1.50 a day; the alderman $100 an hour." "Open the public lands to the people and aid them to settle thereon by a loan." "Government employment is the remedy for strikes." The speakers stated that 50,000 workmen in New York City had been without work for nine months and that their families were starving.

I visited Hoboken for the purpose of inspecting the steamer "Rhein" which had but just been put

into service, and which the papers described as being a veritable ocean-going palace. I envied the passengers who, that day, were to embark for Europe, on this so highly eulogized boat. I little dreamed that twenty-nine years later I would travel part way home from India on this identical steamer and would then call it the worst tub on which I had ever traveled.

In New York I made diligent search for an Art Gallery which was said to exist somewhere in that city. I failed to find such an institution. I was told there had been one at the Cooper Institute but that it had been closed years ago. American cities were not yet interested in art.

From New York we journeyed up the Hudson to Albany by steamer. Here my sister left me for home. From here I started on a trip through northeastern New York and New England. I visited Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the White Mountains, and other points.

At the Twin Mountain House I listened to a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, which contained so much good sense that I quoted from it in my diary. Mr. Beecher said that people were mistaken when they believed that Christ's life had not been a joyful one but one of sadness. Christ had rendered to his fellow being so great a service that it was unbelievable that he should not have been happy but sad, and gloomy. Beecher maintained that Christ was of a jovial nature. He attended the wedding at Canaan and stayed to the last. Weddings, he said, in those

times lasted from six to eight days and there would be singing, feasting, drinking, and dancing. A man who was gloomy would not have been bid to such weddings, nor would he stay to the end. Beecher pronounced it a mistake for those who called themselves Christians to think they must prove their devoutness by acting as if they were sad and oppressed.

At the law school my roommate and I were the only students from Iowa. The circumstances under which I met him and the events which followed his becoming my roommate merit a place in this narrative. Professor Edwards, dean of the law school, had his office on the second floor of a building on State Street. Upon my return from my New England trip I called on him. As I left his office another young man entered. Before I had reached the bottom of the stairs Prof. Edwards called me back. He wanted me to meet George Buell from Iowa who was to become my classmate. The result of this meeting was that we two became roommates.

One day Buell received a letter from Charles Davison, whose roommate he had been at Galesburg, Illinois, informing him that he, his parents, and two sisters would reach Albany the next day, and inviting him to meet them at the hotel. I knew Mr. Davison well, because he had been the attorney of our bank. I did not know his family. I nevertheless accompanied Buell to the hotel and there for the first time met Fannie Davison, the girl who was to become my wife. Buell and I took dinner with

the Davisons and spent the evening with them. Next day we showed the young ladies the sights of Albany. By the time the Davisons left there had grown up an acquaintanceship between them and me which eventually led to a closer relationship.

I like to speculate on how different a course my life would have taken had I left Prof. Edwards' office one minute earlier, or he had failed to call me back to meet Buell, or had Buell not received an invitation to meet the Davisons, or had not asked me to accompany him to meet them. It may well be doubted that I would socially have met the young lady who became my wife, if I had not met her in Albany. When I parted from the Davisons they invited me to call upon them on my return to Davenport. I did so during my Christmas vacation. I became a frequent caller after my permanent return to Davenport, with the result that Miss Fannie Davison finally became my wife.

Two other classmates had rooms in the same apartment in which Buell and I were housed. We four met in our room every evening. Our readings and discussions of legal questions usually continued until after midnight. One of us would read aloud while the other three would be eating apples which we bought at fifty cents a barrel. This co-operative studying offered great advantages.

My year in Albany was not without amusing incidents. A member of the class one day read a thesis which began thus: "Looking with one eye into the dim past and with the other into the bright

future—" He got thus far when another member shouted, "That's Ben Butler," and that sobriquet clung to the reader during the remainder of his Albany days. One day, while one of the professors was lecturing on constitutional law two students were caught in a quiet game of cards in the farther end of the lecture room. When our class was having its written examination at the close of the year one of these card players occupied a seat next to mine. He delayed answering each question until he had looked over my shoulder and learned what answer I had made. I am certain that every question which I answered incorrectly he also answered incorrectly.

The presidential election that fall was most exciting. Tilden was the Democratic candidate. Being New York's favorite son, tremenduous efforts were made to carry his state for him. Nightly the streets of Albany were made hideous with torchlight processions of vast proportions. On election day voters, as they approached the voting places, were taken in hand by workers of their respective political parties and escorted to their headquarters. When they emerged from these they were carrying tickets they were to vote, in one hand, and with the other were slipping something into their vest pocket. The bribe received was said to amount to fifteen dollars a head. Some voters visited the headquarters of both parties. One ward club marched to the voting place in a body. Each member was handed a package of tickets to vote. One member was inquisitive enough to investigate his package and found that the club

had been sold out by its leader. Pandemonium followed.

History records the uncertainty that followed the election. Excitement increased from day to day as conflicting reports arrived from Florida, Oregon, and other states in which the result was in doubt. Never since 1860 was the country so close to a civil war as during the three months which followed the 1876 election. In Albany, angry thousands gathered nightly about the telegraph and newspaper offices. I frequently heard it predicted that if the Electoral Commission were to seat Hayes there would be an uprising in New York. Fortunately we were spared that calamity. The world, however, will never know whether Hayes was really the rightfully elected President.

My social relations in Albany differed widely from those which I had enjoyed in Davenport. In the latter they had been limited to German-American circles. When I sought entree to similar circles in Albany I found none which compared with those of my home town.

Through a young lawyer, however, I obtained entree to a number of charming American families. The social activities in these consisted of parties which were far more formal than those to which I had been accustomed. Of these there were too many for the time I was willing to spare from my studies. Besides, there were readings, recitations, and private theatricals. I was even coaxed into taking part in

several of the latter when the plays staged were in German.

Two days after my school year had come to a close I was in New York ready to embark for Europe. I left Albany without learning whether I had passed. It was not until months later that I learned that I had.

In the seventies of the nineteenth century few Americans toured Europe. Native born Americans were not yet infected with "Wanderlust." Of my one hundred and thirty fellow passengers, on the outward journey, only five were Americans, and of my ninety-two fellow passengers, on the return journey, only eight were such. I knew of but one American in Davenport who had traveled in Europe.

When it became known in Davenport that I was planning a European trip, I received requests from the editors of the Davenport Democrat and Der Demokrat to write correspondence for their respective papers. I gladly agreed to do so because I realized that in order to be able to write about things I would see I would have to observe them more closely than I would otherwise.

Up to the hour of sailing I had not given my itinerary so much as a thought. There were no tourists' agencies which could be consulted and my time had been too much occupied with my studies to make plans. I was conscious of the fact, however, that I wanted to cover the widest possible field, since I might never visit Europe again. I would see London, Paris, and Rome, and as much of Italy, Switzer-

land, and Germany as time would permit. I would also visit relatives in several German cities. With these indefinite plans I sailed on May tenth.

I landed at Plymouth ten days later on a Sunday. In the afternoon I visited Devonport. Here thousands of persons were assembled in the public park. It was a talkative crowd. Yet try as I might, I could not understand a single word that was being spoken. I could not even make out what language people were using. In some respects it sounded like German. If it was English it was different from any English I had ever heard. I finally discovered that it was the English of Devon and Cornwall. It was as unintelligible to me as Russian. The station master at Plymouth spoke an equally enigmatic language. It was impossible for me to make out how much he wanted for a ticket to London. In sheer desperation I finally held out to him a handful of coin and he helped himself to the price of the ticket.

I devoted one week to London. I visited the British Museum, the art galleries, the Tower, and other places of interest. I attended one concert given by Rubinstein, another at which Richard Wagner in person directed the orchestra, and a third at which the Prince of Wales, later King Edward the Seventh, was present. At the latter a military band, including 400 musicians from the Royal and other military bands rendered most exquisitely, among others, the march from Tannhauser.

I attended the opera every evening except Sunday. I heard Christine Nilsson in Lucia di Lammer-

moor, Albani in Tannhauser, Adeline Patti, Madame Tiejens, and other stars of that period in other operas. Inasmuch as operatic performances lasted until one-thirty or two o'clock in the morning, my nightly hours of sleep rarely exceeded five. There was so much to see in London and so little time in which to see it.

In Paris, so soon after the Franco-Prussian war, conditions were still in a chaotic state. The city had not yet fully recovered from the ordeal through which it passed during that war and during the reign of terror under the Commune which followed. Frenchmen, too, had not yet learned to trust each other under their new form of government. The supporters of the Republic and the men who wanted the monarchy restored constantly clashed. President Marshall McMahon, whom I frequently saw surrounded by a strong military guard, in order to prevent collisions between the two factions, maintained a force of sixty thousand men at Versailles and one hundred thousand men in Paris. He was constantly being accused of harboring a desire to reestablish the monarchy and his removal was demanded. I felt insecure, especially after being told that it would be made unpleasant for me in the city should it become known that I had sympathized with the Germans in the late war. I was much relieved when, after a stay of eight days, I found myself safely on the way to Italy.

Turin was the first Italian city visited. Here I witnessed the unveiling of a monument to the mem-

ory of the Duke of Genoa, by King Victor Emanuel. Among the notables present, were crown Prince Humbert and ex-King Amadeus of Spain. The latter interested me in particular because I recalled that his surrender of the Spanish throne, and the controversy as to who should become his successor, which followed his abdication, had indirectly been the cause of the Franco-Prussian war. American travelers were then so rare in Italy that when I applied for a ticket to the unveiling, and it was discovered that I was an American, I was given a seat in the Royal tribune.

I visited Milan, the Italian Lakes, Genoa, Pisa and Florence. Everywhere in Italy women were performing the hardest of manual labor. In the rice fields of northern Italy I saw hundreds of women wading knee-deep in water, weeding the rice. In other districts men and women were busy in the fields harvesting wheat. So destitute was that country still of modern agricultural machinery that I counted ninety persons in a wheat field which with an American harvester could have been cut in a day.

In Florence I spent many delightful hours in the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries. Here were more than two thousand of the world's greatest paintings. These Galleries have lured me back to Florence again and again. Had I on this first visit but known that important Old Masters were obtainable, and had my finances then but permitted their purchase, what treasures the Davenport Municipal Gallery would

now possess. All the world had not yet begun to collect Old Masters.

Hot weather had already set in when I reached Rome. Hotels were without guests. Never in my life was I more lonesome than on the first evening spent in the Eternal City. This lonesomeness vanished when next morning I started upon my round to Rome's many historical places. I now realized to what good purpose I had read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." As I visited the Coliseum, the Forum, the Castle St. Angelo, and other historical ruins, there came to my memory many of the scenes Gibbon had so vividly pictured. Before leaving Rome I did not fail to drop a coin into the fountain of Trevi, which act, so superstition has it, will assure one's return to Rome.

Naples was the southernmost city visited. From here I made sidetrips to Capri, Sorrento, Amalfi, Pompeii and Mt. Vesuvius. The ascent of the latter had many thrills. The railroad to its summit had not yet been built. The ascent had to be made on foot. A guide and three men were employed to assist me. I spent the night at the hermitage near the government observatory. At one o'clock the next morning I proceeded over the lava beds to the foot of the cone. Here the trouble began.

Pushed by two men, and pulled by a third by a rope tied around my waist, I began the ascent of the ash cone. Progress was slow. At every step I sank knee-deep into the ashes. After three hours of exhausting climbing I reached the summit. From the

rim of the crater I watched the volcano as with brief intervals it hurled masses of hot materials skyward. The materials emitted always fell back into the crater. The descent from the cone took just fifteen minutes. With every downward stride I slid an additional twenty feet through loose ashes and cinders.

My next stop was at Venice. Here one evening, while on the Grand Canal in a gondola, I commented on the beauty of the moonlit night. My gondolier thereupon, in all seriousness, assured me that Venice had equally beautiful moonlit nights "every" night of the year. From Venice I journeyed northward by way of Verona and the Brenner pass. On the way to Munich I visited Innsbruck, Botzen, the Koenigsee, and Salzburg.

I entered Switzerland by way of Lindau and Lake Constance. I visited Zurich, Luzerne, Zug, Berne, and Basle. I spent a day on the Rigi, a day on the Lake of the Four Cantons, and by carriage, on foot, or on horseback visited the Rhone Glacier, crossed the Furca pass, and saw other places of interest usually shown tourists. Then I went to Freiburg, in Baden, the home of Uncle August Ficke, my father's brother.

Uncle August had last seen me in Hamburg in 1852 at the time of our sailing for America. Father had then put his hand on my shoulder and speaking to uncle, had said: "See August, won't this boy make a strapping farmer?" When Uncle August learned that I was planning to visit him, he wondered what

kind of a half-civilized person his American nephew had become. During the Franco-Prusisan war they had had French prisoners (Turcos) in Freiburg. Remembering these savages, Uncle August had spoken of his prospective visitor as the "Turco." He was greatly relieved, when he found that, although I had been raised in what, in Germany, was still considered the Wild West, I was nevertheless more civilized than a Turco and neither dressed like an Indian nor carried a tomahawk.

My visit with my uncle was a delightful one. He was a big and warm hearted person who delighted in telling a good story. In his carriage with liveried coachman he took me through the most interesting parts of the Black Forest. He was Supreme Master of the Masonic order of Germany. When I left he patted me on the shoulder and said, "now my boy go and make your career."

During my remaining days in Germany I visited Karlsruhe, Baden Baden, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Darmstadt, and Mayence. I descended the Rhine by steamer as far as Cologne and then visited Cassel, Eisenach, Erfurt Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Hannover and Hamburg. I covered more ground during my first visit to Germany than during any subsequent one.

In Uelzen, my mother's birthplace, and in Hannover I visited relatives. In Hamburg I visited my father's brother, Uncle Edward Ficke. In Frankfurt I visited St. Paul's church, in which in Germany's revolutionary days the Frankfurt Parlia-

ment held its sessions. Here I found the seat, and for a few moments occupied the seat, which my venerable friend H. R. Claussen had occupied while a member of that important and historic body. A plate bearing his name was still attached to his seat.

I sailed for home from Hamburg on September 6, 1877, twenty-five years and six months after leaving that city the first time as a child of two years. Great changes had come in the meantime to the ten persons who then embarked for the new world. All but one were still alive.

I reached New York thirteen days later and a week after landing was back in Davenport. I had at last reached the goal for which I had striven these many years. I was ready to enter upon the practice of my chosen profession. With what success remained to be seen.

CHAPTER IX

I open law office—Making farm loans—My political activities—Davenport in 1879—Oppose prohibition—Large foreign immigration—Affairs of the heart—Farm land purchased—President of Turner Society—Married to Fannie Davison—Our first home—Social conditions.

T once, upon my return to Davenport, I sought desk room in the office of another attorney. Doubting that clients would be numerous in the beginning I hesitated to assume the rent for an office for my sole use. I found this deskroom in the office of George Gould, on Main Street, on the site of the present Putnam office building. Here a sign bearing the legend "C. A. Ficke, Attorney at Law" soon made it known to the world that I was ready to serve clients. Main Street then should have been called Lawyer's Row. Twenty-four lawyers then had their offices on that street. Eighteen of these were on the ground floor.

When I had had but a single client I received two tempting offers to locate in other cities. One came from Portland, Oregon; the other from Muscatine. A friend, a former resident of Davenport, painted in rosy colors, the success that awaited me in Portland should I locate in that city. An attorney in Muscatine, who enjoyed a lucrative practice but

needed a partner who spoke German, offered me a partnership on half share and urged me to accept his offer. Once more I found myself at the crossroads. Again I spent anxious hours in an endeavor to reach a decision as to whether or not I should accept one of these alluring offers. However my parents were growing old. It would break their hearts were I to leave Davenport. My better self asserted itself; I decided to remain in Davenport and I never regretted this decision.

When I began practicing my profession, Davenport had many lawyers of the highest ability. Among these were Davison & True, Bills & Block, Martin & Murphy, Lane & Day, Cook, Richman & Bruening, H. R. and Ernest Claussen, and Putnam & Rogers. Never since has Scott County had a bar which maintained a higher professional standard. It seemed inconceivable to me that persons in search of legal assistance would pass these experienced firms by and employ me, a new beginner who was yet to plead his first case. I cherished no hopes, therefore, of immediate success and was not disappointed when, at the close of 1877, the total income from my practice would not have paid a single month's rent. During 1878, however, clients began to come. Persons with whom I had come in contact while employed in the bank, did me a good turn by placing some of their legal work in my hands. In any event the outlook began to be encouraging.

That year one of the directors of the bank with which I had been connected who took a friendly in-

terest in me, suggested that I combine a farm mortgage loan business with my law practice. He promised to invest some of his idle funds through me if I decided to avail myself of his suggestion.

Iowa, at that period, was being developed with marvelous swiftness. Thousands of persons were entering the state annually to acquire some of its rich acres, and many thousand acres of virgin prairie annually were being turned into productive farms. Many of the new settlers needed funds with which to pay for their improvements. They found difficulty in securing these funds.

Iowa still lacked financial institutions with means in excess of those needed in the city or county in which they were located. The state was still too new a field for investment to attract outside capital. Life insurance companies, joint stock banks, federal farm loan banks, loan and trust companies, and many other institutions now competing with each other in the Iowa loan field were either not in existence or were still too timid to invest in this new field. Outside private capital was equally timid. Even persons in the river cities of our state, who had available funds, rarely loaned these outside of their own city or county. What Iowa needed was intermediaries between the farmers of the interior counties and persons of means in the cities of our own and other states. My friend, the director, had given me the clue how I could make myself such an intermediary. I realized that here was an opportunity to render the struggling settlers a good service and

to do this with profit to myself. I promptly acted on my discovery.

I provided myself with the necessary loan blanks, such as applications for loans, appraisements, and agents' statements. Then I inspected several of the choicest counties in which I had decided to make loans on farms. With a sectional map before me, I drove over these counties, and on my map marked each section inspected, so as to indicate its quality. On land marked choice I was willing to make loans should they be called for.

The first county in which I appointed an agent and decided to make loans was Poweshiek. The first loan which I closed in this county was one for $800, on a personally inspected, choice quarter section three miles south of Brooklyn, which the appraisement showed to be worth fifteen dollars per acre, including buildings. I considered this farm very choice security for a loan of five dollars per acre. This farm years later changed hands at two hundred dollars per acre. When I offered this mortgage to the director who wanted me to invest funds for him, he turned it down with the remark that the amount loaned was excessive and should not have exceeded five hundred dollars.

Slowly but surely the demand for my mortgages increased. With increasing demand I entered additional counties. Each succeeeding summer I spent weeks in inspecting farms in counties into which I intended to extend my loaning activities. I would change teams and drivers two or three times a day

to make time. One of the counties which I inspected in 1879 was Hardin. In this county I refused to make loans because I considered its land worth not over fifteen dollars per acre and people wanted as much as ten dollars per acre. Land in that county in later years, when values were at their highest, sold as high as $300 per acre.

Eventually my loan field extended from Scott County on the east to Pottawattamie on the west and Lyon County on the northwest. Of all the districts in which I operated I considered that which surrounded Holstein, in Ida county, the choicest. The Iowa Rail Road Land Company was then selling its prairie in that district at eight dollars per acre.

My loan records show that in the late eighties land values were still remarkably low. In Audubon, Cherokee and Crawford Counties the average value of improved farms was twenty dollars per acre. In Cass, Poweshiek and Sioux it was thirty dollars per acre. In Carroll, Shelby, Ida and Pottawattamie it was twenty-five dollars. In Scott, Cedar and Muscatine it was fifty dollars per acre. In other counties values varied between these amounts. Nowhere in Iowa, so far as I was aware, were farms selling for over fifty dollars per acre.

My loan records also contain interesting data regarding rates of interest on farm mortgages in Iowa during different periods. In 1878 the rate was 10 per cent; in 1880, 9 per cent; from 1885 to 1887, 8 per cent; from 1888 to 1892, 7 per cent; in 1893 from 7½ to 8 per cent; from 1894 to 1897, 7 per

cent; in 1898, 6 per cent, and in 1899, 5 per cent. Since then the rate has varied between five, and five and one-half per cent.

As the years passed insurance companies and non-resident individuals and financial institutions began to have confidence in Iowa farm mortgages. It was not long before there was a scramble for such mortgages. Farmers were able to name their own rates. From ten per cent and a commission the rate declined to five per cent without a commission.

When rates were at their lowest my clients gave me the choice between finding a loan field in which I could get them a higher rate and losing their patronage. This compelled me to extend my loan field first into parts of Minnesota and South Dakota, and finally into North Dakota, Montana, and Canada. These fields were as carefully inspected by someone from my office as those in Iowa had been.

In 1878 I was chosen Secretary of the Scott County Republican Committee. In the fall campaign my services as speaker at Republican meetings were in great demand. With but few exceptions my addresses were delivered in German. There were then in Scott County many Germans who could not understand English, and who for that reason refused to attend political meetings unless the speaker addressed them in German.

Dixon was a point in and about which there were not more than ten persons who would turn out unless the address was in German. For a meeting in

this village, I was billed as the first and principal speaker. My address was to be in German. The speaker who was to follow me in English was W. A. Foster, a noted criminal lawyer, who later, after he had moved to Chicago, defended the Haymarket Anarchists. The hall was filled to overflowing when we arrived. Before the meeting opened, Foster suggested that I allow him to be the first speaker. He would consume but fifteen minutes and the rest of the evening would be mine. I consented. He began to speak at eight o'clock. Fifteen minutes later I began to look at my watch. At nine and at ten I was still looking at my watch and Foster was still speaking. I was frantic. What was to become of my carefully prepared address and the campaign stories I planned to spring on my audience. At last Foster looked at his watch and almost collapsed. He had been so wrapped up in his subject that he had lost track of time. He had spoken over two hours. The tragedy in his performance was, that there were not ten persons in the audience who understood English. The rest had been mortally bored. He offered me a profound apology. I mercifully saved my audience the ordeal of another lengthy address and closed after speaking but fifteen minutes.

On the way home we stopped at the Six Mile House where a German goose party was in progress. Here each of us won two live geese at a raffle. We reached Davenport long after midnight. At Twelfth and Harrison Streets I left the buggy and continued to my father's home on foot with a live goose under

each arm. Fortunately I encountered no policeman on the way.

In 1878 the Academy of Science opened three ancient mounds at the edge of the bluff near East Davenport. Street cars drawn by mules began to run on Fourteenth Street. Residents of Brady Street protested against street cars being hauled up that street by a steam motor. The Iowa Rail Road Land Company, in Davenport papers, advertised a million acres of Iowa land for sale. People with means went to Saratoga Springs on their summer vacation. People without means spent their week ends at Linwood Sulphur Springs near Buffalo. Numberless rafts floated down the river past the city. Only ten persons in the city paid a city tax exceeding five hundred dollars. An Art Association, long since defunct, held a loan exhibition. The country was overrun by tramps. Sixty of these were expelled from a single train between Davenport and Monticello. The Davenport National Bank received and began to pay out newly coined silver dollars, the first ones in circulation since the beginning of the Civil War. The Davenport Democrat, a four page paper, carried twelve columns of news and twenty-four columns of advertising, mostly relating to patent medicines, hotels, and railroads. People called at the post office for their mail. The only place to deposit their mail was at that office. On December thirty-first the newspapers published a list of homes which would keep open house on New Year's Day

with the names of the ladies who would be in the receiving party in each of these.

In December a committee of three directors of the Davenport National Bank called on me and offered me the cashiership of their bank, which office had remained vacant since Mr. Woodward's promotion to its presidency three years before. They stated that while Mr. Woodward, the bank's president, would nominally remain the head of the institution, its actual management would devolve upon the cashier on account of Mr. Woodward's failing health. I had the good sense to decline the position which once I had so eagerly coveted. Mr. Woodward died within eight months.

When in 1879 the Republicans were seeking a candidate for the office of State Representative, which office Charles M. Waterman, the then incumbent, refused to accept again, a committee of the party composed of Congressman Hiram Price and editor Edward Russell called on me and offered me the nomination. Unwilling to accept any office that would interfere with my growing practice, I declined their offer. However when they offered me the chairmanship of the Scott County Republican Central Committee, of which I was then secretary, I accepted.

By means of a vigorous campaign the Republican county ticket was elected with but one exception. Inasmuch as Scott County had given the largest Republican majority of any county in the congressional district, I, the chairman of its Republican County

Central Committee, automatically became also chairman of the Republican Central Congressional Committee of this district.

That year the savings banks of Davenport reduced the rate of interest on deposits from six to five per cent. The Western Union Telegraph Company installed the first telephone exchange in the city, with a total of twenty-one subscribers. The city council, on motion of Alderman M. V. Gannon, modified a previously adopted ordinance which prohibited the running at large of cows, so as to permit milch cows to graze in the streets of the city between six in the morning and seven in the evening. The Davenport Loan and Building Association elected me its treasurer. The city, as yet, had not a square yard of concrete sidewalk. Concrete, it was said, would not withstand the rigors of Iowa winters. Long lines of hitching posts still ornamented both sides of the city's business and residential streets. Six livery stables still catered to the needs of the public. The automobile era still lay in the far distance. Turkeys were selling at nine cents a pound. Texas lands were advertised for sale in Davenport papers at thirty-one cents an acre.

During 1880 my practice continued to grow with leaps and bounds. I now most fully realized the wisdom of having chosen the law as my life work, of having located in Davenport, and of having declined the tendered cashiership and the nomination for state representative.

Once more however the tempter appeared at my

door. When the spring city election approached I was asked to run for mayor on the Republican ticket against Mayor J. H. Murphy who, supposedly, would seek re-election on the Democratic ticket. I had the good sense to decline this offer also. I considered myself too inexperienced for this office. Furthermore the presidential election was approaching and my duties as chairman of two important Republican committes threatened to take up more of my time than I could spare.

Early in the year it was the general belief that James G. Blaine would be the Republican nominee for the presidency. When, with the approach of the Chicago National Republican Convention, it seemed certain that General Grant would be nominated, I decided to resign my two chairmanships if this event should transpire rather than work for the election of a man whose elevation to the presidency, for a third time, I considered a calamity. Fortunately the convention nominated James A. Garfield. I was made president of the Garfield and Arthur Club which was organized in Davenport.

Having been raised in an agricultural state and being familiar with the difficulties with which farmers had to cope, my sympathies were uniformly with these. I considered a high protective tariff detrimental to their best interests. I favored a tariff for revenue, so adjusted as to afford incidental protection to the manufacturer. The Republican party in its 1880 platform demanded that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as

to favor American labor. This plank I could heartily endorse. I therefore entered the campaign with enthusiasm and delivered numerous addresses in Scott, Clinton, and Cedar Counties, and one at a barbeque at Sterling, Illinois.

That year a strenuous effort was being made to commit the Republican party in Iowa to prohibition. I doubted prohibition to be the best means of dealing with the liquor evil. I believed that no law which lacked the support of a majority of the people, would be, or could be enforced. I also believed that prohibition would not receive the support of the majority of the people of Iowa. There were then, as now, radicals on both sides of this question. The radicals on one side opposed restrictions of any kind. Among these were many German-Americans. The radicals on the other side, the fanatical prohibitionists, rejected every form of compromise. They bitterly opposed the sale of even beer and light wines. I favored a well regulated license law which would permit the sale of liquor under strict regulations in communities in which a majority of the people favored its sale.

My advocacy of such a law lead to a spirited correspondence between Theodore Guelich of Burlington, (an eminent German-American), and myself, which was given publicity in Der Demokrat. Guelich opposed every restriction on the sale of liquor. I had made up my mind by this time that if the Republican party of the state declared in favor of prohibition I would no longer support it.

That year wheat sold at seventy-five cents, corn at twelve and one-half cents, oats at eleven cents and potatoes at twenty cents a bushel, eggs at six cents a dozen, butter at ten cents, hogs at two and one-half cents, cattle at three cents, and dressed chickens at seven cents a pound. When the price of corn was at its lowest farmers used it for fuel in place of coal. While these ruinous prices prevailed the farmers had one slight consolation. They were not charged exorbitant prices for what they had to buy. A high protective tariff had not yet done its deadly work.

Notwithstanding these unfavorable conditions foreign immigration that year reached its highest figure. It had been 178,000 in 1879; it reached 457,000 in 1880. Steamships carried immigrants across the Atlantic at $26.00 a head.

That year D. N. Richardson, editor of the Davenport Democrat, while encircling the world wrote his interesting letters, later published in his book, "A Girdle Around the World." The City Council granted the Scott County Soldiers' Monument Association permission to erect a soldiers monument on Main Street between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets. The State census showed Davenport's population to be twenty-one thousand and eight hundred.

So far, in this narrative, I have omitted all reference to affairs of the heart. From this it should not be assumed that I was immune to women's loveliness, or that my fancy did not sometimes "lightly turn to thoughts of love." In my springtime of life

there was no social intercourse between the sons and daughters of German-Americans and the sons and daughters of native born Americans. I was acquainted with no American young women in a social way up to the time I was twenty-six. How profound a prejudice there was on the part of some German-Americans against Americans appears from the fact that a German-American matron of the highest social standing, in all seriousness, warned me against bestowing my affections upon an American girl because marriages between German-Americans and Americans were not supposed to turn out happily.

In German-American circles young men and young women met socially only in the presence of their elders. A young man was not permitted to take a young lady on a buggy ride, to a party, or to a dance without being accompanied by a chaperone. It was not customary for young men to call on young ladies at their homes. Up to my twenty-sixth year I had but once taken a young lady to a dance and then we were accompanied by my sister. Young people under these conditions had but few opportunities to meet and become better acquainted and affairs of the heart made slow progress.

When young I was of a rather sentimental disposition. To me young women were goddesses whom one should address only in whispers and on bended knees. My mother was greatly worried over my disinclination to bestow my affections on this or that girl for whom she had a particular liking. She

was afraid that I would become a confirmed bachelor.

Among the German-American girls of my acquaintance, however, were three in whom I took more than an ordinary interest. I finally became convinced that I was really in love with one of these and that my affections were reciprocated. Shortly before my departure for Albany, I proposed and was turned down. It was my first and only proposal until I offered my hand to the girl who became my wife.

After I began practicing law I became a frequent visitor in the Abner Davison family. In the course of time I became deeply attached to Miss Fannie, the second oldest daughter, whom I had met in Albany for the first time. It was not until October 19, 1880, that I proposed. I had waited thus long because I believed my views on religious questions to be much more liberal than hers. When I finally found that her views on religion were but little at variance with mine I proposed and to my great joy was accepted. Our marriage as is well known turned out most happily.

A few months before I became engaged to his daughter Mr. Davison and I visited northwestern Iowa in connection with legal matters in which we were jointly interested as attorneys. We left the train at Hartley, in O'Brien County, then a place with less than ten houses, and drove to Primghar, the county seat. There was but one settler between the two places. As far as the eye reached there was

prairie and nothing but prairie. The choicest of this prairie was to be had at three dollars per acre, with no takers. In the adjoining counties of Clay and Dickinson, and in Pocahontas County a little to the east, a railroad company was offering land at from four to five dollars per acre with a reduction of two dollars and fifty cents per acre on all land broken up within twelve months.

When, in 1880, nearly half a million immigrants had entered the United States, and many of these had found homes in Iowa, it occurred to Mr. Davison and me that if we were to secure some of these cheap lands and convert these into farms, it would not be difficult to find tenants or purchasers for these farms. With this plan in mind we again visited northwestern Iowa in the summer of 1881.

On the train we met the land commissioner of the railroad company which owned the lands in the counties mentioned. He gave us a sectional description of these lands. We left the train at Emmetsburg, then a small village and accompanied by a representative of the railroad company, drove to a point in Pocahontas County twenty-five miles south of Emmetsburg. Except within two miles of town there was not an improved acre or a settler the entire distance. Mosquitoes were in complete possession of this region. Swarms of these lit upon our clothes when we drove through the high slough grass.

When our government caused Iowa to be surveyed and divided into sections, townships, and ranges, the

surveyors placed stone markers where section corners met. The wisdom of dividing the surface of the newer western states in this simple and practical way deserves high praise. How the representative who accompanied us in the wilderness in which we were, found the first sectional corner marker of one of the sections we were to inspect, remains a mystery to me to this day. After that corner had been found, with compass in hand, and counting the revolutions of one of the wheels of our vehicle, to which a handkerchief had been tied, we followed sectional lines from marker to marker until we had inspected all the sections in Pocahontas County we wanted to see. Then we made inspection of the company's lands in Clay and Dickinson Counties in the same manner.

Dickinson County was then also a vast wilderness devoid of settlers. Between Spencer, then a small village, and the point where Milford is now located, there were not half a dozen settlers. Of the sixty thousand acres of railroad land offered us in that county, we purchased not a single one. The short grass on these convinced us that they were unsuitable for farming purposes. We were mistaken. Within a few years this prairie was all sold to actual settlers and by them converted into productive farms, many of which have since sold as high as one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. From a private owner, however, we purchased four sections of prairie adjoining the present site of Milford. In Pocahontas and Clay Counties we pur-

chased many half and quarter sections of railroad land.

Within a month, the Northwestern Railway Company, then building its line into northwestern Iowa, purchased a quarter section of our Pocahontas County land on which it located what is now the flourishing town of Laurens.

In 1881 I bought a residence on Main Street adjoining the Catholic Sisters' Academy on the north. As my engagement was still a profound secret this purchase greatly mystified my friends.

That year I was elected President of the Davenport Turner Society. At its annual Field Day in Schuetzen Park, I delivered an address before an audience that numbered two thousand. Such gatherings were always largely attended. There were then few other diversions. In my address I explained that the Turner organizations originated in Germany when that country was being ground under the heel of the first Napoleon. That while primarily they aimed at the contemporary development of the body and mind of the German people, they secondarily also aimed at the overthrow of Napoleon's rule over Germany and the establishment of a German republic. I pointed out that the Turner Societies of America, from the beginning had advocated physical training in the public schools, and that to these societies credit should be given for physical training being finally introduced in all our schools and colleges.

That year I held aloof from all political activities,

because I strongly disapproved of the attitude of the Republican party in Iowa on the prohibition question.

On March 23, 1882, Fannie Davison and I were married at the home of her parents, in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends of both families, by Rev. J. G. Merrill, pastor of Edward's Congregational Church. My wife decided to do her own housework and cooking, and to run our house on thirty dollars a month. Men with small incomes then still dared to marry.

On my wedding day I was engaged in the trial of a case so late in the afternoon, that I barely had time to hurry home, dress, and reach the Davison residence in time for the ceremony.

We dispensed with a wedding trip, and, like sensible people, at once settled down in our home on Main Street.

None of the city streets were then paved, and many streets were not even macadamized. Main Street was among the latter. That street was so bottomless that the heavy carriage in which we were taken to our home, after the wedding, had to stop three times between Fifth Street and our home, to give the exhausted horses a breathing spell.

Across the street from our home lay what was then known as the "Parker Hollow" which, since, has been filled, and part of which is now occupied by the high school gymnasium. In this "Hollow" was an artificial pond, of some size, in which, some years after we were married, a child lost its life by

drowning. From the front door of our home we could see the old Griswold College stone building, which since gave way to our fine high school building. We could also see the frame college Chapel, since removed, which occupied the northeast corner of Griswold College square; and beyond that, across the street, the antiquated Thorington home, which later made way for the J. Monroe Parker residence which is now our home.

Very soon things began to happen at our home. We replaced our hard coal stove with a furnace. We built a spacious porch in front of our home. Our plank sidewalk was replaced with one of cement squares. There were but two others like it in the city, one in Abner Davison's yard, the other in front of the property on Brady Street which later became the home of Bishop Davis. All other city sidewalks were still of plank, brick, or stone. It was claimed that cement walks would not withstand Iowa winters, unless built of separate blocks about eighteen inches square. Over our well we built a well house, specially designed by an architect, and from this well, for years after the waterworks were built, continued to draw water "with the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well." We maintained a vegetable garden in which we tried to raise lettuce, peas, and carrots. One mess of peas is all it ever produced. During years I continued to mow my own lawn, chiefly to obtain the physical exercise I needed. One day, however, when I was at this task, a

brother lawyer, as he drove by called to me that I had better give this job to some man out of work. I saw the force of his advice and followed it.

I invariably went home for my midday meals. This was the general rule among business and professional men. The city's residential district was still so limited that one could walk home, eat his lunch at leisure, and easily be back at his office or place of business within an hour.

Davenport was then a Sahara for those who looked for a square meal outside of their homes. Except at the hotel dining rooms and two confectionaries there were no places where such was to be had. There were no lunch counters, restaurants, or cafeterias. However one could get a free lunch at any of the city's many saloons.

Davenport was an equally barren desert for Americans in search of social diversions. Americans then indulged in neither tennis nor golf. They were neither football nor baseball fans. They could not be radio or moving picture fans because radio and moving pictures had not yet been invented. They did not yet play bridge. There was no Arsenal Golf Club, Outing Club, Country Club, or Suburban Island Park. There were no Rotary, Kiwanis, Gyro, or other clubs or organizations where they could meet friends or listen to words of wisdom at midday lunches. There were only occasionally vaudeville shows, theatricals, concerts, dances, or other amusements. English language papers rarely devoted more than a few inches of advertisements referring

to this class of entertainments. People still believed that "early to bed and early to rise made everybody healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Diversions for German-Americans were unlimited. In winter there were the regular Sunday evening, high class German plays in Turner Hall. During the week there were evening concerts, social evenings, dances and other entertainments by the various German societies. In summer there were Turnfests, Schuetzenfests, Saenger fests and various other fests at Schuetzen Park, Washington Park, Offerman's Island and other places.

The German-American farmers also had no lack of amusements. The country tavern-keepers, in all the German communities, provided Saturday or Sunday goose and duck parties, ring tiltings, social parties, and Whitsuntide, Easter, Harvest, Christmas, and various other fests. At these King Gambrinus was always present.

When in 1882 we began to make plans to break our land in northwestern Iowa within the specified time, to become entitled to the discount of two dollars and a half per acre for breaking it within a year, we discovered that no breaking crews were available in the districts in which our lands were located. Nothing remained but for us to organize and send out breaking crews of our own. My advertisement in Davenport papers for horses brought many replies. Invariably, the owners of those offered me, represented them to be sound and in good working condition. I believed these repre-

sentations, especially if made by persons whom I had known while on the farm. As a result I acquired the most remarkable assortment of worn out, aged, and worthless nags imaginable. Some of these died before they reached their destination and many of the rest were unfit for the purpose for which they were wanted. Some of the farmers who had sold me horses, later told me how much they had enjoyed, for once, getting the best of a lawyer. I should have remembered that a cobbler should stick to his last.

We succeeded, nevertheless, in getting all our land broken in time, and before the close of the year advertised for tenants for thirty farms varying in size from eighty to three hundred and twenty acres. On one thousand acres of our Dickinson County land we sowed flax on the new breaking. It was a beautiful sight, when this large field was in bloom. Drought and hot winds, however, so damaged the flax later that it barely paid the cost of harvesting it.

CHAPTER X

I became a Democrat—An Alabama iron venture—My father died—My son Arthur born—Visited Mexico—Plan of life—Elected County Attorney—Run on a bank—Town Lot Company organized—My daughter Alice born — My daughter Helene born.

THAT year the attitude of the Republicans on national and state questions became intolerable, considered from my point of view. Chester A. Arthur, when he became president, upon the death of President Garfield, allowed himself to be made the tool of those who had backed General Grant for a third term, and the Iowa Legislature, which for years had had a Republican majority, for a second time voted to submit a prohibition amendment to the state constitution, to a vote of the people.

The prohibition amendment was voted upon at a special election in June and carried by twenty thousand majority. Not because a majority of the people of Iowa favored constitutional prohibition, but because the advocates of prohibition were well organized and their opponents were asleep. I spoke at a number of meetings in Scott and adjoining counties in opposition to the amendment.

For two years preceding this election, I had ab-

sented myself from the councils of the Republicans but had not broken with the party. I still hoped that it would see the error of its ways. However, as the fall election approached, I found myself more fully in agreement with the Democratic than with the Republican party. The former in its state platform had unqualifiedly denounced prohibition. I decided to vote with the Democrats. As soon as this became known I was invited to take the stump for the Democratic ticket. I refused. It was no light matter to part with old-time political associates and ally myself with old-time opponents. I was gratified, however, when Iowa's Republican majority which had been seventy thousand at the previous election, sank to twenty thousand, and when J. H. Murphy was elected congressman in our district over his Republican opponent by three thousand majority. His opponent at a previous election had carried this district by a 3,000 majority. The Republican party had received the punishment it so richly deserved.

That year I became an Alabama Iron Master. At least I thought I had become such. A relative of the Davison family owned large tracts of coal and iron ore land in the Birmingham, Alabama, district. During a visit at the Davison home he convinced Mr. Davison and myself that that district had a great future as a producer of pig iron. This conviction resulted in Mr. Davison, myself, and a few other local people agreeing to join Mr. H. F. De Bardeleben, the relative mentioned, in building a smelter in

or near Birmingham, if a committee, to be sent to that city, should find the project attractive. Mr. Davison, Mr. Walker Adams and I were sent as such committee. We became convinced that the proposed furnace would be able to produce pig iron at from eleven to thirteen dollars a ton and pig iron was then selling at twenty-five dollars a ton.

Being favorably impressed with the project we at once organized the Ella Iron Company with adequate capital and with H. F. De Bardeleben, Abner Davison, James T. Lane, Walker Adams, C. A. Ficke, Joe R. Lane and Charles Davison as its directors. After having purchased the necessary iron ore land, and a site for the smelter, the committee went home, leaving Mr. De Bardeleben, the president of the company in charge of the further work. The construction of the smelter was to begin at once.

Within a week after the committee reached home there occurred an event which ended our dreams of great riches. Mr. De Bardeleben was interested in other important ventures jointly with another person. This person suddenly died. Thereupon Mr. De Bardeleben wired us that he would be unable to go on with our venture. We were unwilling to go on with it without him. He assumed all the liabilities we had contracted and took over all our holdings including the site selected for the smelter. With that our iron venture came to a close. When thirty years later I again met Mr. De Bardeleben he told me that the site we selected for our plant, and which he took over, was later platted by him, in conjunc-

tion with capitalists from Charleston, and became the town of Bessemer, Alabama.

On July 24, 1882, my honored father died at the ripe age of seventy-five years. He was the personification of Honor, Integrity and Uprightness. I here record once more my profound gratitude for his and my mother's courage and heroism in choosing pioneer life in America in order that their children might enjoy the advantages of that country. My father was a credit to the country of his birth, and to that which gave him a home and citizenship. The only office he ever held was that of Alderman of his ward in Davenport.

During 1882 my practice steadily increased. As previously related I had in an unguarded moment, proposed to Col. Berryhill that if he would guarantee that I would some day be worth twenty-five thousand dollars I would bind myself to turn over to him all that I might ever be worth over that amount. I hesitate to name the amount that would have been due him by Jan. 1, 1883, or by the time when these lines were written.

In 1882 the first typewritten letter reached my office. It was not until a year later that I permitted the use of a typewriter in my own office. Like many other people I deemed it but little less than an affront at first, to have people send me letters printed with cold type. In 1883 I employed my first stenographer. Mine was the first office to employ such a person. The court reporter was the only other stenographer in the city. Shorthand was still such a novelty that

my clients looked on with amazement when I gave dictation in their presence. In 1883 women as yet had entered but few lines of employment. It was still believed that they should confine their activities to the home. It was near the close of the nineteenth century that women bookkeepers and women stenographers began to be employed in Davenport.

By 1883 I had learned that there were three classes of persons who sought the services of lawyers. First, those who on their own statement of facts had a meritorious case. These I was willing to serve. Next there were those whose case, judged by their own statement of facts, was without merit. These I refused to serve. Finally there were those who were partly in the right and partly in the wrong. Their cases I took. I asked them to agree to a reasonable compromise and if they refused to do so I advised them to seek another lawyer. Although my practice eventually became one of the largest the number of my cases that reached the courts was much below that of other attorneys.

Sometimes cases which I had refused because they were without merit were taken by other lawyers and won. I recall one case in which both the cause of action and the advice I gave were unusual. The would-be plaintiff was a big, husky fellow who wanted a divorce from his frail little wife because she occasionally locked him up in the basement of their home. I advised him to take his wife over his knee and give her a spanking the next time she tried to incarcerate him. He left in disgust, employed an-

other lawyer, and got his divorce.

During 1883 I left politics severely alone. I was entirely out of harmony with the Republican party, yet was not ready to ally myself permanently with the Democratic party. That year I delivered two Fourth of July addresses in Lowden, one in German and one in English. I was always assured of a large and appreciative audience in that town. People remembered me as the ungainly boy of twenty years earlier. They all simply called me "August." That summer the Davenport banks refused to accept "Trade Dollars" for more than eighty-five cents, and Canadian silver dollars for more than eighty cents. That year upon the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad that company routed an excursion train with "Old Settlers" via Davenport and these were looked upon as great curiosities by the multitudes who met them at the station.

That year I became one of the incorporators and directors of the Scott County Savings Bank. My co-directors were I. H. Sears, H. F. Petersen, C. S. Watkins, A. P. Doe, Otto Klug, George M. Schmidt, J. L. Miles and J. B. Phelps. I have outlived them all. I continued in its directory until 1924 when I resigned because of increasing deafness. When I left the directory I was presented with a gold headed cane. I told the directors I would reserve it for later years because only dudes, old men, and invalids carried canes and that I belonged to none of these classes.

That year a bitter war raged over the question whether or not horse cars should be permitted to cross the bridge to Government Island. A bill granting this privilege was pending in Congress. Committees from Rock Island appeared before Congress to oppose its passage. A business men's meeting in Rock Island passed resolutions in opposition to this measure and a Moline business man even pronounced it a pernicious one, and the bridge itself a serious hindrance to the prosperity of this part of the country. Congress adopted the bill nevertheless.

On November 10, 1883, my wife and I were made supremely happy by the arrival at our home of a fine boy whom we named Arthur Davison Ficke. At his birth, and for some time thereafter, he was the homeliest child I had ever seen. Mrs. Ficke's friends who called would say: "Oh, Mrs. Ficke what a fine boy you have. He looks exactly like his father." Later, when the homely child had turned into a really handsome one, these ladies would say: "Oh, Mrs. Ficke what a handsome boy you have. He looks just like his mother." In both cases they were correct in ascribing resemblance.

In December there transpired the most important social event of the year. Mr. and Mrs. J. Monroe Parker opened their palatial new home on the northwest corner of Twelfth and Main Streets with a grand house warming. We sent regrets because the young man at our home needed us. The newspaper accounts of the event gave the names of the three

hundred guests. This list furnishes pathetic proof how fleeting is human life. Forty-three years later all but thirty of these had gone to the Great Beyond. Little did I dream that, within nine years, I would become the owner of this residence, the home I now occupy.

In 1884 I became a full-fledged Democrat. The Republican party had irrevocably committed itself to a tariff for protection with incidental revenue. I believed in a tariff for revenue with incidental protection. Therefore I could no longer support it. When the Democrats nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency I gave him my hearty support. Everywhere German-Americans went over to the Democratic party en masse. In the evening of the day on which Mr. Cleveland had been nominated, Davenport witnessed the greatest and most spontaneous political demonstration in its history. More than eight thousand people assembled on the levee to express their joy over the nomination. When I, the new convert to Democracy, rose to speak, the audience gave me a tremendous ovation. During the campaign I received many invitations to speak but I restricted myself to speaking in Scott and two adjoining counties.

Meanwhile a veritable migration of people from Europe was continuing. Steamship companies were carrying persons across the Atlantic for as low as twenty dollars a head. More than a million immigrants had arrived during the last three years. Not that these immigrants, if of the right kind, were not

most welcome. Immigrants from northwestern Europe were most welcome. These were easily assimilated. But the class of immigrants we were getting had greatly deteriorated. Before 1880 the immigration had been from the countries of Western Europe, where the percentage of illiteracy was low. During the thirty years preceding 1880, out of seven million immigrants only two per cent had come from Italy, Russia and eastern countries, where illiteracy was high. The newer immigration came largely from the last named countries and these newcomers sternly refused to be assimilated or Americanized. Would these undesirable people finally overwhelm us?

During 1885 my work was beginning to tell on me. I needed a vacation. My wife and I decided upon a trip to old Mexico. Leaving Arthur, then two years old, with his grandparents and aunts, we in January, 1886, became members of a tourist party bound for that country, over the Mexican Central Railroad which had but recently been completed. After leaving New Orleans, at two o'clock in the morning, when within a few hours of El Paso, our sleeper was a roaring furnace, having caught fire from an overheated stove. We had barely time to escape into the next car in our night clothes. Mrs. Ficke, along with her wearing apparel lost two hundred and fifty dollars, which were hidden in her corset, lest she would be robbed of these in Mexico, then a lawless country. When the twenty members of our party, in their night clothes, next morning filed

through the streets of El Paso, on their way to the hotel, they were taken for lunatics who had escaped from an insane asylum.

In Mexico City we were overwhelmed with attentions from President Diaz and officials and persons of note. Ours was the first party of American tourists to visit that city. The Judge of the Supreme Court took Mrs. Ficke and me in charge. He placed his elegant carriage at our disposal. With Mrs. Ficke at my side and a liveried footman seated behind we started out for a drive, proud as peacocks and envied by our fellow tourists who saw us depart from the hotel. Scarcely had we driven a block when one of our wheels came off and we were forced to alight. At once we were surrounded by a veritable mob from which we escaped by jumping into a nearby ramshackle hack drawn by a horse and a mule. Here was a case in which pride was followed by a fall.

A dance was given in our honor at the Humboldt Hotel. Here I witnessed a curious Mexican dance. The couples whirled around like tops, without changing their position even so much as a foot. We attended a bull fight. They called it the best one in years. Six bulls, four horses, and one bull fighter were killed, and another bull fighter was wounded. The scenes were revolting and tried my nerves to the utmost. I have attended bull fights since, both in Mexico and Guatemala, but none of these equalled this one in brutality. We visited the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, Cholulu, Vera Cruz, Puebla and

a number of other places in the Republic besides all the places of interest in Mexico City, and then proceeded to California, where we visited Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Francisco. Pasadena was then in its infancy. Between the then town and the Raymond Hotel the territory still consisted of orange groves one of which was offered to me at five hundred dollars per acre. On the way home we stopped at Salt Lake City, where we attended services in the Mormon Tabernacle at which the congregation present numbered five thousand.

This journey was the first of many, which I made in the course of years in compliance with a plan of life which I considered well balanced.

I reasoned that life should not be all work. It should be interspersed with a reasonable amount of play. Masters and men, employers and employees, should enjoy annual vacations. Recreation and travel should not be postponed until one was too old to enjoy them. Accumulating riches in return for efforts should not be the end but only the means to an end. That end should be the broadening of ones vision through travel and other means. How closely I adhered to this plan of life appears from the amount of travel I did during the years that followed. Accompaned by my wife or by her and our children, I encircled the world twice; visited Mexico five times; Egypt, Japan and China, each three times; Russia, twice; Central America, five countries of South America, Panama, Cuba, the Sudan, Asia Minor, the Holy Land, Greece, Siberia, each

once; England, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands, many times; to say nothing of visits to Alaska, Nova Scotia and other points of interest in the British possessions in North America, and visits to every state of the Union.

In 1886 the newly created office of county attorney was to be filled. M. V. Gannon and J. W. Stewart announced themselves as candidates. I had not the remotest idea of becoming a candidate until Der Demokrat stated that my name was being mentioned as a candidate for that office on the Democratic ticket. At first the idea did not appeal to me. I had up to this time refused to run for any office. The duties of this office however were in line with my work. I, therefore, easily overcame my reluctance and consented to become a candidate. The convention gave me the nomination. The Republicans nominated Joe R. Lane, the junior member of my father-in-law's firm, to run against me. I was elected by a majority of five hundred votes.

Up to the hour of my election I had had no experience in criminal practice. I had shunned this practice because I lacked sympathy with criminals and would not undertake the defense of persons whom I believed guilty of the crime with which they were charged. As soon as elected I applied myself vigorously to the study of criminal law and criminal practice and by the time I took office considered myself well equipped.

Soon after entering upon my duties I discovered how great a burden I had assumed. Witnesses had

to be interviewed, sessions of grand juries had to be attended, indictments had to be drawn, criminal cases had to be tried, legal opinions had to be furnished to county officials. Too late I realized how unwise it had been to add this mountain of work to my already large practice. I was at my office early and late. My health threatened to break down. Often while trying cases I was in such pain, caused by gall stones, that I had to withdraw for a while and stretch out on a table in an adjoining room to get relief. With the opening of the second year of my term I formed a partnership with L. M. Fisher, then city attorney, which continued two years.

It was the disagreeable nature of my work which most troubled me. I had constantly to deal with the shortcomings of persons. I had to demand conviction of the guilty persons regardless of the sorrow such conviction brought to their innocent parents, wives, or children. Then there was the perplexing Iowa prohibitory liquor law. Public opinion did not uphold this law. The feeling in Scott County against it was so strong that it would have been impossible to convict a person, charged with its violation, before a Scott County jury. In that county there were then approximately one hundred and fifty places in which beer was being sold. Many of these were places where men met to discuss questions of the day as they do now at weekly noon lunches of Rotarians and similar clubs. I made it known that I would prosecute any case in which someone would come forward and file an informa-

tion charging a person with a violation of the prohibitory law, but that I did not feel called upon to spy upon places where supposedly this law was being violated. During the two years that I was in office I was never called upon to prosecute a person for selling liquor.

I rejoice that the saloon has gone out of business. It should never be allowed to return. I am convinced however that the sale of beer and wine under adequate restrictions would be preferable to the present general disregard of constitutional prohibition and the Volstead law.

In 1886 Davenport experienced the novel sensation of a run on one of its banks. A holder of a check on the German Savings Bank, the largest and soundest bank of the state, then located on the northwest corner of Main and Second Streets, presented it for payment at that bank after banking hours. A disobliging teller threw the check back with the curt remark, "the bank is closed." Whether maliciously or in ignorance of the true weight to be placed on the teller's words, the holder of the check spread the report that the German Savings Bank was closed.

Before nine o'clock the next morning several hundred depositors were waiting before the bank. As soon as it opened they demanded their money. As the hours passed the number of frantic depositors increased. Only one teller, and he working as slowly as possible, waited on them. All that day and the whole of the next day the run continued.

On the morning of the third day the line of waiting depositors extended for half a block.

The lobby of the bank during the run was crowded, not only with depositors but also with people who had never witnessed a bank run, and were attracted by curiosity. In addition to these there were the directors of the bank named, and the directors of other banks, who sought to convince depositors of the safety of the bank and the foolishness of the run.

At ten o'clock of the third day, when the run was still at its height, I called H. H. Andresen, the president of the bank, aside and told him that if given a free hand I believed I could stop the run in a couple of hours. My suggestions were that three more tellers be placed at the counters with instructions to pay depositors with greatest speed; that the directors of the bank involved and those of all the other banks withdraw; that I be authorized to ask every person in the lobby, not holding a bank book, to withdraw; and that finally I be permitted to place a guard at each door with instructions to refuse admittance to all persons not holding a bank book.

Mr. Andresen eagerly accepted my plan and authorized me to put it in action, which I did. By noon every depositor in line had been paid and the run was over. That afternoon Mr. Andresen said to me, "August, we shall never forget the service you rendered us." If the depositors' bank books of that period survive my name will be found on a

number of them on which I guaranted payment in order to induce the holder not to withdraw his deposit.

In 1887 I realized that the expansion of the city's residential district was not keeping pace with the growth of its population. In years no new additions to the city had been platted and people were looking for desirable sites for modest homes in vain. The Allen tract (now McClellan Heights) was not for sale. It prevented the expansion of the city eastward. The Fair Grounds (now Vanderveer Park) prevented its expansion northward. Northwest Davenport was without street car facilities and therefore too remote for workingmen's homes. Clients of mine in New York, however, owned a fifty-acre tract a little below Division Street, bordering on Fourth Street and extending across the railroad embankment to the foot of the bluff, which was suitable for such homes. It lay within a block of the Third Street car line. This tract I purchased with the intention of platting it into moderate-priced residential lots.

As soon as my purchase became known, business friends importuned me to let them join me in this venture. Jointly we incorporated the Davenport Town Lot Company, which at once platted a part of the tract mentioned, as "Park Lawn Addition." On the day on which the sale of lots in this addition opened, the company sold one hundred and twenty-three lots at prices ranging between one hundred, and three hundred and fifty dollars. This com-

pany in the course of years bought additional acreage, in various parts of the city, and platted "Park Lawn Second Addition," and "West Park First, and Second Additions." Individually I platted "Ficke's Lincoln Avenue Addition," "Ficke's Hancock Avenue Addition," and "Ficke's Pine Street Addition." In the latter I named one street "Claussen" street after my venerable friend and mentor, Hans Reimer Claussen.

On December 31, 1887, the stork once more brought great joy to our home when he left a sweet little lady whom we named Alice, who is now the wife of Devore N. Simonson of Rock Island and the mother of that bright little imp John Wykoff Simonson and of those lovable twins David and Margaret Simonson. With a boy and a girl to cheer our home our happiness was now complete.

The year 1888 was my second one in the county attorney's office. The days were all too short for all the tasks that confronted me. Scott County, however, happily was as free from crime against human life as it had been during the previous year. At the end of my two years in office I could boast that I had not had a single murder case and but one case in which the charge was manslaughter.

When it was time for me to decide whether I would seek renomination I decided in the negative. Inasmuch as I was enjoying an extensive private practice the county attorneyship was more of a liability than an asset. Then, too, J. W. Stewart, whom I had defeated for the nomination two years

before was again an aspirant, and he greatly needed the office. However, in an unguarded moment, and against my better judgment my associate, Mr. Fisher, persuaded me to consent to take a second term if it came to me unsolicited. Mr. Stewart made a vigorous canvass for the nomination while I remained passive, with the result that he was nominated. When, after his nomination, I was called on for a speech I heartily congratulated Mr. Stewart, for I was really glad that I would not have to devote two years more to prosecuting criminals.

When I surrendered my office it was with the hope that my contact with criminals was forever ended. However, almost immediately, because of Mr. Stewart's illness, the court named me special counsel, to prosecute a burglar who had shot and seriously wounded Thomas McCausland, while burglarizing his home in the village of McCausland. Then, one evening, I surprised a porch climber in the act of entering my bedroom on the second floor of my home. He escaped before I had time to grab him, but within twenty minutes was under arrest. I appeared against him and he was given a five year term. A year or two later he had the nerve to ask me to intercede with the Governor in his behalf because his sentence would have been shorter had I been a less well known person. One day I caught a sneak thief in the act of rifling my safe. In my struggle with him he floored me and made his escape. At three different times, while my family and I were absent, burglars entered my home. Each

time they ransacked the house from garret to basement but took nothing so far as I could discover.

In 1888 the nation found itself in the throes of another exciting presidential election. I had been an ardent supporter of Grover Cleveland in the previous presidential election, in which his popular vote had been almost one hundred thousand greater than that of Mr. Blaine. His administration had been an admirable one, and his party had made an honest effort to bring about a reduction in the tariff. It was believed that Mr. Cleveland would be a stronger candidate in the agricultural states than he had been in 1884.

Mr. Cleveland was renominated by acclamation. At an enthusiastic ratification meeting on the levee, I was one of the speakers. In the ensuing campaign I spoke at many meetings in Scott and adjoining counties.

In my addresses I emphasized the tremendous injury the high protective tariff had done the farmers. How it was causing them to run deeper and deeper into debt because of the high prices they were compelled to pay for whatever they bought, and the low prices they were receiving for whatever they sold.

Although the farm situation had not yet reached a crisis, and did not reach a crisis until thirty years later, the fact that this crisis did finally come proves how valid were the arguments of those who opposed high protection.

From the reception my arguments received from

farmer audiences, I became convinced that Mr. Cleveland was sure of the farmer vote, and would carry the agricultural states, most of which in his previous presidential campaign had gone Republican. The result of the election, therefore, proved a great surprise. What disappointed me most was the fact that the Republicans had carried even a larger number of the agricultural states than in 1884. The farmers were still too thick headed to recognize which party was their best friend.

The Iowa political campaign of 1889 was an equally exciting one, although fought out on local issues. Long before the Democratic State Convention met to nominate a candidate for governor, it was evident that Horace Boies would be the nominee. I attended the convention as a delegate from Scott County. The State Central Committee assigned to me the honor of seconding the nomination of Mr. Boies, which I did in a short address. In the ensuing campaign I delivered many addresses, in which I pointed out that the prohibitory liquor laws, which the Republicans had enacted, had not advanced the cause of temperance, but retarded it, and that these laws were responsible for a general disregard of law. Mr. Boies, as was expected, was triumphantly elected, and proved himself one of Iowa's ablest governors. His many warm, sound money friends, however, to their regret, had to part company with him, politically, in 1896 when he allied himself with Mr. Bryan in favor of free coinage.

On March 19, 1889, there arrived at our home a second, sweet little lady. We named her Helene and she is now the wife of Charles Harlan Watzek of Wauna, Oregon, and the mother of my model and affectionate grandchildren, Peter Ficke Watzek and Frances Helene Watzek.

CHAPTER XI

German American Day—My real estate purchases—Elected Mayor—Labor Day—Re-elected Mayor.

ON October, 1889, two hundred years had elapsed since the founding of the first German settlement in the New World. This anniversary provided a fitting opportunity for recognizing, in a suitable manner, what German immigrants and their descendants had done for America. The suggestion to establish a "German-American Day," in commemoration of this anniversary, and to celebrate it with public meetings, addresses and parades found a hearty response in all communities in which persons of German birth or of German extraction resided.

In Davenport a two-day celebration was decided upon. On the first of these an imposing parade was staged. Citizens of German birth were so numerous in this community that more than two thousand of these, representing thirty-eight organizations, participated in this parade. On the second day, evening gatherings were held at Turner Hall and Lahrmann's Hall. Mayor Ernst Claussen, Gustav Donald and I addressed that at Turner Hall.

In my address I emphasized that, during the preceeding fifty years, four million Germans had settled in the United States, and that of our total population

of fifty millions, thirteen millions were of German birth, or descendants of persons of German birth. I stated that these felt deeply indebted to this country for giving them a home, coupled with complete citizenship, and that they highly prized their citizenship.

Next I pointed out how great a service German Americans had rendered in the upbuilding of our country. I praised their industry and stern integrity, their love of music and song, their loyalty to their adopted country, and the thoroughness of their craftsmen. I pointed out how convincingly, during our Civil War, citizens of German birth and their descendants had proven their loyalty, and pledged their equal loyalty if our country should should ever again be in danger. I quoted figures to prove that out of a total of three millions who participated in the Civil War, on the Union side, three hundred thousand were of German birth, and that of these, thirty thousand sacrificed their lives for the Union.

The pledge of loyalty which I then gave, in behalf of the citizens of German birth, they fully redeemed during the World War. Though it broke their hearts to see the country of their birth at war with the country which had given them a home, they did not shrink from doing their whole duty to the latter.

My address, as published in Der Demokrat, lies before me while I am writing these lines. I have re-read it for the first time since it was published thirty-seven years ago. It contains not a line that

I would recall. I was proud of my German birth and equally proud of my American citizenship when this address was delivered, and I am equally proud of both of these now. The false and derogatory reports disseminated about the German people during the World War did not in the slightest degree change my high opinion of them. I knew them too well to believe these deceiving reports.

In 1889, I made my first investment in inside Davenport business real estate. I had become convinced that inside business real estate, in a town with a promising future, would be a good investment; that no section of our country was more certain of a promising future than the Mississippi Valley, and that no city on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and St. Paul was more certain to become an important commercial center than Davenport. Davenport, therefore, appeared to me to be a good town in which to invest in real estate.

As a result of this conviction, I bought, in the course of a few years, considerable real estate in Davenport's business district.

Owners of real estate, at that time, had little faith in the city's future, and were more ready to dispose of their holdings than to add to them. I hit upon a theory or system which I adopted as a guide in making my purchases. I had observed that in American cities, situated upon navigable streams, the business center was first near the river, then, as the city grew, moved to the second street from the river, and finally to streets still farther away.

Third Street, which was then still an unimportant business street, where property could be had almost for the asking, therefore seemed a promising one on which to make purchases, and that is where I acquired considerable frontage. Furthermore, according to my theory, larger areas would be needed for more ambitious structures as the city increased in importance. I, therefore, aimed to purchase adjoining properties, and consolidate these, instead of acquiring scattered ones.

My total purchases of inside properties were forty. None of my purchases were made with the intention of disposing of them, even with a good profit. I planned to replace antiquated buildings with modern ones with the growth of the city. Future years proved how sound had been my theory and how closely I adhered to my original plans. Of my various consolidated holdings, I sold only two. These I sold reluctantly and only because public interest required that I should. The one on Second and Perry Streets, the Tri-City Railway Company needed for terminals for its lines and for a building for its central offices. The one on Third and Ripley Streets, Henry Kahl needed for his two million dollar office building.

Early in January, 1890, it became known that Ernst Claussen, then Mayor of Davenport, would not accept another term of office. From time to time city papers stated that it was currently reported that I was to be nominated for this office by the Democrats. Nothing was farther from my thought

than again to accept an office. Least of all did I want an office which would involve as much work and require as much time as that of Mayor of Davenport. To all who approached me on the subject I replied that I was not in a receptive mood.

However, when Mayor Claussen, in an interview in a city paper, stated that he would not accept a further term, and that I would probably be nominated by the Democrats to succeed him, the demand on the part of my Democratic friends, that I consent to run, became so insistent that I could no longer decline without giving offense. After I had been nominated, the Davenport Times, one of the city's Republican papers, to my utter surprise, pledged me its support. The Davenport Tribune, the other Republican paper, found fault because I had thanked the convention for a nomination which, it stated, I had repeatedly assured that paper I did not want. The Tribune should have remembered that courtesy sometimes compels one to return thanks for something one did not want and would rather not have received.

The Republicans nominated my good neighbor, and Davenport's worthy citizen, B. Ruch. The contest was a spirited but friendly one. On election day Mr. Ruch and I went to the polls together, and each of us cast his vote for the other. I was elected by a majority of 1,549 votes.

Naturally I was profoundly moved by the confidence my townsmen had shown me by electing me their mayor by so splendid a majority. But how

was I to spare the time to meet their expectations when I was already overwhelmed with work. However, I was young, and not afraid of work.

Only ten days lay between the day on which I was elected and that on which I was to enter on my duties. It was a provokingly short time within which to select my aldermanic committees, obtain an insight into the city's affairs, and prepare my inaugural address, in which, in compliance with custom, I was expected to outline my policy and make recommendations to the Council for its guidance during the ensuing year.

My difficulties in appointing my committees were less serious than anticipated. I selected the respective alderman, for the committees for which they were best qualified, regardless of their political affiliation. Thus I made a Republican the chairman of the finance committee, the most important of all the committees to be appointed.

In my inaugural address I eulogized my predecessor for macadamizing eight miles of our streets, and paving six blocks with brick. Now, when even rural districts scorn the use of macadam, in improving highways, my eulogy of my predecessor for macadamizing eight miles of streets has the appearance of irony. However, my eulogy was sincere.

Furthermore, I urged that our river front be converted into a public park, thereby adding largely to the beauty of our city and the comfort of our people. I pointed out that in excavating streets, to be paved, the city would obtain much material that could be

utilized in filling the city's property. The Council, I said, should take early action, in conjunction with the Park Commissioners, to establish the park.

Many obstacles, which could not then be overcome, prevented action on the latter recommendation during my administration. Not until twenty years later had these been sufficiently overcome to permit the establishment of the park as recommended by me. However, had further encroachment on the city's property, south of Front Street, by railroads and other persistent applicants for privileges, not been sternly resisted, no ground would have been available south of Front Street when the city was finally ready to establish LeClaire Park.

One of the first acts of my administration was to complete the extension of the city limits, the preliminary steps for which had been taken by the preceding administration. Three square miles of territory were thereby added to the city, and its area was thereby almost doubled.

At the first meeting of the new council, ex-Mayor Claussen, in behalf of the Davenport Water Company, submitted an ordinance granting that company additional privileges, and requesting its immediate passage. As soon as the proposed ordinance had been read, the Council, without discussing it, adopted it by a vote of nine to three. I expressed regret over this hasty action, and announced that I would have to give the ordinance careful consideration before deciding whether I would sign it.

The ordinance, under which the water company

was then operating, gave that corporation the exclusive privilege of supplying the city with water from the Mississippi. In spring, and after heavy rains in summer, the water which it supplied was so heavily laden with foreign matter that it was unfit for use and dangerous to health.

One of the company's patrons, a manufacturer of soda water, having provided himself with an artesian well, recently had applied for permission to lay a pipe across Harrison Street and along an alley to the St. James Hotel a block distant. The water company, becoming alarmed asked for an ordinance which would give it a fifty year exclusive privilege to supply water, not only from the Mississippi, but from any source.

After carefully examining this ordinance, I became convinced that it would be contrary to public interest to give the water company the exclusive privilege asked for, until it furnished purer water or bound itself to do so. I vetoed the ordinance.

In a message which I read before the Council at a special meeting I gave my reasons for doing so. These reasons must have so thoroughly convinced the Council that it had made a mistake, that it reversed itself, and by a unanimous vote supported my veto.

My veto produced a great sensation, because for the first time in the history of the city, an ordinance, passed by its Council had been vetoed by its mayor. Water consumers naturally were unanimous in their approval of my act. The city papers, without an

exception, endorsed it, and vied with each other in complimenting me on my veto. One unforeseen result of my action was that thereafter, whenever the Council adopted a measure which some citizen disapproved, I was appealed to for a veto. However, my first veto was also my last one.

The water company took its defeat gracefully. It lost no time in installing an up-to-date filtering plant. When this plant had been completed, and the company was supplying water as clear as crystal, it re-submitted the ordinance I had vetoed, and it was promptly passed by the Council, and as promptly signed by me.

One of the burdensome duties of my office was the delivery of addresses on all conceivable occasions. In delivering these I never depended on the inspiration of the moment. I invariably thought out, and wrote out, my addresses in advance, but in their delivery depended on my memory.

One of these addresses was delivered before the national convention or reunion of the veterans of all tne German wars of the preceding fifty years. The preparation of this address gave me great trouble. Many of the veterans, whom I was to address, had fought side by side in the Franco-Prussion War of 1870 and 1871. Others had fought against each other in Germany's internecine wars of 1848, 1864, and 1866. Would it be possible for me to address so mixed an audience without giving offense to many of my auditors?

I sent for all available books on Germany's wars

of the preceding half century, and read these. I solved my problem, to my own satisfaction, and pleased all the veterans equally, by telling them that all the wars of Germany, in which they served, were necessary preliminaries leading to the unification of Germany; that without these Germany would have remained divided into half a hundred petty states; that a united Germany would have remained an idle dream; and that every German veteran, regardless of the war in which he fought, therefore was entitled to an equal share of credit for establishing the German Empire.

The Illinois Staatszeitung of Chicago, on this occasion, performed a remarkable feat. It caused my entire address, which had been delivered in German, to be transmitted to it by telegraph, in that language, and published it next morning, with hardly an error or the omission of a word.

In the summer of 1890, accompanied by my wife and son Arthur, I visited the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax and various New England points. In the Alexandria Valley, Nova Scotia, on the site where once stood Grand Pre, saved from oblivion by Longfellow's "Evangeline," an accommodating conductor halted his train long enough for Arthur to take a photograph.

In 1890, the first day of September was created a legal holiday to be known as "Labor Day." It became my privilege officially to participate at Davenport's first Labor Day celebration. The event opened with a procession in which five thousand

members of military, labor, and civic organizations, and four hundred floats and vehicles, participated. This was followed by a gathering at Schuetzen Park, at which the attendance was limited only by transportation facilities. At the park Governor Boies and I were among the speakers.

September 19, 1890, was a day of rejoicing in Davenport. That day the President of the United States signed the River and Harbor Bill, which included an appropriation of $500,000 with which to begin the construction of the so-called Hennepin Canal, that was to connect the Mississippi with the Lakes, and which was to have the mouth of Rock River as its western terminus. Those of us, who during years had spent time and energy in efforts to convince Congress of the advantages of such a canal, now were certain that it would be built.

In the nineties Davenport elected its mayors for only one year. Being anxious to return to private life at the end of my term I made it known, long before my term expired, that I would not accept a second one. I had reckoned without the host. As spring election approached a committee of citizens called on me with a petition numerously signed by voters of both parties, asking me to consent to accept a second term. The committee was so insistent that finally, though reluctantly, I consented to accept a renomination if tendered. Ex-Mayor Claussen, who had resented my veto of the ordinance which he had fathered but who was now one of my most ardent supporters, presented my name before

the Democratic City Convention, and I was promptly renominated by acclamation. Captain August Reimers became the Republican nominee for this office. The contest was a dignified and friendly one. I again had the support of the Democratic papers and the Republican Times. I was re-elected by a largely increased majority.

In my second inaugural address I recommended the establishment of a Department of Health and a Department of Public Works. I urged that the paving of downtown streets with brick be continued with unabated vigor; that a beginning be made in paving residential streets; that a plat of the levee be prepared, showing what ground the city owned there, to whom leased, and for what length of time; and that the city speedily enter upon the improvement of the levee. I complimented the old Council for having granted a franchise to the Davenport Street Car Company, permitting use of electricity instead of animal power on its lines, thereby enabling it to become the first line in the United States using electricity.

In 1891 the B. C. R. & N. R. R. Co. attempted to steal a march on the city, after it had denied that company certain side track privileges on the river front for which it had asked. It imported a large force of laborers and, between sunset and sunrise, unbeknown to the city, caused the unauthorized sidetrack to be constructed and loaded down with heavy freight cars. As soon as I learned of this trick I called out the patrol wagon, and taking with me the

Chief of Police, and several officers and aldermen, proceeded to the place where the clandestine night work had been done. I next ordered out a force of city laborers, and within a few hours, the newly laid track had been torn up and the rails and ties had been dumped down the river bank, leaving the cars standing in line, in the newly filled ground, which the morning rain had converted into a mire.

That year I was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention, which renominated Horace Boies for the office of governor. The honor of seconding his nomination having again come to me, I reminded the convention that Governor Boies, if re-elected, would become a commanding figure in the next presidential campaign. He did, indeed, become such a commanding figure, and would have been nominated for vice-president as a running mate for Mr. Cleveland, had not his managers stubbornly refused to allow him to accept second place, thereby depriving Iowa of the honor of giving our country a vice-president.

That year, in my capacity of mayor, I attended the convention of the Iowa bankers at Sioux City to invite them to hold their next convention in Davenport. At their banquet, when called upon to respond to a toast, I sought to be honest with my hosts, and to let them know that I was not one of their number, but an intruder, a wolf in sheep's clothes, a lawyer. I began by saying, "I am like George Washington. I cannot tell a lie. I am not a banker, but a lawyer." That instant every electric light became extin-

guished, and the banquet hall remained in absymal darkness for minutes, during which the guests were convulsed with laughter.

That year Sir Edwin Arnold, British poet and author, visited Davenport as the guest of Bishop Perry. At a dinner in his honor at the Bishop's home, Sir Edwin told me that he did not know of the existence of Davenport until he received the Bishop's invitation to visit him there. I was shocked that so eminent an Englishman should be so ill versed in geography as not to know of the existence of Davenport. I was even more shocked at my own ignorance in geography, years later, while traveling in China, when I visited cities with a million people of whose existence I had been ignorant until I reached China.

That year Davenport staged its first river carnival. It was a gorgeous affair which attracted thousands of visitors from afar, afforded infinite pleasure to our home people, and gave Davenport temporarily the sobriquet of "Carnival City." Its weak point was that too much labor and expense were involved in preparing for a one-evening event. St. Paul's Ice Palace, Sioux City's Corn Palace, and Ottumwa's Coal Palace drew visitors during weeks. Our carnival brought visitors for one day only.

That year, accompanied by my family, I spent a month at Martha's Vineyard. America was then in her bicycle era. Her motor car era lay still in the far future. The unsightly bicycle, whose one wheel was six feet in diameter, had already given way to

the modern bike, which, however, was still more of a toy for persons of leisure.

Until I reached Martha's Vineyard I had resisted the temptation to ride a wheel. Here I rode it long enough to contract a broken rib in a fall, and then foreswore its use for all time.

As the 1892 city election approached, I made it known that I would absolutely refuse to accept a third term. Fearing that an effort would be made to persuade me to change my mind, I prepared a petition, addressed to John C. Bills, in which he was asked to consent to run for mayor on the Democratic ticket. This petition I caused to be circulated, and after it had been numerously signed, I caused it to be presented to him by a committee. My ruse was successful. Mr. Bills consented to run, was duly nominated and triumphantly elected. My last official act, before surrendering the gavel, was to sign an ordinance which had been passed that evening, establishing a Board of Public Works as recommended in my second inaugural address. The appointment of its members I left to my successor.

I was greatly relieved when my time once more was my own, and the public no longer had a claim upon it or any portion of it. Having given two years of my time to the public, as county attorney, and two years more as mayor, I felt that I had done my full duty. I gave myself the promise that I would never again accept a public office. This promise, given when I was forty-two, I faithfully kept though repeatedly pressed to break it.

The office of mayor was not without its lighter side. One day an excited old German woman insisted that I should, in my official capacity, accompany her to her home and settle a dispute between her and a neighbor. "Mr. Mayor," she said, "I had my clothes on the line in an attic, which I use jointly with another woman. This woman took down my clothes before they were dry. I want you to settle this matter for me." In her home village in Germany, the "Burgermeister" settled such disputes, and she was heartbroken when told that an American "Burgermeister" did not possess equally extensive powers.

Quite often I had to perform marriages. One of these was performed at my home, at the unearthly hour of two o'clock in the morning. Two young people, accompanied by a party of friends, appeared at my front door at that hour. Opening my bedroom window I asked what they wanted. The groom, holding aloft a marriage license, issued after midnight, answered that he wanted to be married. I declined to do so at that early hour, but finally descended to the lower hall in my bath robe, and there, unable to resist the pleading of the groom, the bride and the bridal party, relented, and in this unconventional costume performed the act. My wife, who looked on from the upper hall, declares that in its performance I employed just fourteen words, and that these were uttered in no amiable tone.

Immediately after relinquishing my office, I went to Washington to appear before a committee of Con-

gress to urge an appropriation for repairs on the bridge leading from Davenport to Government Island.

In May I was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention at Council Bluffs. Before I attended this convention, I could say to my credit, that I had never indulged in a game of cards for a money stake, or played a game of poker. Then I fell from grace. On the train, returning, my fellow delegates invited me to join them in a game of poker. I was persuaded to do so when one of them, an expert poker player, offered to coach me. Under his guidance I quickly lost ten dollars in chips without having won a single one. Evidently poker was not my game, and I retired early.

The other players continued in the game through the night, and next morning, when the train reached Davenport, one of the players, in a witty speech, presented the cards to the player who had won all the cash of the rest.

In June I attended the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. I was present at many conferences between friends of Cleveland and friends of Boies. I was indefatigable in arguing that Mr. Boies should accept second place on the presidential ticket if offered. Senator Thomas F. Bayard, Cleveland's manager, promised that if the Iowa men would let Mr. Boies take second place, the Cleveland supporters would instantly unite upon him for that place. Governor Boies' managers, however, wanted the presidency for him, or nothing.

The New York delegation, headed by Burke Cockran, was anti-Cleveland. At two o'clock in the morning, when the convention had already been in session several days, Burke Cockran rose to launch his memorable attack against Mr. Cleveland. For hours, before Cockran rose, every speaker had been howled down by the audience, which wanted voting to begin. When Cockran rose, a silence, so profound that you could almost hear a pin drop, ensued.

During two full hours Cockran inveighed against Cleveland. His eloquence exceeded that of any speaker I had ever heard. It fairly entranced me, though I disagreed with every word he uttered. Cleveland was nominated, nevertheless, and in time, triumphantly elected.

That year, although Republicans claimed that high protection was benefitting the farmers, and increasing wages, wheat sold in Davenport as low as sixty-five cents a bushel; hogs at $4.25 a hundred pounds; butter at fifteen cents a pound; and eggs at twelve and one-half cents a dozen. Davenport wives meanwhile were advertising for servants, offering a wage of $3.00 a week. That year, for the first time, Main Street was paved from Fourth to Eleventh Street; Harrison Street from Fifth to Twelfth Street, and Brady from Fourth to Eighteenth Street. That year my family and I spent the summer at Asbury Park.

CHAPTER XII

Re-visit Mexico—Rare books—Bought J. M. Parker home—Panic of 1893—Visit Europe 1894—First paintings bought—Visit Colorado—Our Oriental Journey.

IN January, 1893, accompanied by my wife and my son, Arthur, I again visited old Mexico. We went by way of Eagle Pass and Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, and were members of a tourist party as far as Mexico City. At the border, when changing our American money into that of Mexico, we received for two American silver dollars three Mexican ones, each of which contained more silver than the American one. Here was proof of the danger of unlimited silver coinage.

Wherever we went we were looked upon as curiosities, and people pointed at us and called us gringos (Americans). In Mexico City, with other Americans, we called on President Porfirio Diaz by invitation. Mexico never had an abler president, although it was then, as it is still, a republic only in name. Diaz was an autocrat rather than a president of a republic. But Mexico needed an autocrat for a ruler, and Diaz at least was able and honest. His worst fault was that he surrounded himself with advisers who were not. In Puebla I once more at-

tended a bull fight. It was no less brutal than the one I saw in Mexico City in 1886.

At Orizaba we witnessed a sport equal to a bull fight in brutality. At a coffee plantation near the city a rope had been stretched between two trees. From this, live roosters were successively suspended, at some distance from the ground. The contestant for a prize who could leap high enough to grasp the rooster's neck, lift himself from the ground by means of it, and twist off the bird's head, was the winner.

At Oaxaca we came in conflict with a curious Mexican law. From that city we went to Mitla, thirty miles distant, in a coach, drawn by six mules. When we returned to Oaxaca, in the identical coach in which we had departed, a policeman denied us admission, giving as the reason, that vehicles drawn by more than two animals were not permitted on the city's streets. When we entered the city, nevertheless, in our coach drawn by six mules, the officer arrested us and took us before a magistrate in whose office half a hundred other criminals were already waiting to be tried. We had visions of years in prison, if not of being lined up against the wall, looking into the muzzles of guns. The magistrate at once motioned to us to come forward. When informed that we had driven through the streets in a coach drawn by six mules, he smiled, bowed politely and dismissed us with a wave of the hand.

The Oaxaca and Mitla Districts were most interesting. These had but recently been made accessible

to the outside world, and conditions were still most primitive. I counted twenty-eight ox teams, drawing primitive plows, and forty-eight men engaged in planting corn in a twenty-acre field. In Mitla there were interesting prehistoric ruins.

At San Juan Teotihuacan we visited the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon. It is not known when and by what people these were built. They are surrounded by square miles of territory which are covered with debris of buildings, indicating that a vast population once dwelt here. Here one finds innumerable artifacts. Indian boys, under my direction, searched newly plowed fields, and found most of the thousand terra cotta heads included in the Mexican collection which I presented to our Academy of Science.

While in Mexico I acquired the Aztec, Toltec and Zapotec idols, pots and other antiquities now in the Academy. The most interesting of these I secured from natives in territory surrounding Oaxaca. Unable to understand their language, I failed to learn whether these objects had been recovered from mounds, so plentiful in that district, or had been inherited by these natives from remote ancestry.

In Mexico City a dealer from whom I had bought numerous antiquities invited us to a luncheon at his suburban home. We ate from plates bearing the crest of Emperor Maxmillian, which that luckless ruler, during his short reign, had presented to the mother of our host. When Mrs. Ficke praised these rare plates, our host, with characteristic Spanish courtesy, offered her one of them. The gift was, of

course, declined. Had it been accepted, our host, next day probably would have requested its return. Spanish politeness must not be taken too seriously.

In a shed, adjoining our host's home, I was shown a pyramid of books six feet high, covered with the dust of years. It consisted of hundreds of Latin and Spanish volumes, printed in Europe, which once were a part of libraries which our host had purchased in the course of years. I picked up a volume at random. It was a rare Latin Aristotle, printed in 1510, with heavy black movable type. It bore the seal of Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico. Other volumes, which I examined, bore equally early dates. Only a few of these had been printed later than the sixteenth century. The whole lot was offered to me at an absurdly low price. I selected a few volumes including the Aristotle, and let the rest go. Though more than a third of a century has passed since I had the opportunity to acquire these rare books, I still bewail my neglect to acquire the entire collection.

In a village in a region where it never freezes, I saw natives employing a strange and ancient method of making ice. They used leaves of Maguey, or century plant, which had a length of three feet, a width of one foot, and a thickness of an inch or more. On the concave side of these leaves, which are rich in ammonia and trough-shaped, they made many incisions. The trough of these leaves they filled with water in the evening, and by morning this had turned into ice.

Soon after our return from Mexico I bought the J. M. Parker home on Twelfth and Main Streets. I never regretted this purchase. If during these many years I had occupied a less spacious home, I could not have indulged, to my heart's content, in my hobbies of collecting paintings and antiquities.

That year the country again found itself in the throes of a financial panic which bankrupted many individuals, firms and corporations, five hundred banks and one hundred and fifty-six railroads, including the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

Premonitory signs of the approaching financial storm appeared several years in advance. Beginning with 1890, there was steady liquidation, accompanied by rapid shrinkage of values, with serious losses to commercial houses and banks. There had been much railroad building, and much foreign money had been invested in railroad stocks and bonds, and other American securities.

When the Democratic party, ignoring its time honored position on the money question, in state after state, raised the free coinage standard, and Congress, to please the silver men, passed first a law providing for the coinage of two million silver dollars a month, and then another law providing for the purchase monthly of four and one-half million dollars worth of silver bullion, foreign investors took alarm lest their American investments would

be repaid in depreciated money, and unloaded their securities.

The beginning of the end came in May. Bank and other failures came thick and fast all over the country. In June wheat touched the lowest price in Chicago in thirty years. The gold reserve in the United States Treasury almost vanished. In July the New York banks decided to hold on to their cash and to pay depositors only in clearing house certificates. Even this did not disturb the Davenport public, because the Davenport banks were known to be financially sound.

Then the Davenport banks suddenly hurled Davenport into the vortex of the panic. At a meeting of their representatives, a motion that the banks should require sixty days notice of the intention to withdraw deposits, passed over my protest.

I warned that this action would bring an avalanche of notices of withdrawals, and it did. Within three days Davenport savings banks received notices of intention to withdraw funds to an amount aggregating three million dollars. I then had on hand many farm mortgages ready to be turned over to investors. I proposed to the banks that I insert an advertisement, offering to accept checks on any Davenport savings bank, in exchange for any of these mortgages. If a depositor called in response to this advertisement, I would urge him to cancel his notice of withdrawal. If not successful in this, and compelled to sell him mortgages, I would at once take mortgages in an equal amount, from the

bank on which the check taken in payment was drawn. The banks eagerly agreed to this plan. The result was what I had expected. People called with their bank books ready to buy my mortgages. In not a single case did I fail to convince my caller of the financial soundness of the bank in which he was a depositor, or fail to induce him to withdraw his notice. In not a single instance did it become necessary for me to sell a mortgage. The banks simultaneously labored with their depositors who had given notice of withdrawals, and by the end of sixty days enough notices had been withdrawn to enable the banks to meet the demands of all who had legitimate use for their funds.

That year came the Chicago Columbian Exposition. Vast as had been the Philadelphia Centennial, the Columbian far excelled it. Its buildings were dreams of loveliness, but like other dreams, they vanished all too soon. If only these buildings could have been built of materials that would have withstood the tooth of time! My cousin, Dr. Hugo Ficke, and wife, came from Germany to attend the exhibition. My wife and I attended it at intervals, each time remaining long enough to become thoroughly tired out.

When it was time for the Democrats to look for a candidate for the office of state senator, and the city papers announced that I was being seriously considered for this office, I made it known that I would, under no consideration, accept another office.

In the summer of 1894 I was called to Europe to draw a will for a former resident of Davenport now residing in Holstein. I took my family and my sister, Johanna, along, and after completing the task, which called me abroad, with them toured Germany and Switzerland. In the village in Holstein, in which my client resided, I attended a harvest festival like those which, in early days, were staged in Scott County by natives of Holstein. This festival was attended by farmers, with their families, from near and far. The wives and daughters of these farmers came arrayed in garments of silk and satin of latest fashion. I could scarcely believe that I was in a farming community and not in some center of fashion.

However, note the clannishness of these Holstein farmers. In one hall met only farmers who owned the farms which they occupied; in another hall met the farmers who were only tenants. No farmer who was only a tenant, would have ventured into the hall in which were assembled the farmers who owned their farms.

A peculiar custom prevailed in both halls alike. A dance would begin. For a few moments the couples would whirl about. Then the music ceased, and the couples formed in a circle. A toll of a few pfenninge was collected from each couple, and thereupon the dance continued. With each new dance this process was repeated.

It was surprising how ill informed people in Europe were regarding American customs, and how

readily they believed the most absurd stories about American eccentricities. A lady asked me whether it was true that American women, when they entered a street car and found all seats occupied, seated themselves in the lap of the nearest male passenger without even saying "by your permission."

What strongly impressed me in Germany was the absence of isolated farm homes. Its agricultural population resided in villages near the land which it cultivated, and not, as with us, in isolated homes on the land. In such farm villages or hamlets days of labor were succeeded by evenings and Sundays of sociability.

The settlers who opened our agricultural states, committed the monumental blunder of isolating themselves, by locating their homes, on their respective farms, remote from each other, thereby dooming themselves and their successors in the occupancy of these farms to the isolation and loneliness which has been the bane of American farm life.

Had the settlers located their homes near a common center, where corners of four sections met, and at such points created a small common or park, with room for a meeting house or a school house, or for cottages for the help needed on the surrounding farms and for other persons whose services greater or lesser districts might require, our agricultural states would now be dotted with numberless attractive hamlets or rural centers, a wealth of co-operation would have resulted, farm life would have been relieved of much of its intolerable monotony and

loneliness, and many families now doomed to residence in congested cities would have found homes and employment and contentment in the country.

In Europe I purchased the first four of my eventually large collection of paintings. These were bought for my home, and with no thought of making them a part of a public art gallery. The idea of establishing such a gallery had not yet entered my mind.

The year 1894 was another politically stormy one. The tariff issue was again the dominant one, and in the many addresses which I delivered I dealt largely with that issue. The largest and most enthusiastic meeting of the campaign was that of Turner Hall, at which I presided, and at which Governor Boies, Congressman Hayes, and John C. Bills were the other speakers. The hall could not hold all who came.

In February, 1895, I accompanied my wife to Colorado Springs, hoping that mountain air would give her relief from a severe bronchial cough. Within three days after our arrival her cough had entirely disappeared. I decided to ascend Pike's Peak, although the line to its summit had not opened for the season. No tourist, I was told, had ever attempted the ascent as early as March.

Starting from Manitou on horseback, I followed the railway as far as the "Half-Way" House. Here I left my mount and continued on foot. After reaching an altitude of 10,000 feet walking was difficult, and my progress became slow. I had to stop

after each twenty strides to give my tempestuously beating heart a rest. When within a quarter of a mile of the summit, I turned back, lest night should overtake me.

After Colorado Springs we visited Denver, Leadville and Cripple Creek. In Cripple Creek an election was being held, at which women were voting. For women to vote was so interesting an innovation that we visited one of the voting places. Colorado was a pioneer in giving women complete suffrage. Iowa then only alowed them to vote at school elections. I believed woman's suffrage to be right in principle but doubted its practicability. Its practicability still remains in doubt. Men still pull the political ropes, and most women vote like their father, brother, or husband, or son.

Under our hotel, at Leadville, was a saloon which bore the astonishing sign "Y. M. C. A. Saloon." Such a saloon was for me even a greater novelty than an election at which women voted. I sought for an explanation for so incongruous a name for a place where liquor was being sold, and found it. I learned that when this place had been opened the officers of the Y. M. C. A. upbraided the owner for his insult to their association. He apologized with the statement that his sign did not stand for "Young Men's Christian Association Saloon," but for "You May Call Again Saloon."

In the barber shop I saw placards with the inscription "Attend the Prizefight." This was my opportunity to see my first prize fight. "Barber," I

said, "Where is the prizefight to be?" At that a customer in an adjoining chair rose up, and turning to me said, "Sir, you don't look to me like a man who would attend a prizefight." I asked him what he took me to be. He replied, "I take you to be a minister." "No," I said, "it is not as bad as that. I am only a lawyer." However, the prizefight advertised was only a moving picture show, and I am still waiting to attend my first prizefight.

This was not the only time that my supposed ministerial look deceived people. Once when a passenger on a lake steamer which touched at Port Arthur, Canada, all passengers who went ashore, except myself, were closely questioned, and required to sign a statement. I asked why an exemption had been made in my case, and was told that because I wore a white necktie it had been assumed that I was a minister.

In 1895, when it was time to nominate two candidates for the office of state representative, on the Democratic ticket, pressure was brought upon me to become a candidate. The persistence with which it was sought to coax me back into office became monotonous. Having declined to become a candidate for the senatorship the previous year, I certainly would not now think of running for representative. When party leaders refused to take my declination I showed them my tickets for the Oriental tour, on which I and my family expected to start early in January. This convinced them that my declination was final.

I attended the Democratic State Convention, which nominated Judge W. I. Babb for governor. The nominee and I were the speakers at the opening meeting of the campaign at Iowa City. I prepared my address with infinite care. It brought a letter from the secretary of the State Central Committee stating that it was the best speech he had ever read upon the liquor question, and that it would appear in full in every Democratic paper of the state. I received requests to speak, from many parts of the state, all of which I declined. I was not looking for a political career.

In January, 1896, we started on our Oriental tour. Our steamer touched at Funchal on the Madeira Islands. Here the only conveyances were sleds with greased runners, drawn by bullocks. It was a novel experience, to go sledding over streets paved with cobble stones, in June, in a city where snow never fell. Next we had one day at Gibraltar and one day at Algiers. At Villefranche my cousin, Miss Johanna Wedekind, met us and took our two little girls with her to her home in Hanover, Germany, where they remained until she brought them to us at Venice, upon our return from the Orient.

At Villefranche we temporarily left our steamer, went by carriage via Nice and the Corinche Superieur to Monte Carlo, and from there along the Riviera via Mentone and San Remo, to Genoa, where our ship, the Fuerst Bismark, was waiting. It next dropped anchor at Golleta, the seaport for Tunis, near the site of ancient Carthage.

At Golletta, accompanied by a Friar from the convent of the White Fathers, located near this point, we spent a day exploring the site once occupied by ancient Carthage. "Also Carthage, methinks ought utterly to be destroyed." Thus spoke Marcus Cato of this once rival of Rome, and Carthage, once the home of 700,000 people, was so utterly destroyed that even its ruins vanished.

We spent one day at Tunis, and one day at Malta, and on Washington's birthday landed at Alexandria. Our three hundred and fifty passengers, each with one to five pieces of baggage, had more pieces in the aggregate than Egyptian baggagemen could handle in an hour. This baggage had been brought from the ship and piled in the public square. From this inextricable mountain, cursing, shouting, fighting native porters, under direction of their angry tourist employers, were attempting to extract their respective baggage. As the hour for the departure of the Cairo train drew nearer and nearer the confusion and excitement became greater and greater. Finally when the train started, three-fourths of the baggage had been left behind.

The most interesting part of Cairo was the native city, "The Muski." In 1896 one ventured into its narrow and crowded streets only if mounted on a donkey. We had "Marky Twain," "Mrs. Langtry" and "Grover Cleveland." The donkey named Cleveland was so stupid that I objected to his being named after our illustrious American. Its owner promptly renamed him "Prince of Wales."

We visited Memphis and the Pyramids. At the latter a mob of Bedouin guides, helpers, and antiquity venders surrounded us. Arthur and I each employed three of these bandits to assist us in ascending the Pyramid. Half way to its top, a person calling himself "Ze Doctor," without asking my permission, started furiously to rub my legs. This treatment he insisted every tourist must submit to in order to prevent getting stiff legs. His fee for this heroic treatment was one piaster, or five cents.

Upon reaching the summit I wanted to rest, enjoy the view and let pass before my vision the scenes which these world wonders had beheld during the forty-six centuries of their existence. Another Bedouin appeared, who asked me whether I knew "Marky Twain," and whether like "Marky" I would bet him a shilling that he could not run down Cheops and up Cephren Pyramid in ten minutes. Who can maintain good resolutions in such an emergency? Betting in this instance became a virtue. I accepted his bet and paid it in advance to rid myself of his presence, in order that I might in peace enjoy the panorama spread out before me. To the east lay the Nile Valley, green with alfalfa fields and golden with fields of ripening grain. Beyond it lay Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, and still further beyond lay the Arabian Desert. To the east, west, southwest and northwest, as far as the eye reached lay the great Libyan Desert with its stillness of death. I have beheld desert wastes in many countries, including my own, but nowhere saw I a picture of

such utter desolation as that which lay before me as I gazed into the Libyan Desert.

At the Cairo Museum I acquired a mummy and mummy case. This was an amusing diversion. Mummies and mummy cases when found are stored in separate rooms at the museum. In the one in which were kept the cases, I selected the only one for sale, which was covered with hieroglyphics. Attendants brought in mummy after mummy until one was found which exactly filled the case. The deal was then closed and mummy and case started on their long journey to the country which was not discovered until twenty centuries after the case and the mummy were consigned to the tomb.

On our Nile journey we visited Abydos, Assiut, Denderah, Esneh, Komombo, Luxor, Karnak and Philae, and their wonderful temples. While at Luxor, we visited the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and entered several of its ancient tombs.

Our Nile journey took us as far as Assuan. The great dam at that point, through whose later construction a vast reservoir for the storage of Nile water resulted, had not yet even been planned, and Philae, with its beautiful temples, later submerged, could still be seen at its best.

In the fields along the shore of the Nile we saw many natives engaged in harvesting grain. Crouched on the ground in long rows, they grasped the standing grain with one hand and cut it with a sickle held in the other, just as carvings on the ancient temples

show harvesting to have been done forty centuries earlier.

When our steamer lay moored in the shadow of the great temple at Luxor, at the site of ancient Thebes, I sought to picture in my mind's eye Thebes as it must have been in the days of Thothmes and Rameses the Great. I beheld a city lying on both sides of the Nile, covering an area as large as present day Paris. I saw twenty thousand chariots and three times as many foot soldiers emerging from its hundred gates, as Rameses started out on one of his conquests. Of all this glory, only the temples and Avenue of Sphinxes remain. All else has vanished, and fields of grain now cover the site of this ancient city.

Parts of the Temple of Luxor were still filled with the debris of forty centuries. In one of its halls the head of an heroic granite statue of Rameses the Second protruded from the debris. Twenty men with shovels and baskets in two days could have released Rameses from his imprisonment of centuries. I offered to employ this force for this purpose. I wanted Rameses liberated, though he had been an oppressor. I wanted to see the statue which for twenty centuries had been hidden. However, permission to remove the debris could be obtained only in Cairo, and that city was five hundred miles distant.

Near the village of Luxor I heard a descendant of Mohammed address a large gathering of worshippers. Each of these, as he arrived, spread his shawl

on the ground and after removing his shoes remained kneeling on this shawl until the Prophet's descendant arrived. Then the multitude arose, and during half an hour, while being addressed, now bowed low, now knelt, now prostrated itself on the ground, now kissed the ground, now held its hands aloft, and meanwhile, again and again, shouting the name of Allah.

The climax came when the High Priest, having finished, leapt from his seat and started on a wild run, pursued by the entire congregation, each member of which sought to touch his garment, and thereby receive the health and happiness which such touch was supposed to bring him. The High Priest, meanwhile, kept brandishing a wooden sword above his head to keep the multitude at bay.

Long before our steamer reached Esneh I learned of a rumor that valuable papyri had recently been found near that point and were being concealed in that city. Upon reaching Esneh I offered to employ that one of the many dragomen who offered their services, who would guide me to this hidden treasure. The one who declared that he could, I chose, and by him was taken to the shop of a cobbler on the edge of the town, where, after lengthy negotiation, the rare papyri were brought from their hiding place. I bargained long and assiduously for their possession, but no offer that I was willing to make tempted their holder to part with them.

When our steamer was on its return trip the telegraph announced that the British Dongola Expedi-

tion had started up the Nile from Cairo. Thereafter, we daily met steamers laden with troops.

On our arrival at Cairo, war excitement was at its height. Ten thousand natives had been picked up on the streets at random and impressed into the army. Hundreds of wailing women and children were gathered in front of the military barracks looking for husbands, brothers, and fathers. The scenes were heart-rending.

In 1896 there was as yet no railway communication between Egypt and the Holy Land. We went from Port Said to Jaffa by steamer. In the Holy Land we visited all the places of interest in and about Jerusalem and between that city and Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

The streets of Jerusalem were seething with a mixed mass of humanity! Mohammedans, Jews, and Christian pilgrims from all the world countries. Clashes between Mohammedans, and between Christians and Mohammedans were frequent. I saw two Mohammedans who were engaged in a fight, parted by a third, who said to one of them, "Why are you beating this man? He is not a Christian."

During a Mohammedan religious procession, a hillside facing the Garden of Gethsemane was thronged with unveiled women seated on rugs and dressed in immaculate white. With my kodak I went among these and took snap shots of this interesting scene, being unaware that this hillside had been specially reserved for women; that men were excluded from it, and that I was committing a grave

impropriety, and taking a most dangerous chance of this being resented.

The proprietor of our Jerusalem hotel confided to me how bitterly he felt towards a party of fifty Baptists who had been his guests. He had quoted them an especially low rate, hoping to make his profit on wine he expected to sell them. They remained at his hotel ten days, and in that time he said they had not bought a single bottle of his good wine.

During our trip to Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, we were guarded by an armed and mounted Bedouin. Halfway between Jerusalem and Jericho, in the bleakest part of the Judean Wilderness, we overtook a young Episcopal clergyman who had been sent by his bishop to preach the Sunday sermon at Jericho. He was leading a donkey, and was so stiff and sore that he could hardly walk. He begged us to give him a ride, and we did. He invited us to attend the services in the parlor of the hotel next morning. We three constituted his entire congregation. In return for our kindness he inflicted on us a sermon which required an hour in its delivery, and was notable only for its dullness.

On Sunday evening, with others, we entered the parlor of the hotel. It was occupied by two distinguished looking Oriental gentlemen who appeared puzzled and annoyed when we entered. Before long their servants began to prepare sleeping places for them, and they simultaneously began to undress. We made a hasty retreat. The parlor had been con-

verted into a bedroom for these two high Turkish officials.

At Jericho and the Dead Sea there were thousands of storks which presumably were on their northward migration. I saw little choice agricultural country in Palestine, except in the Valley of Sharon. On the other hand I saw everywhere manifestations of hostility on the part of the native Mohammedan population against Jews and Christians alike.

At Jaffa we embarked for Constantinople. On the way thither we had one day at Vathy on the Island of Samos, one day at Beirut, and one at Smyrna. We were at Vathy on Easter Monday. Its people were attired in their picturesque Greek holiday dress, and their wineshops were crowded with merry guests. I found the Samien wine, spoken of even in the Bible, of such excellent quality that I caused several casks of it to be shipped to my home, and during the many years that have elapsed since, my convalescing friends have been beneficiaries of my purchase of this strength giving wine.

We passed through the Dardanelles at night. Its shores on both sides, the entire distance, were bright as day, as a result of being lit by electricity. In Constantinople we visited the St. Sofia Mosque, the Museum, and many other places of interest. From Constantinople we proceeded to Greece. Besides Athens, with its classic ruins and its museum containing Schlieman's rich collection of antiquities found at Mycenae, we visited Eleusis, Megara, Cor-

inth, Nauplia, Mycenae, Argos, Tyrins, Epidaurus and Olympia, and finally sailed from Patras for Brindisi, touching at Corfu on the way. From Brindisi by way of Naples, Rome, Orvieto and Bologna we proceeded to Venice, where our little girls rejoined us. Here a delightful surprise awaited us. The two little American girls whom we had entrusted to Miss Wedekind at Villefranche three months before, and who then spoke no German, were returned to us as two little German girls, who spoke German beautifully. Three months in a German family, in a city where, of all German cities, the purest German is being spoken, had effected this transformation.

After a few days in Venice we devoted a day each to Verona, Brescia, Lake Garda, Botzen and Innsbruck. Then we rested ten days at Hotel Scholastica on the Achensee, and later spent one week at Munich. Still later we visited Nuremberg, Berlin, Baden Baden, Hamburg, Hanover and Freiburg.

Our route took us through Frankfort and Heidelberg. At the Frankfort station news stand I bought a Paris Herald. By the time our train reached Heidelberg I had finished reading it. It contained a report of the proceedings of the Chicago Democratic National Convention which had nominated W. J. Bryan for the presidency, and the platform which this convention had adopted. Its nominee and its platform, with a free silver plank, were so repulsive to me that at Heidelberg I stepped into the telegraph office and cabled my firm that I repudiated both the

nominee and the platform, and that I would support Mr. McKinley, the Republican nominee for the presidency.

During our journey my health was not at its best. I consulted physicians in a number of German cities. No two of these agreed in their diagnosis of my ailment, and none of these diagnosed it correctly. The first doctor whom I consulted, advised me to smoke a cigar after each meal. The next one advised me to desist entirely from smoking. The third advised me to drink beer. The fourth one gave the contrary advice. Each doubtless made his advice conform with his own habits respecting smoking and drinking beer.

Before sailing for home we spent a week in Paris. During my journey I wrote correspondence for two Davenport papers. Later I incorporated my impressions of Egypt in a lecture delivered first under the auspices of the Davenport Academy of Science, and later, in German, under the auspices of the Davenport Turner Society, in Turner Hall, before an audience which filled every seat in that spacious building.

Inasmuch as the Republican press had made the most of my cablegram stating that I would support Mr. McKinley, invitations to speak in various communities began to reach me as early as August. I consented to speak only at meetings at which the discussion would be confined to the money question. My first address was delivered before the "Sound

Money Non Partisan Railway Men's Club" at Cedar Rapids. Later I addressed a similar club at Davenport. Still later I spoke at many meetings at which discussion was restricted to the subject mentioned.

CHAPTER XIII

Contemporary Club founded—Our war with Spain —Our home life—The McKinley Presidential campaign—Buying Oklahoma quail.

N the autumn of that year I became one of the founders of the Davenport Contemporary Club, which had for its purpose the study of contemporary problems. It required its members to read before the club carefully prepared papers on such problems. Two hundred and fifty-eight papers were read before it during the first twenty-five years of its existence. Through the publication of these in pamphlet form, and through their distribution among public libraries this club became known in a wide circle. In a small measure, at least, it became instrumental in shaping public opinion on the problems discussed in its papers. At this writing (1930) only three of its founders remain among the living. These are Dean Hamilton Schuyler, Geo. W. French, and myself.

One of the rules of the club provided that members could be transferred to the "Associate Membership" list after having been active members for ten years. Again and again I asked to be so transferred, only to be refused. Not until I had read my tenth paper, and had given the members a bountiful dinner at the Outing Club on the twenty-fifth anni-

versary of its foundation, did its members allow me to retire from active membership. The following are the titles of the ten papers which I read before the club: Municipalization of Natural Monopolies (1897); Compulsory State Workingmen's Insurance (1898); The Trust Problem; A Proposed Solution (1900); The Immigration Problem (1903); The Disturbed Equilibrium Between Rural and Urban Populations (1905); Prohibition as a Means of Suppressing Intemperance (1908); Our Trade Relations with the Latin-American Republics (1911); The Chinese Republic, its Birth and its Problems (1915); American Relations with the Far East (1918), and The Davenport Contemporary Club (1921).

My interest in the money issue which had caused the split between Bryan and Sound Money Democrats in 1896 did not cease with the defeat of Mr. Bryan. I gave it close attention in 1897 because convinced that it would continue to be a disturbing factor in future political campaigns. I reached the conclusion that the only rational course open to the Gold Democrats of Iowa in the fall state election was again to vote with the Republicans. Sickness, however, prevented my taking an active part in the campaign.

That year the Western Waterways Association held its annual convention in Davenport. I delivered an address entitled "Waterways, Natural and Artificial," in which I told what European countries had done in improving their natural water-

ways and in constructing artificial ones, and what the Mississippi River, if its navigation were improved, and the Hennepin Canal when completed, would do for the western states.

In 1898 came our war with Spain. President McKinley, given a free hand, would have accomplished through negotiations what was achieved by the war: the liberation of Cuba from Spanish rule. On February 15, 1898, the "Maine," one of our large battleships, was blown up in the harbor of Havana with great loss of life. Whether Spain or the Cuban Insurrectionists were responsible for this deed remains unsolved to this day.

The war was now no longer avoidable. Congress and the people joined hands in forcing it upon the President. On April 13, Congress ordered the President to intervene to stop the war in Cuba. Spain thereupon broke off diplomatic relations with us. Thence on events followed each other in rapid succession.

To the President's call for 125,000 volunteers there was an immediate response. The members of Davenport's Company B, of the Iowa National Guards, enlisted to a man. The company immediately proceeded to Des Moines, where the regiment, of which Company B was to become a part, was to assemble. Two weeks later the regiment, on its way to Florida, stopped half an hour in Davenport.

On the day on which the regiment was to pass through Davenport, in the evening, on its way to Chicago, Mrs. Ficke provided herself with a small

mountain of loaves of bread, a number of large cheeses, quantities of butter, and eggs enough to provide each member of the regiment with two. A cracker factory sent boxes of cookies, and a number of others sent doughnuts or other good things to eat. All morning my wife and daughters were busy boiling eggs. In the afternoon Mrs. Ficke invited a number of her friends to assist in filling paper boxes with sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, and other good things that had been provided. After the regiment had been served with supper at the armory at the expense of the city, each member was handed one of the boxes which had been filled at our home, the contents of which were to provide him with a midnight meal or a breakfast. A welcome gift it in fact turned out to be. Without it the boys would have gone without food until noon the next day.

This regiment, though the first to leave Iowa, never reached Cuba. It was kept in Florida to the sorrow of its members, and there suffered serious losses through typhoid fever.

On May first, Dewey's Squadron destroyed the Spanish Fleet at Manila. When the telegram announcing Dewey's victory reached Davenport, its people went wild with joy. Factory whistles united in a concert which lasted an hour; bands paraded the streets; in the evening there was a procession participated in by ten thousand marchers. This was followed by bonfires and a patriotic demonstration on the levee, at which I was one of the speakers.

The Spanish war produced one unforeseen result.

It removed the last vestige of the sectional feeling between the North and the South which had remained since the Civil War. Both sections furnished their quota of volunteers. Southern men and Northern men fought side by side. Men from both sections were appointed to high command, and served their common country loyally.

On July 3, Davenport sustained an irreparable loss through the death of its beloved citizen, D. N. Richardson, writer and world traveler. His book, "A Girdle Around the World," the result of his trip around the world to which he devoted a year, is a classic.

In October, on "Tri-City Day" at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, I was the orator of the day. The invitation to speak reached me but thirty-six hours before I was to speak. Never have I prepared an address on a shorter notice. Mayor Baker, and ex-Mayor Smith, of Davenport, and the mayors of Omaha and Rock Island, were the other speakers.

In 1898, Davenport held its great Sangerfest, which lasted three days. It was attended by thousands from near and far. A special hall had been built for this occasion, and in this, Poddy Ross, Davenport's nightingale, carried off high honors.

In 1899, in response to an invitation, I addressed the Iowa bankers at their state convention in Burlington. My subject was "The Impending Crisis." It was a subject on which I could then speak with impunity, as unreservedly as I did. We were far

enough removed from the panic of 1893, and not near enough to the one which was certain to come, and did come in 1907.

I pointed out that we were in the midst of unparalleled prosperity; that an unwritten law, however, ordained that prosperous periods should be followed by financial storms that would leave in their path the wreckage of the fortunes of those who, disregarding timely danger signals, ventured too far from safe moorings. I stated that between the panics of 1837 and 1857, and between those of 1873 and 1893 twenty years had elapsed; that between those of 1857 and 1873, only sixteen years had elapsed; that some of the factors responsible for previous panics were again appearing; and that unless these were counteracted in time, the interval between the panic of 1893 and the next one would be shorter than any of the previous ones.

Among the factors to which I pointed as threatening to end the existing financial calm and prosperity prematurely, were over-production of high priced manufactured commodities, which would lead to stagnation in trade, closing of factories and unemployment; high protective duties and the trusts and combines which these were breeding; and fear that the country would repudiate its financial pledges. The latter would drive capital out of the country, or into hiding, if free silver Democrats persisted in their free coinage agitation, and in 1900 should again nominate Mr. Bryan for the presidency. I warned against the danger of forgetting, during the

country's prosperity, the lessons learned during the years of adversity.

What added to the impressiveness of my rather lurid address was the fact that it was delivered during a violent storm, when artificial illumination had to be resorted to, and when flashes of lightning and peals of thunder accompanied my every utterance.

The "Northwestern Banker" called my address "The most startling address of the day," and it received nation-wide attention.

After the panic of 1907 had spent its force, bankers who had heard it, assured me that they had heeded to good purpose my warning to keep near "safe moorings."

In 1899 I remained inactive in politics. The Iowa Democratic platform contained the following plank: "We, the Democrats of Iowa, in convention assembled, unqualifiedly and unreservedly endorse the Chicago National Platform in whole and in detail, and we proclaim our loyalty to W. J. Bryan, and favor his nomination in 1900." It followed that I again felt constrained to vote with the Republicans.

However, I declined all invitations to address Republican meetings. It would have been intolerable for me to listen to addresses by others, at such meetings, in which they would laud a high protective tariff in which I did not believe.

Meanwhile as the years passed happiness ruled supreme in our home. I mention first the years spent in our first home. Here, one after another, our children learned their first words, ventured upon

their first steps, and had their first riding lessons on the back or on the knees of their father. Each day, at noon and at night, when I reached home with my mind weighed down with the affairs of my office, the smiling faces of my wife and children welcomed me.

Then there were pictures to be shown and stories to be told. The stories about Thomas and his dog Towser, and how little August had been thrown into his father's mill pond by his older brothers, were always the favorite ones.

When our children were ten, seven and five years, respectively, we moved to our new home which we still occupy. Its many rooms, its large attic, and especially its pantry, with its hoard of cookies, made this home a center of attraction for their many little friends, and we witnessed many joyous gatherings of these. On summer afternoons, toward evening, we would often drive into the country, and enjoy our picnic supper in some shady woods.

Invariably we would receive two invitations for dinner for Sunday; one from the Davison grandparents, and one from Grossmutter Ficke. Not to offend either we alternated our Sundays between them.

The Fourth of July was always celebrated with an afternoon picnic, a picnic supper, and with fireworks in the evening on the Davison lawn. Our Thanksgiving dinner was always eaten at the Davison home.

We celebrated Christmas thrice each year; first,

at Grandmother Ficke's home, next at the Davison home, and finally at our own home. At the first, the festivities began with a bountiful Christmas supper at six o'clock in the evening. Then, following the hallowed German custom, we gathered around the Christmas tree, near which were tables and chairs, with presents and plates with cookies and confectionery for each of Grandmother Ficke's grandchildren.

By nine o'clock the festivities at this place would end, and we would repair to the Davison home. Here friends of the Davison family were present. After the children retired, delicious Christmas egg nogg would be served, the stockings were filled and hung by the chimney, and by midnight all would retire.

Christmas morning, long before daylight, when parents and grandparents were eagerly wishing for additional hours of sleep, the commotion would begin. Bedroom doors would be opened, and the children, fully dressed, would suggest that it was high time for the rest of us to get up and see what St. Nicholas had left for them. The final Christmas celebration at our home consisted of a turkey dinner, to which came my mother and my brothers and sisters and their children.

With the advancing years of our children our home continued to be the scene of many happy gatherings of them and their friends. One after another our children were sent east to complete their education; Arthur to Harvard, and Helene and Alice to the

McGuffy school at Springfield. During their absence our home was all too large for us. After they finished their school and we were reunited it continued to be the scene of many social gatherings of their and our own friends.

When the horse and the horse-drawn pleasure vehicle made way for the gas propelled car, and the "old one-horse shay" for the Ford, Mrs. Ficke and I by slow, often joyful, sometimes agonizing, stages advanced from our horse and buggy to our Lincoln car. During years we clung to the former. Then we added a fine span of horses and stanhope and employed a driver. When we went to parties we hired a carriage at one of the city's many livery barns.

Custom decreed that after the guests had been served at parties the drivers of livery carriages must be permitted to feast on the left overs in the kitchen of the hostess and woe if these were skimpy and insufficient to appease their ravenous midnight appetites.

At a time when there were not ten privately owned closed carriages in the city we acquired an elegant brougham. This purchase created a perplexing problem for me. What would my democratic clients say when they saw me, an equally democratic person, in my carriage driven by a coachman in livery and wearing a high hat. Would they not think that I was putting on airs and desert me? I went through an agonizing struggle before I submitted to the inevitable.

When the automobile craze took possession of the land we vowed that we would never, no never, ride in so outlandish a vehicle. The oncoming tidal wave, however, finally engulfed us with the rest. It swept our buggy, stanhope, brougham, horses, and the high hat of our coachman, into the discard, and presto in their places came various makes of cars with a Lincoln at the end of the line.

In the Spring of 1900 Arthur was graduated from the Davenport High School. He had competed unsuccessfully for the position of Class Poet. In view of the name he later made for himself as a writer of verse, it would be interesting to compare the two poems, upon which his class acted, when it gave its decision in favor of Arthur's competitor. In the autumn of that year, Arthur, then seventeen, entered Harvard University. Soon his poems began to appear regularly in the Harvard Advocate, of which later he was chosen one of the editors.

In 1900, the Republicans renominated President McKinley for the presidency. The Democrats again nominated Mr. Bryan. Many voters, like myself, who had left the Democratic party in 1896 because of that party's position on the coinage question, and who since then had voted with the Republicans, did so again, because the Democratic national platform again pledged the Democratic party to free coinage. Most of the voters who had joined the Sound Money Democratic Party in 1896, and who when that party disbanded, voted with the Republicans at state elections, now also supported the national Republican

ticket. The coinage issue, therefore, was again the paramount one, though the Democrats sought to disguise this fact.

There were, however, other issues of importance on which the Democrats were radically wrong. These were the result of our late war with Spain. The fortunes of this war had placed the Philippines in our hands. We had entered the war confessedly for the purpose of liberating Cuba from oppressive Spanish rule. We liberated the Philippines from that rule as well.

The question now was what to do with these islands. It would have been brutal to return them to Spain; they could not be surrendered to Japan, which coveted them; neither could they be abandoned to their own fate. Their people were not then ready for self-government. It would have been folly to make them an integral part of our Union. The only course open to us was to govern them until their people should prove themselves qualified for self-government, and then give them such self-government under our guidance.

The Democratic party, however, took the position that our constitution followed our flag into these islands, and that these, therefore, had become an integral part of the United States.

In this presidential campaign I delivered only one address, namely, before the "Railway and Commercial Men's Political Club." On no campaign address did I spend more time in research than on this one, and I consider it the ablest political address I ever

delivered. It was published in full in the Davenport Times of October 11, the Republican State Central Committee had it translated into German, and sent as plate to the German papers in the state, and it appeared a second time in the Davenport Times in German translation.

In this address I attacked the Democratic party's position on the Philippine problem. "The Democratic platform," I said, "demands that the constitution shall follow the flag. This dangerous political doctrine is neither new nor is it original with Mr. Bryan. Pro-slavery Democrats invoked its aid fifty years ago to fasten slavery upon newly acquired territory. Mr. Bryan resurrected it for evil purposes. He makes it his ally in an attempt to establish free coinage. We heard of this doctrine at the close of the Mexican War. John C. Calhoun was its father. California and New Mexico had been ceded to us as a result of that war. Mexico had abolished slavery in this territory twenty years before. Under the law of nations the laws of conquered countries retain their force until changed by the conqueror. This territory, free from slavery under the Eagle, would remain equally free under the Stars and Stripes, unless, as contended by the slave power, the constitution with its then slavery attributes followed the flag, and acquired force in the new states without intervention of Congress and the President. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation consigned Calhoun's dangerous doctrine to the grave. Bryan should not rob the grave of its dead. This doctrine

would enable the aggressive soldier or sailor who plants our flag upon foreign soil to plant there also our constitution. Limitless territory and unnumbered millions of unwelcome people would be brought under this constitution without consent. Unlettered savages entitled to equal representation in Congress would become joint makers of the laws which we must obey. It is an insult to the intelligence of the American voters to ask them in all seriousness to accept so dangerous a doctrine. Our constitution does not follow our flag by its own vigor. The power to give it force where floats this flag is wisely reserved to the President and the two houses of Congress. It did not follow Taylor and Scott to Vera Cruz and Chapultepec. It did not extend over the city and the greater part of Mexico when these were temporarily under our flag. It did not follow Roosevelt and Shafter into Cuba, nor Dewey and Otis into the Philippines. It did not follow our flag into China when it was sent there to rescue Conger. It went wherever it was sent by Congress and the President, and it went nowhere else. Our flag went into Louisiana and Florida and into California, Alaska and Hawaii, unaccompanied by the constitution. The constitution followed later, by command of Congress. Our flag went also into Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, but our constitution will not go there unless the President and Congress so decree. Calhoun contended that when a treaty of peace between the United States and another country was ratified, the authority of that

country becomes extinct over the ceded territory, and that of the United States is substituted in its place, carrying with it the constitution with its overriding control over all the laws and institutions of the other country inconsistent with it. If Calhoun was right, our constitution and slavery followed our flag into the territory acquired from Mexico. The South then, as has been said, must have been fighting for its rights and Mr. Bryan, if elected president, should make Southern soldiers, instead of Northern ones, the recipients of pensions. If the planting of our flag upon Spanish territory, which Bryan approved, followed by the cession of such territory through treaty of peace, which Bryan also approved, carried with it our constitution, with overriding control, as Bryan demands it shall, then the millions of barbarians and semi-barbarians of the Philippines are even now full-fledged citizens of the United States. Every Filipino, however steeped in savagery, would irrevocably have a full voice in the control of the affairs of our Republic. Upon whom, if not upon Mr. Bryan, the advocate of inseparability of the flag and the constitution, would fall the responsibility of such a calamity?" My excuse for quoting from my address at this length is that the Philippine problem is likely to trouble the United States for many years to come.

I received many invitations to repeat my address before Republican meetings. All of these I declined for the same reason for which I had refused to ad-

dress other than "non-partisan" meetings during previous campaigns.

That year I was in Oklahoma City on business. Quail were still so plentiful there that they were selling at one dollar a dozen, while in Davenport they were scarce at five times that price. Here was my chance to make my home friends happy. I had a large telescope basket filled with an even hundred quail, and had it sent to my hotel. Then I learned that Oklahoma imposed a fine of five dollars for each bird one attempted to take out of the state, and that the Armour Packing Company had but just been fined five thousand dollars for trying to ship one thousand quail to Chicago. At the hotel I found my basket with quail, but also an officer. Did he suspect what my basket contained, and was he perhaps waiting for me? However, my basket reached the railway station unmolested, but here another officer was on duty. Here also appeared an inquisitive dog, which became deeply interested in the contents of my basket. It walked around it so often and brought its nose in such close contact with it that the officer seemed to become interested in its actions. I was greatly relieved when at last I had my quail safely out of the state. I resolved never again to undertake to provide my friends with quail.

CHAPTER XIV

Revisit Mexico 1901—Purchase many paintings—The 1901 Panic—Purchase Churchill farm—Visit Cuba and Mexico 1902—Revisit Mexico 1903—My mother died.

IN 1901 eight years had elapsed since Mrs. Ficke and I had last visited Mexico. We longed again to visit this interesting country. Then too, my work in the office, for months, had been exciting, and I longed for a rest. Mrs. Wier, Mrs. Ficke's sister, and her husband, came to our home to look after Alice and Helene during our absence. We went by way of New Orleans, San Antonio, Eagle Pass and Torreon. Our train stopped half an hour at Beaumont, Texas, whose newly discovered oil field was attracting investors. While promenading on the station platform we were besieged by an army of agents for oil lands, each of whom urged us "to take a flyer in oil."

We found Mexico City much changed. Native dress was less in evidence, and the city swarmed with American promoters, who in vain sought to interest me in mining ventures, sugar plantations, and oil wells. We again visited Puebla and Oaxaca. In the latter city I drew a draft on my letter of credit for two hundred dollars, for which I received four hundred dollars in Mexican money, which,

however, I had to take in silver dollars, because the bank carried no paper currency. From Oaxaca we again went to Mitla, in the identical coach, drawn by six mules, which got us into trouble on our previous visit.

At Mitla, Professor Saville was excavating a cruciform temple of unknown origin, located on a near spur of the Sierra Madres. He was paying native laborers what was equal to one dollar and twelve cents of our money, in wages, a week. The natives were in such abject poverty that the parents of a beautiful girl of sixteen in all seriousness offered to sell us their daughter for fifteen dollars.

In Mexico City I discovered that that city was a treasure house of old Spanish-Mexican art. In the so-called "Thieves Market" I stumbled onto a painting signed Juan Roderiguez Xuarez, dated 1698, and representing a beautiful Modanna. I bought it for the ridiculously small sum of twenty dollars Mexican, or ten dollars American, money. The Director of the National Art Gallery, to whom I showed it, pronounced it an original of rare merit, by one of Mexico's foremost seventeenth century painters. I learned from him that when the Mexican government, in the nineteenth century, under President Juarez, nationalized many convents and churches, their art treasures had passed into private ownership, and that, if I were to search the city, I would be able to find and acquire many good paintings. I quickly availed myself of this information. I visited pawn shops and antiquity shops. I also instructed

two native Mexicans, who were assisting me in my search for antiquities, to search the city for Old Masters. As a result I acquired nearly half a hundred of these.

In May, 1901, this country found itself in the throes of another financial panic, which in history became known as "The Northern Pacific Panic." This panic resulted from a struggle between the Union Pacific-Harriman interests, and the Hill-Morgan interests for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The stock of this road, within a short time, advanced from one hundred and twelve dollars to one thousand dollars a share. All other stocks simultaneously declined one-half in value. In New York call money rose to sixty per cent. This panic caused tremendous losses to people compelled to part with their stocks. It did little harm beyond this.

That year Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, who visited Davenport to lecture under the auspices of the Tri-City Press Club, was my house guest.

That year I bought the Churchill farm of 280 acres which later played so important a part in the development of the district of which Bettendorf is the center. Soon after I became owner of this farm W. P. Bettendorf, whose steel car works were then located in Davenport, asked me to sell him sixty acres of it, for his plant. Instead of doing so I secured for him, without cost to him, that number of acres near my farm, to which he removed his works.

The erection of his plant greatly changed the Gilberttown district.

Within one year I sold eighty acres of my farm for what the two hundred and eighty acres had cost me. A few years later I sold eighty acres more for seventy-two thousand dollars. I platted additional acreage into lots, and still have one hundred acres of my original purchase left.

It was a deserved compliment to Mr. Bettendorf, inventor and manufacturer, to change the name of the village of Gilberttown to "Bettendorf." Had he not located his factory at this point, Gilberttown would have continued to slumber for another half century. Mr. Bettendorf is rightfully called the "father" of Bettendorf, but am I not entitled to be called its "grandfather"? Had I not acquired the Churchill farm and located the Bettendorf plant near it, the flourishing town of Bettendorf would not appear at its present location on the map of Scott County.

Early in January, 1902, Mrs. Ficke, Alice, and I decided upon a visit to Florida and Cuba. We devoted a few days to St. Augustine, spent two weeks at the "Breakers" at Palm Beach, and a few days at Miami, and then took a boat from Miami to Havana. The boat was a small one. Mrs. Ficke and Alice suffered so intensely from mal de mer, that they declared they would rather end their days in Cuba than go through another similar experience. We found a solution of our problem by taking a large Ward Line steamer to Vera Cruz, and from there

going home by way of Mexico City. This solution appealed to me because it not only gave me a day in Yucatan, but also another opportunity to search for "Old Masters" in Mexico City.

The only part of Cuba that we saw was Havana and its environs, and that part of the island which lay between that city and Matanzas, seventy miles distant. When I reached Cuba I believed its people to be grateful to us, and to bless us for freeing their island from Spanish rule. When I left Cuba I knew that they hated us. The Spanish population did so because we assisted the Cubans in their struggle for liberty. The Cubans hated us because we would not place the government of that island in their hands nor permit them to confiscate the property of their one-time oppressors.

After an ocean voyage of two nights and one day, we reached Progresso on the Peninsula of Yucatan. I visited Merida, the capital of Yucatan, lying two hours distant from Progresso, for a day. From Progresso we continued our journey via Vera Cruz and Mexico City to Davenport.

By the summer of 1902 fifty years had elapsed since the Ficke family of ten members arrived in Iowa. Of these, death, meanwhile, had claimed my sister Henriette (Mrs. C. F. Klenze) on July 22, 1874, my sister Betty (Mrs. Julius Petersen) on March 12, 1888, and my father, as has already been stated, on July 24, 1882. The surviving seven members, some of whom, at times, had been residents of

other localities, were then all residents of Davenport.

In August, 1902, the Davenport Turner Society celebrated its Golden Jubilee. I delivered the Jubilee address. In this I reviewed the history of the local society. I told how large a number of its members had served in the Civil War, and how the first company from Iowa, to report for duty, in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, had been a Davenport company composed almost entirely of members of the Davenport Turner Society. I reminded my auditors that the immigration problem was as weighty a problem as that which led to the Civil War, and that it needed their attention. Between 1840 and 1890 fifteen million immigrants, I said, had reached America. Of these one-third had been Germans, and less than six per cent of the total had been illiterates. During the two years preceding 1902 nearly a million immigrants had arrived from Russia, Italy and countries of southern and eastern Europe, and of these fifty per cent had been illiterates. During this time only fifty thousand immigrants had arrived from Germany. I warned against the danger arising from so large an immigration of illiterates, and urged exclusion of immigrants who resisted Americanization. My views on this question remain as they were in 1902. The Act of Congress of 1924 imposing greater restrictions on immigration was a step in the right direction.

Early in January, 1903, when Alice was in poor health, she and I went to Mexico City in search of

a milder climate. On the train between San Antonio and the Mexican border a pleasant gentleman calling himself "Sells," and claiming to be the owner of Sells' Menagerie, ingratiated himself with Alice by relating to her funny stories about his alleged menagerie. Presently an alleged friend of his joined us. Then a third man, an apparent stranger to the others, appeared and invited the three of us to join him in a game of cards. I refused, but the other two accompanied him to his drawing room. Later one of these returned, and so persistently pled with me to join them that I finally did. After we had played several hands of euchre my partner suddenly remarked, "Oh, if we were only playing poker. I have such a fine poker hand." Instantly our opponents replied, "Very well, let it be poker." And with that my partner offered me his best cards and wanted me to play a "sole hand," whatever that may be, in poker. I now realized that I was among sharpers, and quickly withdrew. What provoked me most was that I should be considered so verdant as to tempt crooks to select me as their victim.

On March 25, 1903, my good mother died at the ripe age of eighty-six years. With her death there closed a noble life. For a number of years she had borne with great patience her misfortune of being confined to her home in her chair because of a broken hip, the result of an unfortunate fall on an icy walk. "Grossmutter Ficke," as all who knew her called her, combined in herself a distinguished look and a commanding presence. Reverend Arthur

Judy, who officiated at her funeral, paid her this eloquent tribute: "She left a comfortable home, where plentiful service gave leisure for the higher ranges of cultivated intercourse, to lay her own hands to the irksome tasks of a small pioneer home. But in all that transplanting there would have been no marks of romance but for the quality of womanhood that played through it. She had deliberately and against the protestation of her astonished friends risked this hard exchange of outward lot that she might open to her children a wider gate of prosperity. It was a genuine, noble, maternal sacrifice; a high hearted flinging off of ease and luxury that remote benefit might accrue to her descendants. And as the children, the grandchildren and the great grandchildren shall dwell upon that far visioned act of heroism, they will be strangely insensible if it does not arouse their profoundest gratitude and quicken in them the powers of noble and daring self surrender. The annals of our country bear few things that outweigh it. The spirit of Betty Ficke would not be subdued by the hard and irksome tasks; she would not sink to a dull, spiritless, housemaid's level, even though she must needs do a laborious part. She kept her spirit, she did not forget she was a lady, she clung to her culture, and there amid the rough habits of the frontier reared an oasis of refinement and enlightenment. The people came from far away to hear her play the only piano to be heard for miles around. She would have a wealth of flowers in her garden and her house. Sunday

afternoons, when the table was spread for coffee under the trees, the choicer German neighbors came together for the cheer of that pioneer home; for the warmth of heart it shed abroad, the culture it breathed, the quickening mind which it conferred."

To the end of my days I shall bear testimony that what I am I owe to my noble mother and to the strong character of my father, and to the sacrifices they made when they exchanged a life of comfort in Germany for the hardships of pioneer life in America to give their children greater opportunities.

In the summer of 1903, with my family, I spent six weeks on Mackinac Island in the Henry F. Petersen cottage which I had taken for the season. Friends of our children were our guests much of the time. We enjoyed walks, drives and picnics in the woods, and boat rides and fishing.

In the spring of 1904 Arthur was graduated from Harvard. I attended the graduation exercises at which Arthur, as poet of his class, read his class poem. Unfortunately Alice was not well and Mrs. Ficke could therefore not accompany me. During the graduation exercises President Eliot, who occupied a seat in the row in front of me, turned to me, after Arthur had read his poem, and complimented me upon Arthur's poem. He added that it was really too fine an effort for such an occasion.

That year, after having been in disagreement with the Democratic Party since 1896, I once more found myself in agreement with it. It had at last realized

its past blunders, and had nominated Judge Alton B. Parker, representing the conservative, or sound money branch of the party, for the presidency. There was no longer reason to withhold my support. I took no active part in the campaign, however, because by the time it opened I was already in Japan on my trip around the world.

During the summer I attended the St. Louis International Exposition.

CHAPTER XV

Our first world tour—Japan—Russo-Japanese War —Impressions of Japan — China — The Malay Peninsula.

THE following description, of our first trip around the world, is based on notes made in my journal during the journey, on letters written home, and on recollections which my memory retained. My wife and my son, Arthur, and my daughters, Alice and Helene, made up our party. Arthur was then nearly twenty-one, Alice nearly eighteen and Helen nearly sixteen. Arthur had finished Harvard, and Alice and Helen had finished the Davenport High School. They had reached an age at which travel would be of the greatest benefit. Furthermore, my wife and I were still at an age when we could get the most out of travel, and when we could safely undertake a strenuous trip around the world. She was then forty-four and I fifty-four.

The idea of encircling the world was one of slow growth. Little information was obtainable regarding the countries we would visit. Tourist agencies were not yet routing parties around the world in specially chartered ships which would make the trip in three or four months. Furthermore, before our plans had matured, the Russo-Japanese war had be-

gun, and it was not until I had cabled to a friend in Japan and received from him an assuring answer, that we finally decided to go.

Our journey began with our departure from Davenport on August 24, 1904, and ended with our arrival in Davenport, on June 2, 1905, after an absence of nine and one-third months.

When I applied at a Davenport railway ticket office for five tickets to San Francisco, I was given my choice between one way tickets to that city at fifty-five dollars each, and tickets to that point and back to Davenport at fifty dollars each. To this day I have not fathomed the logic of selling round trip tickets for five dollars less than tickets entitling to passage one way only.

We sailed from San Francisco on the good ship "Manchuria," on August 30. It carried a full list of passengers, of which thirty were missionaries. Captain Saunders, its commander, was a great wag. He enjoyed playing jokes on missionaries. It is the rule for ships crossing the Pacific, on their westward passage, to drop a day from the calendar when they cross the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude. The "Manchuria" was approaching this meridian on a Saturday. The missionaries planned an elaborate religious program for Sunday. When they appeared on deck on the morning of the day, which they supposed to be Sunday, they beheld a placard which bore the inscription: "Yesterday was Saturday, today is Monday."

Our ship stopped only one day at Honolulu. The

day before reaching Yokohama we found ourselves in the tail end of a typhoon. If a tail end of a typhoon can create mountains of water like those which we encountered, I prefer not to be caught in the center of one.

We landed at Yokohama eighteen days after our departure from San Franicsco. We were met at the dock by Colonel McIvor and his daughter, and by Takenuchie, the guide, whom Colonel McIvor had engaged for us. Colonel McIvor had been Consul General of the United States in Japan under President Cleveland, and was then engaged in the practice of law in Yokohama.

Our first day in Japan was an unforgettable one. We believed ourselves to be in Fairy Land. As we rode from the wharf to our hotel in two-wheeled vehicles, called "rickshaws," drawn by coolies, we felt as if we were actors in a vaudeville show.

In the beginning, we made our headquarters at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. From there we went on side trips in "rickshaws" to Kamakura and other points within easy reach. In all Japan there was then, so far as known, but one carriage. In Kyoto we rode in this one carriage from the railway station to the hotel.

The endurance of our "rickshaws" coolies was marvelous. We would make twenty-five to thirty mile trips across country and at night these coolies were as little fatigued as at the hour of starting in the morning. Every two or three hours, however, they would stop at some tea house and regale them-

selves with tea and rice. For their strenuous work they received one yen, valued at fifty cents, a day.

After ten days in Yokohama, we visited Tokio, and then Nikko. Tokio was a city of one and one-half million people. Its vastness was as appalling as that of London.

In Tokio, Mr. Majima, of the Mitsu Banking House, who had been our fellow passenger on the "Manchuria," gave us a dinner at the Maple Club. This dinner was as trying as it was elaborate. The guests were fourteen in number. All were Japanese except the five of us, and an American woman. Among the guests was the Japanese Secretary of Agriculture.

Upon arriving at the Club, we were handed slippers in exchange for our shoes. The banquet hall contained neither tables nor chairs. We were given seats on mats on the floor. We were given neither knives, forks, or spoons, but only chop sticks. During the dinner each gentleman in turn moved around, to all the other guests, and drank sake from their respective cups, while they in turn drank sake from his cup. Between the courses there were songs and dances by Geisha girls. The dinner lasted three hours. When it was over, we who were not accustomed to dinners lasting three hours, during which one had to sit on the floor, were almost physical wrecks. When we retired, each of us was presented with a box, said to contain the food we had failed to eat, during the banquet. These boxes, however, contained Japanese confectionery.

Niko, our next goal, possesses many wonderful temples. In one of these Budhist priests arranged a service for our special benefit. The ceremony was weird and impressive.

Later, in the equally holy city of Ise, Shinto priests, in their temple, arranged another religious service for our special benefit, which was even more impressive than that in the Budhist temple at Nikko.

In order that the public may know who contributes to the support of temples in Japan, the names of all contributors, and the amount of their respective gifts, are inscribed in bold letters on wooden tablets, which are posted on billboards near the temples. At one temple I saw a billboard eighteen feet high and three hundred feet in length which was entirely covered with such tablets.

From Nikko we went on side trips to beautiful Lake Chuzenji, in the mountains, and to Yamota beyond. After returning to Yokohama we turned our faces westward. In succession we visited Schidzuoka, Nagoya, Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe and other points between Yokohama and Nagasaki. We devoted a week to Mianoshita, Japan's most noted mountain resort. From here, in sedan chairs, with four men to each chair, we were carried over the mountain to Lake Hakone and the village of Hakone. Here were quartered six hundred soldiers, suffering from "beriberi," a sickness resembling dropsy, resulting from a long continued rice diet.

Part of our journey was in "rickshaws" over the

ancient "Tokaido." We created a sensation wherever we appeared. In the villages they knew of our approach, long before our arrival. People were lined up in front of their homes waiting for us. Schools had been dismissed, and the children were waiting, in open ranks, between which we were expected to pass. Sometimes as many as half a hundred children followed us as much as a mile.

In the larger towns, at hotels which catered to foreigners, we were usually the only non-Japanese guests. The war caused travelers to shun Japan. The native hotels in the smaller towns were models of neatness and cleanliness. The floors of these were covered with soft mats, upon which only those were permitted to tread who were in their stocking feet or wore felt slippers. These hotels were without chairs, tables, knives, forks, spoons, beds, mattresses, sheets and pillows. We had to squat on the floor, and were served with our meals while seated on the floor in our own room. We slept on the floor on and under soft silk quilts, which, however, were far too short for a person of my height.

On Miyajima Island we were lodged in an inn, which had neither walls, doors, nor windows. During the day it was a mere skeleton or frame. In the evening this frame was converted into a real house by means of wooden shutters or slides. When guests were ready to retire, the wooden slides were brought from their hiding place and used to enclose the skeleton or frame for the night. The interior

was partitioned into as many rooms as were required, by means of paper slides.

We frequently attended theatres. All Japanese theatres are without seats. Railings not over a foot in height divide the parquet and the gallery floor into squares large enough for two persons. Each of such squares was occupied by two persons, and contained an "Hibachi" or small charcoal brazier over which the occupants warmed their hands. Japanese plays usually lasted seven hours. During this time persons in the audience were continually eating rice and fish and drinking tea. The men were also incessantly smoking their small brass pipes, and the women, from time to time, produced their mirror, paint brush and paint, and painted their faces.

In Osaka one day the five of us were walking down "Theatre Street." For blocks we were followed by at least two hundred natives. To relieve us of this mob, I commanded my family to turn suddenly and walk in the opposite direction. My ruse failed. The natives simply opened ranks, allowed us to pass through, and again followed us as before.

We were in Japan during the most critical days of the Russo-Japanese War. Everywhere soldiers were in evidence. America's sympathy for Japan, in this war, secured for us a hearty welcome wherever we went. War excitement was at its height. In the cities criers were daily racing down the streets offering "Extras" announcing new victories. We were at Mianoshita when the memorable battle

around Mukden was fought and won by the Japanese. Many years later I walked over the field on which this battle was fought.

As we progressed westward, we met many trainloads of wounded. The hospitals, a number of which we visited, were filled with thousands of these. On the sacred Island of Miyajima in the Inland Sea, we visited a Shinto temple, called the "Temple of Rice Ladles." Here we saw hundreds of soldiers, who, preparatory to departing for the war front, were depositing rice ladles, upon which they had inscribed their names and prayers to their gods, asking that they be granted victory and safe return. Many thousand such ladles were fastened to the temple walls and pillars, or piled up upon the floor like cordwood.

Those, only, who have seen Japanese soldiers in the making, in the hamlets and villages, during this war, can understand why these soldiers are so efficient, and prefer death to surrender, and why the Japanese armies were victorious in every battle with the Russians.

Every male Japanese between seventeen and forty, belongs to the national army. The ranks of that army are filled by conscriptions. The conscript, when called to the colors, becomes a local hero. He is envied and feted. While he himself is making a pilgrimage to the nearest shrine, to pray for victory and safe return, the population of his hamlet or village is preparing for the day of his departure. On that day every house, however humble, is bedecked

with the national colors. Music and shouts of "Banzai" will fill the air. The entire population will escort him to the limits of the village and bid him farewell. The eyes of his village people henceforth are upon him. His family takes pride in him. He knows himself to have but one alternative: to return victorious or die in battle. To retreat, except under orders of superiors, or to surrender to the enemy, would mean social ostracism for himself, and his relations. Even his relations would disown him. Every battle field, I was told, furnishes evidence of this power of public opinion. Wounded soldiers, to prevent being made prisoners, frequently take their own lives.

One may call this fanaticism, and it is, but it is this fanaticism which makes the Japanese soldier the great fighter that he is.

In Japan, we met with many novel experiences, and discovered many Japanese peculiarities. The fronts of Japanese shops are kept wide open during business hours, even in winter. The floors of these shops rise two feet above the level of the street. Upon these raised floors, around a small, brass fire box, filled with glowing charcoal, are seated the shopkeeper with his clerks, smoking incessantly while waiting for customers. When we visited shops, we seated ourselves upon these raised platforms with our feet resting on the sidewalk. We were quickly surrounded by curious crowds, which sometimes reached such proportions that traffic was stopped, and the police had to open a path. Shopkeepers dis-

play none of their goods in the shop. We had to ask for what we wanted, and it was brought in from another room. Before being shown the articles asked for we would be served with tea. To decline this hospitality would have been a discourtesy. The number of shops we were able to visit in a day, therefore, was limited to the number of cups of tea we were able to imbibe.

Japan is a country of windowless homes. Not one house in a hundred boasted of a windowpane. Transparent paper was being employed as a substitute for glass. Natives were so little familiar with transparent glass that the panes in the windows of third class railway cars had wide white bands painted across to warn people against running their heads through them.

Japan is also a country of unheated homes. With the exception of houses occupied by foreigners, we found none which had a chimney or stove, or a fireplace. The Japanese live in unheated houses even during the coldest winter months. The only heat one finds in a Japanese home is that which comes from a small charcoal burner on which the rice is being cooked or the water for the tea is being boiled. This denial of comfort which the Japanese impose upon themselves is the result of custom.

The poorer Japanese are unable to supply themselves with fuel because it is too expensive. Although there is plenty of timber in the mountains there is lack of beasts of burden to transport it to the cities. Transportation is carried on on the backs of

coolies or on two-wheeled hand carts drawn by coolies. Inasmuch as the poor are unable to heat their houses for the reason stated, the rich are so considerate as to allow their houses to go unheated also.

In Japan we were never annoyed by a beggar, importuned by a shopkeeper to buy his wares, or treated with incivility. We never heard an angry word spoken by a native. Persons whom we call tramps, who go about the country begging for food and lodging, were unknown in Japan. In Japan the family, and not the individual, is the unit of society. No member of such unit is allowed to go hungry or homeless while any other member has a crust to divide with him, or a roof to shelter him. None are too poor to help such of their kin who are poorer than themselves. Public charity is as seldom bestowed as it is sought. I became convinced that Japan could teach us western people a lesson in helping our needy neighbors.

In some of the villages we saw women who had blackened their teeth with a mixture of iron filings and gall nuts. It gave them the appearance of veritable hags. This antiquated custom is employed by married women to distinguish them from single ones.

In Japanese markets we saw tubs full of pickled grasshoppers, and piles of dried devil fish. In Osaka, near the temple, there were natives with caged birds. In return for a few copper coins a bird would be released. The person who purchased such release

thereby was supposed to be granted a long life by the gods.

Japan practices intensive farming. Practically every available foot of ground is made to produce crops to support a population which, in number, is out of proportion to Japan's productive area. Even the steepest hillsides are terraced to provide additional acreage.

Japan's industry in 1904 was still a house industry. The factory system was still in its earliest beginning. There was then hardly a factory outside of Kobe in which there was mass production. Those who know Japan as it is today can hardly imagine how attractive and restful Japanese cities were in 1904, when as yet there was not a single factory smoke stack, and rarely an ordinary chimney to mar their beauty or to vitiate their atmosphere with its smoke.

Every Japanese village still had an industry of its own. One village specialized in the manufacture of baskets; other villages in the manufacture of fans or umbrellas or the one hundred and one other articles for which there was demand. In the cities also there was much specialization. On one street all the shops would sell one class of articles. In another street all the shops would sell another class. In Osaka there were scores of shops, all on one street, which sold only "sweet roots" for making licorice.

Along the "Tokaido" the villages were so close together that it was difficult to determine where one

ended and another began. Back of the homes, which faced the highway, lay the land on which the villagers carried on agriculture in addition to the industries in their homes.

Nowhere saw we children employed either in fields, homes, or shops. They devoted their time to school work or play. Everywhere, however, the elder girls of the family were acting the part of little mothers for their younger brothers and sisters. It was a pleasure to behold the lovely relationships which existed between parents and children.

The Japanese live almost entirely on rice and fish. They eat from bowls with chop sticks. They write with a brush, and not like us, with a pen. Their carpenters draw their saws toward them instead of pushing them away from them as we do. The few horses which are to be found in Japan are not driven but led. In 1904 Japan still denied to foreigners the right to hold real estate.

I found Japan to be a collector's paradise. Artistic wood sculptures, representing Buddhas and other Japanese deities, which had once occupied places in temples, rare old lacquer, ancient armor, weapons and other interesting objects were then still plentiful. I made the best of my opportunity to acquire these, and sent home twelve large cases filled with my acquisitions.

On December 13, 1904, after having devoted three months less five days to Japan, we sailed from Nagasaki for China.

Twenty-four hours later the coast of China ap-

peared in view. When still far out in the Eastern sea, we suddenly passed from clear blue waters into yellow waters, laden with mud from the Yangste. The line between these was as sharply drawn as is that where the Missouri and the Yellowstone, or the White and Blue Nile meet.

The three days given us in Shanghai were mostly spent in the "City," the native part of Shanghai. The "City" is surrounded by a high wall, whose gates are closed nightly at nine o'clock. Its streets are too narrow to permit the use of vehicles, and we were carried in sedan chairs, or walked. At one point a street vendor was selling strings of "real" baroc pearls, which were rank immitations. At another place they were selling "real" jade bracelets, made entirely of glass. A money changer gave us eighty large copper "cash" for a small silver coin in value equal to five cents of our money. In a restaurant pumpkin seeds roasted in lard were among the delicacies served. At the Astor House we were regaled with bird's nest soup. In the International Concession wheelbarrows, with places for four passengers, placed back to back, were in use and found many patrons.

It required two days and two nights to go from Shanghai to Hongkong. We arrived in Hongkong early enough for me to take a night boat to Canton, where I arrived early next morning. Of all the cities I ever visited none was more interesting than Canton. It contained three and one-half mil-

lion people, and half of these lived on sampans, moored in the river, in front of the city.

From seven o'clock in the morning until night, I was carried about the city in a Sedan chair by three men. I saw few streets in which I could not touch the buildings, on both sides, at the same time, if I stretched out my arms full length. I saw not a single street that was ten feet in width. I was shown the prison. In its anteroom, its keeper allowed prisoners, chained together, to enjoy their opium pipes. The City Executioner importuned me to purchase his long executioner's sword, which he had used many times in decapitating criminals. He offered to throw in a photograph, in which he appeared, holding this sword aloft, and in which he was shown surrounded by the bodies and heads of six criminals he had decapitated just before the photograph was taken. After spending another day in Hongkong, we continued our journey to Singapore.

One day, after leaving Hongkong, we encountered warm weather and had to exchange our heavy w i n t e r clothes for lightest summer ones. These we continued to wear through December and January and until we reached Northern India. We took one of the two days, given us for Singapore, for a trip to the capital of the Sultan of Johore.

One of our fellow passengers, His Royal Highness, Prinz Aziz Hassan, a Mohammedan and a cousin of the Khedive of Egypt, who spoke both German and English fluently, told me this amusing

story: A missionary, in an attempt to convert him to Christianity had assured him that all his friends and relations, if they remained Mohammedans, were doomed to descend into Hell, while he, if he became a Christian, would have a place in Heaven among the Christians. The Prince said he answered that he would rather be with his friends in Hell, than be separated from them and look down upon them from his place among the Christians in Heaven.

The journey from Singapore to Penang, through the Indian Ocean, required a day and a night. In Penang I spent a day in court. Among the cases tried was one in which the defendant was accused of the theft of a rooster. The rooster was brought into court and remained tied to the judge's desk, while the trial was in progress.

CHAPTER XVI

Rangoon — India — Calcutta — Darjeeling — Benares — The Caste System — Agra — Delhi — Madras.

N New Year's Day, 1905, we left Penang for Rangoon. Our boat dropped anchor at the mouth of the Irrawaddi at nine o'clock in the morning. It was late in the afternoon before we reached Rangoon. In Rangoon we visited the wonderful Pagodas, the markets with their busy life, and the McGregor Teakwood saw mill where trained elephants transported logs and piled lumber with their trunks. In Burma we saw many turkey farms. On one of these there were thousands of turkeys. On the way to Pegu there constantly appeared, what seemed to be bodies of water in the distance. However, as the train approached these they proved to be only mirages. I saw numberless long-horned hump-backed water buffaloes, on the hump of most of which perched a bird, making a meal on the flies with which the buffalo was covered.

From Rangoon we went by steamer to Calcutta. After three days on the Bay of Bengal, we entered the mouth of the Hoogley River, one of the outlets of the Ganges. Upon this stream, one hundred miles from the sea, lies Calcutta.

When I entered India I believed that country to possess vast areas of impenetrable jungles. India was to me a land of myth, romance, and fable; a land of confused history, of motley races, and complex religions; a land of Oriental splendor and riches. In my mind's eye I saw myriads of strange but gay people in silks and satins and brocades of silver and gold. I thought of India only in the superlative. As often, however, as I sought to master India's history or gain an insight into its government, or try to understand its religious and caste systems, I met with dismal failure. In fact when I landed in India, my mind was as much of a blank regarding that country as a boy's slate with yesterday's unremembered lesson erased.

A sojourn of two months in India sufficed to shatter the myths regarding that country in which I had once believed. I had read Kipling, and also statistics of the number of persons annually killed by wild beasts. I supposed India's jungles to be the home of wild elephants and ferocious tigers. I traveled through India from Calcutta to the gates of the Punjab, from Bombay to the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, and from the Himalayas to India's southernmost point, and saw more than four thousand miles of it from the car window, and yet I failed to discover even an excuse for a jungle, if by jungle is meant dense, impenetrable forests, brushwood or rank vegetation, such as abound in the Malay peninsula. Nowhere except in the foothills of the Himalayas saw I thickets sufficiently

dense to shelter crouching tigers, much less wild elephants. The jungles of India must lie remote from the route which we traveled.

I found much of Northern India a dry, treeless, barren country closely resembling our southwestern states. Nor did I find India to be a country of limitless riches and regal splendors. Filth, rags, squalor, and misery ruled supreme in the India I saw. In Burma we had parted from an industrious, contented, gaily-clad and merry people of Buddhist faith, who reject seclusion of women and abhor the accursed system of caste. Here in the land of Brahmanism we found ourselves in the vortex of idleness, indolence, poverty, priest rule, superstition, caste rule, and uncleanliness.

Calcutta was disappointing. Its pretentious things were foreign and familiar, and what was native was shabby and repulsive. In Japan and China shops were filled with articles of native manufacture, which were beautiful and interesting; in Calcutta they were filled with articles of British manufacture which bore the labels of Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and Sheffield.

If Calcutta's pretentious government buildings, railway stations, palaces of millionaires, business blocks owned by Englishmen, and beautiful streets in the English Quarter could be accepted as indicative of the prosperity and conditions of the people of India, then one could envy them. But to judge India's city population properly, one must visit the native residential districts. In Calcutta the condi-

tions in these were appalling. A million people were herded together so closely and in such miserable and unsanitary quarters that the slums of American cities in comparison were examples of comfort and cleanliness.

I saw miles of streets, with open death-dealing sewers, along which were the dilapidated homes of the natives. In these homes people slept on mud floors, without bedding. The natives dressed in filthy cotton rags, and sustained life on the scant food which their small earnings of a few cents a day permitted them to buy.

India provided many surprises. Even the best of its hotels furnished no bedding for guests. Only a bedstead and a mattress and nothing more. Sheets, pillows, quilts, and blankets for the five of us we had to provide ourselves. In all India we found but two hotels which had a bath tub. In all others a large barrel, which one had to get filled at his own expense, and a large, long-handled dipper, with which to throw water over oneself, were the only bathing facilities furnished.

Travelers had to bring their own servants or go without. Their wants would not be supplied and their room would go uncared for. There were no first class cars or sleeping cars on Indian railways. The so-called first class cars were inferior to the cabooses attached to American stock trains. Yet these railways are mostly owned and operated by British capital.

The cars were divided into two compartments, in

each of which were seats for four persons. Passengers had to sit with their backs against the outside of the car.

Our journey through Greater India was preceded by a trip to Darjeeling to obtain a view of the world's most stupendous mountain chain which forms India's northern boundary for a distance of fifteen hundred miles,—The Himalayas. This town lies two hundred and fifty miles north of Calcutta, in the foothills of that range.

The panorama from Darjeeling is one of surpassing grandeur. From a point near this city we saw Kinchenjunga, the world's second highest mountain, with an altitude of twenty-eight thousand feet. We saw eight other mountain peaks, six of which exceed Pike's Peak and Mt. Ranier in height by more than ten thousand feet. I have crossed the Andes, the Cordilleras, and the American and Canadian Rockies, and have seen the highest peaks of these mountain chains, but none of these compare in grandeur with the Himalayas as seen from Darjeeling.

I confess with sorrow, however, that although we came to Darjeeling to view Mt. Everest, the world's highest mountain, we had to depart without having seen it. Its summit remained wrapped in clouds during our stay.

Darjeeling lies at a point near which the Indian mountain states of Bhutan, Sikhim and Nepal meet. On a Sunday we visited its market. From the mountain districts come the quaintly clad natives with

their products. What added to the interest of this market was the circumstance that the expedition which Colonel Younghusband had led into Thibet to the Forbidden City of Lhassa had but just returned to Darjeeling. Its members had brought many interesting objects, supposedly loot, which were being offered for sale. Here I acquired the Thibetan collection now in the Davenport Museum.

In Darjeeling I suffered from a severe cold. A British army surgeon gave me a prescription which I am here passing along. He advised me to place hot water, sugar and good brandy in plenty on a table by the side of my bed. Next to take off my boots, and put one of them on the bed post. Then I was to retire, mix the three ingredients on the table, and drink of the mixture until my one boot on the one bed post had become two boots.

From Darjeeling we returned to Calcutta, from where we started on our greater tour through India. The railway company placed a car at our exclusive disposal. We had to carry our own bedding, and "Solomon," our servant, occupied the compartment at the end of the car reserved for servants.

Our first stop was at Benares, on the Ganges, credited with having two thousand temples and shrines, twenty-five thousand priests and holy men, and idols in such abundance that their number could not be estimated. It is also credited with having a resident population of a quarter of a million, and a floating population whose number could not be estimated.

In Benares we realized what a vulgar religion Brahmanism, as practiced in India, is; what repulsive ceremony it requires of its devotees, and to what depth of ignorance, fanaticism and superstition it has reduced its followers. What Mecca is to the Mohammedans, and Jerusalem to the Christian world, that is Benares to the Hindus. It is their Holy City. To this city annually come thousands of devout Hindus to cleanse themselves of sin, or to regain health by bathing in the sacred Ganges within the city limits.

To this city annually also come thousands to die. To die within its limits, or within fifty miles of Benares, is supposed to open the gates to the Hindu paradise, not only to believers in Brahmanism, but to all others. In the streets of the city, by the country roadside, and along the banks of the Ganges we saw many incurably sick, who had come from distant parts of the empire in anticipation of early death.

In a marble temple, with gilded dome and carvings of exquisite beauty, kept in an unspeakably filthy condition, we saw a herd of sacred cows before which multitudes daily prostrated themselves in prayer. We saw poverty stricken, half starved worshippers spend their last copper coins for wreaths of flowers and measures of grain for these pampered animals.

In another exquisite temple, with floors of black and white marble, additional multitudes were daily worshipping sacred monkeys, of which the temple contained hundreds.

Near the palace of the Maharajah of Scindia there was a sacred pool filled with foul, scum-covered water, in which multitudes bathed the year round to be cleansed of their sins.

Among the wonders of Benares are the magnificent stairs which for a distance of three miles line the left bank of the river. These broad flights of stone steps, called "Ghats," rise from the edge of the water to a forest of palaces and temples above. Viewed from the stream these Ghats present an imposing picture. Rome must have looked thus in the days of its glory under the Caesars.

Seated on the roof of a houseboat, we were rowed slowly up and down the sacred stream, past these Ghats. Along the entire distance rickety bamboo piers extended from their lower steps into the stream. On each of these piers, seated under a large umbrella, was a Brahman who possessed a valued vested right, descended to him through generations, to teach, to supervise the bathing ceremonies, to seal and stamp bottles of Ganges water, to paint caste or frontal marks on the brows of pilgrims, to certify to the number of baths taken in the Ganges, or to a multitude of other acts.

Hundreds of sacred cows mingled with the crowd at the Ghats. Everywhere were "Holy" men, those most hideous of all ascetics of India, who go about almost nude, and cover their face, hair and body with dirt and ashes. They have raised begging to a profession. Multitudes of bathers of all ages and both sexes, drawn to the Holy City from all parts

of India, crowd the lower steps of the Ghats, the piers, and the craft moored to these. Shivering with cold, these bathers repeated their prayers again and again, while immersing themselves, and with a loyalty worthy of a better cause, went through the minute details of a carefully prescribed ceremonial or ritual, while bathing. None of the bathers used soap, which is on the proscribed list, among the Hindus.

Hindus as a rule cremate their dead. To this rule there are many exceptions. In many instances, although this is against the law, the dead are sent to Paradise by the Ganges route. The bathers at one of the Ghats were not at all disturbed when a body drifted in among them. At one of the Ghats a bridal party, headed by a band arrived, and proceeded out upon the pier. A complicated marriage ceremony followed. The couple partook of food out of a common dish. Food was cast into the ganges as an offering to the gods. Amid strains of music, by a band which accompanied the couple in another canoe, it was rowed out into mid-stream in a canoe, from which as it proceeded, was spun out a rope of flowers, the one end of which was linked to the shore. In midstream the rope of flowers was cut and cast adrift, and after further offerings of food to the gods, the marriage ceremony was over. Here at last had been one pleasing episode among the many vulgar scenes.

At another Ghat a Rajah, either dead or dying, lying on a mattress covered with silk quilts, was

being borne to the water's edge. Here the mattress was pushed out into the stream far enough to allow the waves to lap the feet of the Rajah. Two hours later, when we again passed this Ghat the Rajah had been taken to the burning Ghat and the bedding was being dried in the sun. At one place a holy man, who noticed our approach, hastened to place himself on a couch consisting of a long board, in which were fastened hundreds of spikes with points turned upward.

At the burning Ghat a gruesome spectacle awaited us. Here thirteen funeral pyres were in view. Eight of these had already been lit, and were sending their smoke heavenward. The remaining five were lighted while we were looking on. There was much delay in lighting one of these. The low cast Hindu, who possessed the lucrative monopoly of a Holy Fire, at which the torch with which the fire at each pyre is started, must be lit, was holding out for an exorbitant price. The haggling was long and exciting. Pleading was in vain. At the brink of eternity even monopoly here ground its victims. The price was finally paid, and this done, the pyre was lit. As each pyre became reduced to a heap of embers and ashes, what remained was cast into the river.

Here, in the foulest of water, persons were bathing, washing their garments, and most horrible to relate, from the hollow of their hands were drinking the water, and were filling bottles with it to take to their distant homes. "The water of the Ganges

is sacred and cures all ills," replied our Hindu guide when we expressed our horror.

From Benares we went to Lucknow, two hundred and seventy miles distant. Here in May, 1857, began the Indian Rebellion, with the mutiny of a Sepoy Regiment. Lucknow was the first Indian city visited in which Moorish influence in architecture had made itself felt. Here were numberless imposing mosques, tombs, and palaces reared by the Mohammedan invaders during their thousand year rule of northern and western India.

In this city I looked into the question of wages. Carpenters, masons, and other skilled laborers were receiving what was equal to eight cents of our money for a day of twelve hours. The average weekly wage of a skilled laborer was three dollars, of clerks five dollars, and of letter carriers three dollars and twenty-five cents a month. What future is there for India's millions while caste and priest rule and starvation wages continue to combine in crushing their hopes of ever bettering their condition?

Suppose that each religious denomination, each profession, occupation, and calling in our country were to constitute itself an independent group; that all these groups were subdivided into an infinite number of subordinate groups; that each of the many nationalities represented in our country were also to form an independent group; and that each of these national groups were subdivided into an infinite number of smaller groups; that our native born citizens were to form as many independent

groups as there were cities or counties or states in the Union, and that each of these many groups and subordinate groups had rules so strict and lines so rigidly drawn that a member of one group could not intermarry or associate with a member of any other group, and could not even partake of food prepared or touched by a member of any other group, and that no person could choose a calling, other than that of his father or grandfather, and could by no possibility raise himself from a lower into a higher group; then it will be realized how appalling and hopeless are the conditions that caste rule have created in India.

During two months we had in our employ a servant, or interpreter, who was a devout Hindu. Many times he must have almost famished because of inability to obtain food prepared by one of his own caste. Yet he declined all food that we offered him. To accept food from us who, from his point of view, were outcasts, would make him also an outcast.

We next visited Agra. Guidebooks advise the traveler to devote two days to this city. Whoever is content with a two days' visit to Agra should not travel the one thousand miles from Calcutta to see it. But the traveler who, during all hours of his stay, is drawn towards the Taj Mahal, who will visit this wonderful building at dawn and at dusk, in the brightest midday sun, when it seems too fair to have been created by mortal hands, or in moonlit nights, when it seems to enshrine all that is mystic in Oriental land, or who again and again is drawn

toward the pearl mosques and other treasures of Agra Fort by their irresistible beauty, and who, at the hour of parting, feels that he is leaving a dearest friend,—he is the one who should come to Agra and who will be fully repaid for his visit.

In this desert-like corner of the world, at a period contemporaneous with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, a people, on whom Western nations have always looked down, reared tombs, palaces, and mosques of such marvelous beauty and perfection that one searches the world in vain for their equals.

What is called Agra Fort is an area two miles in circumference, enclosed by a high wall constructed of enormous blocks of red sandstone. Within these walls are marvelous mosques, pavilions, and other buildings of matchless beauty. In these buildings are acres upon acres of wall surface of chastest marble inlaid with semi-precious stones. Here at last I saw the Oriental splendor of which I had dreamed.

Within these walls were the Pearl Mosque, a veritable dream in white, blue and gray veined marble, said to be the most splendid example of Saracenic architecture in existence; the miracle of beauty, the many pillared hall of private judgment, built of stainless marble inlaid with flowers of carnelians and semi-precious stones, and that gem of the lapidary art, the Jasamine Tower, the walls of whose many chambers are of purest marble inlaid with

Mosaic work of turquoise, lapis lazuli, agate and other semi-precious stones.

When we departed from a hotel in an Indian city we could always figure on being given a surprise party. Sometimes as many as ten persons of whose existence we were unaware, presented themselves and demanded to be paid for services which they claimed they had rendered us. When we were ready to leave the hotel at Agra eight coolies presented themselves and demanded to be paid. One claimed to have swept one of our rooms. Another claimed he had swept another of our rooms. A third had brought water to our rooms. Each of the eight claimed he had performed some kind of service for us yet we had never seen more than one of the entire eight. I marched the whole bunch to the manager's office and paid him a round sum suggested by him and let the coolies fight it out among themselves how this sum should be divided.

We next visited Delhi, the metropolis of Northern India, one hundred and fifty miles to the north. Of imperial Delhi, it has been said that no city save Jerusalem exceeded her in human interest or romantic charm; that no other known city is circled by ruins so impressive in their vast proportions, and that no city had been ruled by a greater number of races. Hindus, Scythians, Persians, Tartars, Arabs, Afghans, Moguls, Rajputs, Sikhs, Marathas, and British in turn captured, destroyed it in part or in whole, and rebuilt it. Present-day Rome is built upon the ruins of many cities. Present-day Delhi

is also built on the ruins of many cities. But Rome destroyed, was always rebuilt from the ruins of its former self, while Delhi seven times destroyed was always rebuilt on a site adjoining its former self. Seven Delhis, therefore, constitute that vast field of ruins, which from the Ajmere Gate extends eleven miles and more to the southeast. Forty-five square miles of territory is strewn with debris of crumbling tombs, temples, palaces, forts, and other buildings that were once part of the Delhi of the past.

Our Delhi days were the crowning days of our journey around the world. Credit for this was not due to ancient Delhi alone. Modern Delhi also possessed wonderful attractions. Its street scenes were fascinating. Its bazaars and shops outrank those of other Indian cities. In the Jumna Mosque, in whose construction it is said five thousand workmen were employed six years, we saw fifteen thousand worshippers united in prayer on a Friday. In the Delhi Fort, an area surrounded by five miles of massive wall, there were buildings which were visions of beauty. Among these were another pearl mosque of chastest marble, and the great hall of private audience whose ceilings were once covered with plate of solid silver and whose pillars and arches of marble are inlaid with precious stones. On these is inscribed the Persian couplet: "If on earth be an Eden of bliss, it is this, it is this, it is this."

We many times visited modern Delhi's greatest attraction, its Chandni Chauk, the street of the silversmiths, which is eighty feet wide and crosses the

city from gate to gate. In all India there is not another business street that compares with this one. Shop adjoins shop the entire length, and each is a museum in itself. To this street come Indian Rajahs, Maharajas, and Princes from near and far to squander the millions they wring from their unhappy subjects.

After Delhi we visited Jeypore. From Jeypore we made a side trip to the ancient and deserted city of Amber. Four members of our party went mounted on one elephant. The Madam, wiser than the rest, went by bullock cart. Hardly had we gone half a mile before I was certain that I hadn't a bone left in my body. My camel ride in Egypt, years before, had been trying, but this ride by elephant was much more trying.

Between Jeypore and Amber we saw swarms of apes of all sizes, who made themselves at home in the trees and on the fences along the way. From Jeypore we proceeded to Bombay. We found that city in the throes of the bubonic plague, and so limited our stay to three days.

We next visited Madras, eight hundred miles to the southeast of Bombay. Not until southern India was reached did I see really attractive agricultural country. In the peninsula, or that portion of India which lies between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, and which is known as the Deccan, I saw as fine agricultural country as the sun ever shone on. It was gently rolling, with vistas which extended six miles or more on each side, and which

compared favorably with the best farming country of our western states.

In the calm February day when I saw the Deccan, and when great banks of waving heat lay over its fields of ripening grain, each of which was being guarded against pillaging birds by a bronze-skinned Hindu, I saw at last a picture of Indian farm life that was pleasing to the eye.

Our stay at Madras was a brief one. The city was excessively hot. Its people were vastly different from those of Northern India. In color they resembled the African Negro.

On the trip from Madras to Tuticorin we saw the temples of Tanjore, Trichinopoli, and Madura. These are wonders of beauty. They are most ornate, and their carvings are of marvelous detail. At Tuticorin we took the steamer for Colombo, Ceylon.

CHAPTER XVII

Ceylon—Egypt—Luxor antiquities—Europe — My sickness—Elected President Academy of Science —Farm labor problem—Visit Egypt and Sudan, 1907—DeCoster painting sale—The 1907 panic—Hennepin Canal completed—Arthur joins firm—My paper on prohibition.

THE only cities in Ceylon which we visited were Colombo and Kandy. The country betwen these was more tropical and picturesque than any we had so far seen on our journey. The Singalese impressed us as being of a much higher type than the Hindus. We sailed from Colombo on the Rhine, a vessel of one of the German lines. After five days on the Indian Ocean our steamer dropped anchor in the harbor of Aden. No passengers, however, were permitted to land because Aden was having a siege of Bubonic plague. In the Gulf of Aden, more than a hundred miles from land, hundreds of grasshoppers dropped on the deck of our ship. A high wind from the south had brought them from the deserts of Somaliland.

We had been promised great heat in the Red Sea. This promise was not redeemed. The trip through that sea was delightfully cool, and we even slept under blankets at night. Once more we had crossed bridges before reaching them.

Visit Egypt and Sudan

After three days on the Red Sea, and one day in the Gulf of Suez, we reached Suez, the southern terminus of the Suez Canal. Without delay our ship continued its way through the canal to Port Said, its northern terminus. We left the steamer at that port and revisited many places of interest in Egypt as far south as Luxor.

At Luxor our dragoman arranged with all the itinerant antiquity vendors of the district to meet us at his home, located near the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, in order that I might make selections from their stocks. A veritable mob of vendors appeared at the appointed hour. They brought enough antiquities, genuine and spurious, to supply a small museum. One after another I admitted the vendors and from their stocks I made my selection. In Luxor I made many additional purchases. Suddenly dealers asked prices twenty times higher than those which they had asked the day before. They told my dragoman that a representative of the British Museum was in town; that he was paying any price that dealers in antiquities asked; that he was buying all the antiquities in sight; and that he had already invested more than two thousand pounds sterling in antiquities. This report interested me. I sent my dragoman out to verify this report and find out where I could meet the representative mentioned. He came back with the information that I was the person who was supposed to be the representative of the British Museum. So exhorbitant were the

prices which dealers asked after that, that I was unable to purchase another article.

In Cairo I witnessed a strange performance. Sixty women were assembled before a house in which there had been a recent death. During a period of half an hour these women wailed and wept, beat their cheeks with both hands and jumped about until utterly exhausted. Then they were given coffee and cigarets and departed. I learned that this performance would be repeated for a week and that the women who participated in this exhibition of sorrow received compensation for their services.

After Cairo, we visited the Pyramids of Abusir, the Necropolis of Sakara and Memphis. Mrs. Ficke and I went by sand cart, our children on donkeys. From Egypt my wife, my daughters and I sailed for Naples, and from there went to Rome. Arthur visited Greece and later rejoined us in Rome.

Having been in ill health for sometime, I left my family in Rome and proceeded to Munich to consult specialists. In Munich I attended a sale of an important collection of paintings of which I bought twenty-four. We sailed for home from Bremen. When our boxes, trunks, satchels, and packages, fifty-four in number, had been assembled on the dock at Hoboken, ready for customs inspection, and the inspector found that all these were numbered consecutively, that each article in each container was also numbered consecutively, and that my declaration gave these numbers and the price paid for each

article, he selected one box at random, compared its contents with my list, and finding the two to correspond, he checked all the other pieces without inspection, and in an hour after our arrival the duty had been paid, and our entire shipment was on its way to Davenport.

The twelve boxes sent home from Japan, by way of Seattle, had greater trouble in passing the customs. With these had gone my customs declaration, which stated, under oath, what I had paid for each article included in the shipment. Based on this declaration, the duty was assessed at Seattle, and paid by my office. Later the collector arbitrarily decided to double the valuation of my shipment, which fact, under the law, amounted to its confiscation.

Upon reaching home, therefore, I found that my purchases, entitled to admission free of duty, because intended as gifts to a public museum, had been confiscated. I decided to show the collector that I was not a customs defrauder. I employed an attorney in Seattle, and he, of course, secured the release of the shipment without the payment of even so much as a cent additional duty.

Within a week after reaching home I submitted to the operation which the doctors in Munich had recommended. Their diagnosis of my ailment proved to be correct. The surgeons found more than two hundred gall stones, and the wonder was that I survived long enough to reach home. In my weakened condition, my weight having gone down

from 185 to 132 pounds, I considered my case so serious, and my chances for recovery so slight, that I became fully convinced that I would not survive the operation.

Writing as one therefore, who went through what he believed to be the last day, and hour of his life on earth, my experience may be of interest, and a comfort to others who look with dread upon the closing hours of life. It convinced me that those who are free from pain in their last hours, go through much less mental agony than is supposed.

Before going into the sleep, from which I did not expect to awake, I searched my memory for acts in my life for which there might be cause for regret. In that critical hour I was unable to recall any. I was, therefore, content to have my life come to a close. When contrary to my expectations I awoke from my supposed last sleep, my amazement was profound. Many critical hours, however, followed. During three days and three nights my life hung on a thread. Again and again it seemed to be slipping away. During all this time my wife and my son, Arthur, were constantly at my bedside, and to their devotion during this greatest crisis of my life, I owe my recovery.

By the autumn of 1905, my health had been sufficiently restored so that I was able to attend to my practice as usual.

That autumn, under the auspices of the Davenport Academy of Science, I delivered an illustrated lecture at Turner Hall, on Japan. The slides used

had been made from photographs which we had taken ourselves. People then were so little informed about Japan, and were so deeply interested in that country because of the Russo-Japanese War, that when I reached the hall there was not even standing room left.

In Japan my son and I each purchased one of those attractive pongee silk suits, of which every globe trotter acquires at least one. My sickness prevented my wearing mine. Arthur wore his to a finish. The following spring, when the Ladies Industrial Relief Society held a rummage sale, Arthur told his mother, the president of this society, to send his discarded suit to the sale. She sent what she supposed to be his suit and it was promptly sold to Miss P., and equally promptly converted into two waists that gave her great joy. In June, with the approach of hot weather, I made search for my beautiful pongee suit. It was missing. In its place was Arthur's worn out suit. Mine, entirely new, and worth half a hundred dollars, had been sold at the rummage sale for fifty cents.

In January, 1906, I was elected president of the Davenport Academy of Science. I had repeatedly declined this office, because, not being versed in science, I considered it incongruous to allow myself to be elected president of a scientific society. I would have again declined this office but for the fact that shortly before the annual election, W. C. Putnam, then on his deathbed, sent for me, and exacted my promise that I would accept the office mentioned.

Soon after my election Mr. Putnam died. When his will was opened it appeared that he had left his large estate in trust for the Academy, subject only to the payment of certain annuities, for life, to his brothers and one sister.

In the autumn of 1906 I read before the Davenport Contemporary Club a paper entitled: "The Disturbed Equilibrium between Rural and Urban Populations." Later, a modified version of this paper was published in the November, 1906, number of World's Work under the title, "Keeping the Farm Population Back." In addition to publishing the article, W. H. Page, its editor, editorially called attention to it.

My purpose, in writing upon this subject, was to call attention to the fact that American agricultural districts were practically closed to men with families, unless they were willing to separate themselves from these, or possessed means enabling them to purchase a farm or to operate a rented one.

I quoted statistics, collected with the assistance of township assessors of many Iowa counties, which showed that out of 5,133 Iowa farms, included in my survey, only 104 had an extra dwelling for the use of farm help, and that out of 1,838 persons employed on these 5,133 farms, only 103 were men of family. Thus proving that work on the farm was practically a monopoly of single males, and that men of families found employment only in the cities.

That autumn, under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences, I delivered an illustrated lecture en-

titled, "Glimpses of India." The lecture was largely attended, and netted the Academy a considerable sum. I repeated this lecture later in Moline, under the auspices of the Moline Woman's Club, before an invited audience. Of all my lectures on travel, the one on India gave me the greatest satisfaction.

In January, 1907, "Wanderlust" once more seized us. December had been very cold and January equally so. Our children, who had been home during their holiday vacation, had returned to their respective schools; Arthur to the Iowa State Law School, and our daughters to their school at Springfield, Massachusetts. So Mrs. Ficke and I once more started for Egypt. At this distance it surprises me how we had the courage to start on another long trip, after having been home from our around the world trip only eighteen months.

Our original plan provided for a visit to Egypt only. On the steamer, however, I read Slatin Pasha's "Fire and Sword in the Sudan," and several books on Equatorial Africa, with the result that we decided to proceed up the Nile as far as Khartoum. We sailed from Boston, and touched at the Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, and Naples.

It was on this trip that we met Mr. and Mrs. George C. Barnum, from Duluth, who in later years, twice joined us on trips to Japan. On this trip I also met two brothers Vaughan, the older of whom, an attache of the pope's household, when stories were being swapped, proposed this conundrum: "What is the difference between an Archbishop and

a Bishop?" No one being able to suggest the answer, Monsignor Vaughan, as he made the sign of an arch over his abdomen, said: "Largely the arch."

At Genoa, Sir John Evans and Lady Evans became our fellow passengers. Sir John was a noted author, trustee of the British Museum, and ex-president of the British Egyptian Exploration Society. When he discovered that I was president of the Davenport Academy of Sciences he became quite chummy, and during the journey to Alexandria we spent many pleasant hours in each other's company. Lady Evans, however, held aloof, and try as I might to thaw her out, she preserved a characteristic British reserve. The Evanses were also heading for Khartoum, but were going there by way of the Suez Canal, and Port Sudan on the Red Sea, while we were going by way of Cairo, Wady Halfa and the Sudan Military Railroad.

When a few weeks later we again met at Khartoum, Lady Evans was a changed woman. She greeted us with a warmth, and a cordiality, as if we were a long lost brother and sister. Being a second meeting, British rules of etiquette, perhaps permitted less reserve, and we were together much of the time while at Khartoum, and on short excursions up the White, and the Blue Nile.

Arriving at Cairo we found Abdulla Achmed, the guide who had served us on a previous visit, waiting for us at the station. I had cabled him from Gibraltar, to his home in Luxor, to meet us at Cairo, on a certain day. When the cablegram reached

him, it bore neither signature nor the date on which he was to meet us. He reasoned, however, that one who would spend the price of a cablegram, could be safely trusted, and immediately started for Cairo. There, during more than a week, he met every arriving train, only to be disappointed again and again. When finally we arrived he was repaid for his faith, and his joy knew no bounds.

After a short stay at Cairo we proceeded to Luxor, and with that town as our headquarters, revisited the many temples, and other places of interest, in and about Luxor. Abdulla was a good judge of antiquities and also knew personally all the antiquity vendors of the district. He was honest enough to shield me against being imposed upon, and with his assistance I acquired another fine lot of Egyptian antiquities.

From Luxor we continued our journey to Assuan, on the Nile, 800 miles from the Mediterranean. It was the southernmost outpost of Egypt. Beyond it lies Nubia. Here the Nile, during countless centuries, cut its way through a granite barrier. Here the Lybyan and Arabian deserts are separated only by the Nile. Here lies the island of Philae, with its lovely temples, and its ruins. When we visited Assuan in 1896 it had one miserable hotel, a few native shops, filled with loot, from the Mahdi wars, and a few dilapidated adobe huts. Since then the great Assuan dam had been built, and Philae with its temples had disappeared in the vast lake or reservoir which resulted from the construction of

this dam. Assuan itself had become a city of hotels, and a famous winter resort.

From Assuan, we proceeded to Wady Halfa by steamer. The Nubian villages, the shady palm groves, and the narrow patches of arable land which once had fringed the Nile, had all disappeared in the lake.

In the afternoon of our second day on the steamer, we encountered a Kamsin, one of those terrible desert sand storms, which must be lived through for one to be able to understand why the natives so greatly dread them. The day had been calm but warm. Suddenly, a sand cloud, which seemed to extend into high heaven, obscured the west bank of the river. Before we had time to realize what was to happen, the storm was upon us, and sun, river, and desert, had disappeared from view as completely as if they had never existed.

The storm raged, with unabated fury, until evening, and then ceased as suddenly as it had come, and was followed by a dead calm. We thought the ordeal was over, and the steamer, by this time, had cast anchor in mid-stream, for the night. Then, just as the passengers, in evening dress, had seated themselves for dinner, the Kamsin again broke loose, as suddenly, and with as great fury, as before. The steamer rocked like a cradle. Chairs and tables, on deck, were thrown in a heap; tuxedoes and claw hammers were covered with yellow sand. The storm raged for three hours more, and then suddenly

ceased, and was followed by a beautiful, calm, starlit night.

On the third day of the journey, our boat lay moored at the foot of the upper Egypt's great temple of Abu Simbel. This temple, with its four colossal figures of Rameses the Second, was hewn out of the solid rock thirty-two centuries ago. Buried centuries ago by the sand, it was re-discovered during the last century. Since then, man and the desert, have kept up an incessant war for its possession.

On the fourth day of our river journey, we reached Wady Halfa, in the edge of the Nubian desert, 214 miles south of Assuan. From here the Sudan Military railway extends to the banks of the Blue Nile, near a point where it joins the White Nile.

Soon after our train left Wady Halfa it plunged into the desert, which it did not leave until Abu Hamed, 230 miles distant, was reached. Occasionally it halted at a lonely station, where the station master was the only human being. The thermometer registered 105 in the shade, and the sun, with merciless intensity, all day beat down on the low roofed cars of our train. Quivering heat waves made the atmosphere resemble the restless ocean. Leaving Abu Hamed the railway followed the course of the Nile, with that river on one side and the Nubian desert on the other. Then the road once more plunged into the desert, only to emerge when it re-entered the Nile valley at the fifth cataract.

Between this cataract and Berber station the country lost some of its desert features, and between

Berber and Atbara it resembles Texas between San Antonio and the Mexican border. Abu Hamed and Atbara were the scenes of two of the decisive battles of the Mahdi war. At Halfayi, the terminus of the railway, we crossed the Blue Nile to Khartoum, the goal of our journey.

Only Europeans are permitted to reside in Khartoum. When the Mahdi's successor, in 1898, made his last stand against Kitchener's forces, at Omdurman, on the west bank of the Greater Nile, a few miles below the junction of the White and Blue Nile, he assembled the tribes of his whole empire to hurl against the British. The warriors of these tribes were accompanied by their wives and children. At the battle of Omdurman, the Mahdi's army was all but annihilated. The few survivors and the families of the slain could not be sent back to their distant homes to starve. They were assigned ground near Khartoum, to build on, and here, in quaint native villages, were 4,000 of these natives. Each tribe represented had a village of its own.

In several of these we witnessed native dances which convinced us that the cake walk of our negroes had its origin in the interior of Africa. We visited Omdurman, which offered most interesting sights. On its river front hundreds of Sudanese athletes, clad in nature's costume, plus a fig leaf, were unloading cargoes of gum and various other products from the upper Nile. In the city proper, various articles of native manufacture, were being made and sold. Ostrich feathers were offered at prices that

filled bargain hunters with joy. Omdurman was the only Mohammedan city in which I saw not a single mosque. While we were waiting for the Nile ferry that was to carry us from Khartoum to Omdurman I made a giant-like Sudanese wood chopper, whose ax-head flew from its handle every few minutes, my everlasting friend by teaching him how to fasten it so that it would not come off again: a trick I learned when I was a boy on the farm. When I saw him again on our return from Omdurman he greeted me with a broad smile and showed me that his axe was still on its handle. We went on short trips up the Blue Nile, and White Nile. Both are majestic rivers, which unite in forming the Greater Nile, below Khartoum. From Khartoum we retraced our steps to Cairo, and finally sailed from Alexandria for Naples. In Italy we visited Rome and Florence.

In Florence we met our good friend Bishop Morrison from Davenport, with Mrs. Morrison, who had been there several months on account of the Bishop's health. If ever a man was glad to see a person from home it was the Bishop.

At Sesti Levante, a winter resort on the sea, near Genoa, we spent a delightful week in the company of my cousin, Dr. Hugo Ficke, and his wife, and from there went north, over the Simplon Pass, the finest of all the Italian passes.

We visited Paris, Brussels, and Antwerp. While in Brussels a large collection of Old Masters, left by the late Auguste DeCoster, a diamond merchant of Amsterdam, was sold at auction by his executors.

Among the nineteen paintings which I purchased at this sale was "The Good Shepherd" by Peter Breughel, which turned out to be so great a treasure.

Heineman, the Munich art dealer, years later, told me that for half a century this painting had been supposed lost. He offered me a very large sum for the same. But it was my rule never to sell any of my paintings, no matter what price I might be offered.

We sailed for home from Cherbourg, April 12, on the Steamship "America."

In October, 1907, the country experienced one of its periodical financial crises. In my address before the Iowa bankers in Burlington in 1899 I had predicted the coming of such a crisis and warned against it. It had been slow in coming, but it had finally arrived. There had been an unusual money stringency in eastern financial centers for months. The banks, in these centers, finally refused to honor drafts unless payable in clearing house certificates. Before there had been any sign of trouble in Davenport its bankers became panicky. They passed a resolution that Savings Banks should require 60 days notice of withdrawals of deposits; that National Banks should not pay out exceeding $25 in cash on any commercial account; and that clearing house certificates should be issued for any withdrawals in excess of $25. As soon as this action became public, the banks received notices of intention to withdraw deposits aggregating millions. The

banks should have remembered their experience during a previous panic.

The restriction on the withdrawal of funds placed my firm in an embarrassing position. Its deposits in the various banks at that time, exceeded $150,000, in the aggregate. This was money which we had accepted from clients for investment in farm mortgages. Against this we had already accepted applications for loans aggregating that amount. How would we be able to close these loans, with this embargo on our deposits? The problem gave me sleepless nights. Fortunately the crisis disappeared almost as suddenly as it had appeared. Before we actually needed our funds President Roosevelt brought relief to the eastern bankers. He ordered the issuance of one hundred million dollars in treasury certificates, running one year. This promptly restored normal conditions, and the so-called "Millionaire's" panic was over.

In October, Arthur was married to Evelyn Bethune Blunt, daughter of Col. Stanhope English Blunt, U. S. A. The wedding took place in Springfield, Massachusetts and our entire family attended it.

That month the people of Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, and Milan united in a celebration at Milan to commemorate the completion of the Hennepin Canal. It was an all-day affair. Approximately 6,000 people attended in the afternoon and 4,000 in the evening. To me came the task of making the principal address, perhaps because, during thirty

years, I had been active in working for this improvement and had delivered addresses, emphasizing the need of this canal, among others, before the Evansville Waterways Convention and the Western Waterways Convention in Davenport.

Since the completion of this canal was an event of historical interest, and my address went into the history of this important public improvement in considerable detail, I quote it in the form in which it appeared in the press: "An old proverb says, all things come to those who wait. All things, however more surely come to those who both work and wait. The Tri-Cities both worked and waited for the Hennepin Canal. That is the reason why we are celebrating its completion today. For three-quarters of a century we recognized the need of an all-water route from the upper Mississippi to the seaboard. Before the days of railroads even, friends of the proposed waterway argued that the millions who were to develop the wilderness beyond the Mississippi should in advance be assured of the blessing of cheap transportation. Since the days of railroads the need for such waterways became even more manifest. If our country's great grain and livestock producing belt were to prosper permanently; if it were to continue to supply with profit the grain and beef and pork which was to feed the millions of our own and other countries; if the markets of Europe were not to become closed to its surplus products; then it must have low freight rates to the seaboard, and these, only an all-water route could

guarantee. How marvelous a story of heroic effort is unfolded to us by the pages of history that refer to the canal, the completion of which we are celebrating today. How endless the list of men who labored earnestly, unselfishly, and ceaselessly to secure its construction. A list in which Madison and Webster and Lincoln and Seymour and Grant and Garfield occupy conspicuous places. More than eighty years ago the friends of this measure secured from Congress a grant of millions of acres of land to the State of Illinois to aid in constructing the canal across that state. The proceeds from the sale of these lands were exhausted when, in 1848, the canal had been built from Chicago to LaSalle, a distance of 97 miles. A suspension of work followed. What this suspension cost the country the world will never know. Untold millions would have been saved to the producers of the West had this canal been completed to the Mississippi without interruption. But the late forties were not favorable to internal improvements. The Mexican War engrossed the country's attention. Nor were the fifties with their financial panic, nor the sixties with their Civil War. Man's thoughts were busy with matters other than providing transportation facilities for undeveloped districts. However, when our domain had been vastly increased by grants from Mexico; when the war clouds had once more lifted; when the financial distress of the fifties had been forgotten; when the Civil War had been brought to a close; when thousands of returning citizen soldiers and millions of

sturdy immigrants were settling upon homesteads beyond the Mississippi, the question of completing the canal to that river once more received deserved attention. At this time fortunately three new champions of the canal appeared upon the scene. Three cities destined to become powerful commercial and industrial centers on the upper Mississippi came to its rescue: the cities of Davenport, Rock Island and Moline. They insisted that the East should be linked to the West forever by artificial waterway. In the interest of western producers and eastern consumers they demanded the completion to the Mississippi of the waterway on which work had ceased in 1848. These cities buried their petty rivalries and jointly moved upon the stronghold of the enemy of waterways. From that time on there was never a doubt regarding the eventual completion of the Hennepin Canal. And from that time on until the end these cities labored unceasingly for the measure. They pled the justice of their cause before commercial bodies throughout the Union; they secured endorsements from these and from legislatures of many states; they furnished proof of the need of this canal, and kept an active committee at Washington; they enlisted Congressmen from their own and other states in their work; they spent time and treasure without stint in order that the present generation and future ones might be guaranteed low freight rates to the seaboard. Theirs is a glorious record of loyalty to a great cause. May I not, without doing injustice to any one, single out a few men for special

praise, even though knowing that so many deserve the fullest measure of such praise? May I not, as I now do, acknowledge our special indebtedness to the Iowa and Illinois Congressmen, and particularly to those from our home district, who served since the sixties, without whose ceaseless labors the successive appropriations for the canal could not have been secured? May I not above all acknowledge our special indebtedness to General Henderson, who represented the Sixth District of Illinois, and to the late J. H. Murphy, of Davenport, who represented the Second District of Iowa in Congress? To their unceasing work the greatest share of our success is due. All of these men, and particularly the last named two, are entitled to our lasting gratitude. I recall, with much pleasure, how the Tri-Cities rejoiced over the first victories won when the government ordered a survey of a route for the proposed canal, and when the engineers, upon completing this survey, reported the feasibility of its construction. Need I recall the rejoicing over the still greater victory won in 1890, when President Harrison signed the River and Harbor Bill containing an appropriation of half a million dollars for the Hennepin Canal? An appropriation through which the government irrevocably pledged itself to the construction of this waterway, and which pledge it loyally redeemed. With keenest pleasure I recall, above all, how the three cities, in 1895, united in Milan in celebrating, with music and speeches and an excursion up the canal, the opening of a small

section of this waterway. But proud as we were of all these events they dwindle into insignificance in the light of the present one. It is the final completion of the measure to which they gave their best energies for more than a generation which now unites the Tri-Cities with Milan in this grand celebration. It is indeed a glorious occasion. But the mission of the Tri-Cities is still far from being completed. A canal, without boats and barges, and without men or companies to manage its traffic, is a worse than useless object. It is as valueless as railway tracks without engines and cars and without men to operate these. It is as useless as telegraph lines without instruments and operators to send messages. The work of the Tri-Cities, therefore, must not cease until a fleet of boats and barges shall ply between the Mississippi and the Lakes. The work of the Tri-Cities must not cease until their river fronts possess docks and tracks and facilities for handling incoming and outgoing canal freight at a minimum cost. These ends accomplished, our cities will receive their well deserved reward for their loyalty to this canal."

When these lines are being written in 1927 none of the advantages expected from the canal have as yet been realized. It is certain that no advantages will be derived from the canal until heed is given to the warning contained in my address when I stated that a canal, without boats and barges, and without men or companies to manage its traffic, was a worse than useless object. Unless the Tri-

Cities see to it that a fleet of boats and barges is made to ply upon this waterway and that the canal from Peru to Chicago is made navigable they will not receive from it the benefits they expected.

In June, 1908, my son Arthur completed his law studies, passed the required examination, and was admitted to practice in Iowa. He at once became a member of my firm, and proved himself a lawyer of ability. He excelled in solving intricate legal problems involved in a case, was a close and logical reasoner, and would have made a mark in the profession had his heart been fully in his work. But it was not. Save for his desire to please me he would have chosen a literary career. When I realized this I regretted having encouraged him to choose the law for his life work. When he returned from France, at the close of the World War, in which he had served consecutively as Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel of Ordnance, with distinction, I released him from any duty he might think he owed me to resume his work as a lawyer, and with my free consent he abandoned the law in order to devote his entire time to literature.

In August, 1908, my good brother Henry died.

In the presidential election of 1908 I took no part beyond voting. W. J. Bryan, for the third time, was the candidate of the Democrats for the office of president, and him, of course, I could not support.

In November I read before the Contemporary Club a paper entitled "Prohibition as a Means of Suppressing Intemperance." I stated that all the

world loathed drunkenness and wanted it assailed relentlessly; that the question at issue between Prohibitionists and Anti-Prohibitionists, therefore, was not one of ends but of means to be employed to a common end, the suppression of intemperance. I reviewed the liquor legislation of Iowa and other states, and pointed out how insignificant had been the practical results of prohibition, and how the sale of liquor had increased from year to year. I stated my belief that the solution of the liquor problem was not to be found either in compulsory total abstinence, or in the unrestrained sale and use of liquor, but between the two: in a just compromise upon a middle ground. I stated that I considered no compromise more promising of practical results than that which within reasonable bounds would concede to cities and counties wider powers of local self government in dealing with the problem in order that they might attack intemperance by measures which had the endorsement, and therefore the support, of public opinion in the communities in which they were to be employed. I still believe this remedy preferable to the one which is now being employed.

CHAPTER XVIII

Our 1909 world tour—Japan—China—Hankau tea purchase—Peking—Impressions of China.

N 1909 I encircled the globe a second time. On this trip I was accompanied by my wife and daughters, Alice and Helene. A week before starting I sent Mr. Barnum, of Duluth, a postal saying: "We sail from San Francisco for Japan, February sixteenth, on the Mongolia. I have plenty of good cigars. Be on hand." When this card reached Mr. Barnum he went home and said to his wife, "Pack your trunk. We start for San Francisco tomorrow morning to join the Fickes on a trip to Japan." And next morning they actually started.

On the way to San Francisco we visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and spent several days at Pasadena, where Mrs. Ficke's mother and sister were spending the winter. We sailed on February 22, stopped at Honolulu a day on the way, and landed at Yokohama on March 6.

There we received the crushing news that Mrs. Abner Davison, whom we had left in the best of health at Pasadena, had died in the meantime of pneumonia. In her there passed a lovable woman. Never had I, her son-in-law, met a sweeter tempered, warmer hearted, and more uniformly cheer-

ful person. All who knew her adored her. We seriously considered abandoning our trip. Only after receiving cables from the folks at home urging us not to do so, we decided to go on.

When in Yokohama, at the office of the Trans-Siberian Railway, we applied for reservations over that road from Harbin, in Manchuria, to St. Petersburg, we learned that only one train a week, carrying sleepers, left Vladivostock for St. Petersburg, and that all compartments up to July 1, except two, were already taken. These we reserved.

It was still cold in Japan in March. We nevertheless proceeded by rickshaws by slow stages from Tokio to Kyoto over the ancient Tokaido, built centuries ago, along which lie many interesting villages, rarely visited by tourists. This highway, 350 miles in length, is lined by stately trees centuries old. At native inns people struggled for places from which they could see us eat. Their comments translated by our guide were amusing. "See the funny things with which they eat." Meaning our knives and forks. "They don't use chopsticks." "They have green eyes and blue hair." They took the ostrich feathers on Alice's hat to be hair. My height was commented on. They pointed fingers at me, and kept their eyes glued on me. Their greatest sensation came when I lit a cigar. I smoked many extra cigars to amuse them. Proprietors of hotels to which we had wired or telephoned for accommodations invariably met us miles away to assure us how pleased they were that we were to

become their guests. I felt like a mighty ruler on a triumphal tour through his empire. At several points we were entertained at the homes of nobles. We sent each of these a large cake from the next village. After my cousin, Dr. Hugo Ficke, from Freiburg, Germany, and his wife, who met us in Japan by agreement, joined us we were never less than thirty in our party, and frequently forty, because in the mountainous country we had to use three instead of two coolies for each rickshaw. We made a lengthy stay in Kyoto. Here was my opportunity to obtain rare objects from the best periods of Japanese art, and I made the most of this opportunity. I shipped home twelve large boxes filled with my acquisitions. In Kyoto we witnessed a minor fire. People were wildly excited. As if by magic the streets became solidly packed with human beings. After much delay a detachment of firemen approached. Two of its members, who carried banners, stationed themselves on the roof of the building which adjoined the one on fire. There they simply held their banner aloft so that the world might know that their particular company was present. Other members carried implements for removing tiles from the roof, or for wrecking buildings. Other fire companies similarily equipped appeared, and their banner carriers also stationed themselves on the roof of the building adjoining the one on fire. Finally there were eight banners displayed on one roof. At last several hand engines, each accompanied by six men, arrived, and started

to throw streams not larger than those from ordinary garden hose. The firemen were more successful in wrecking the adjoining building than in quenching the fire. When the companies withdrew, their banner bearers went through antics and contortions which would have turned drum majors and circus clowns green with envy.

In Kyoto we barely escaped a catastrophe. The eight of us attended a "Cherry Dance," in which fifty Geisha girls, representing various characters participated. The dance was in a large wooden building with one narrow entrance. We had seats in the gallery, reached by a narrow stairway. There were more than a thousand persons in the audience, and there was not even standing room left.

The dance began. The participants wore the lightest of materials. Suddenly a girl wearing a mask representing a lion's head, with long manes, approached so closely to an open, flaming, torch that the mane caught fire. She tore off her mask and hurled it from her. It dropped among the other dancers, near a curtain, throwing them into a panic. The curtain caught fire, and in an instant the entire stage seemed ablaze. The audience rose en-masse. Would it rush for the one small exit? If so we were doomed. It was a moment of terrible suspense. A catastrophe seemed imminent. Then some one tore down the blazing curtain, and the danger was over. The spectators resumed their seats, and the performance progressed. It had no further charms for us. We were completely unnerved, and quickly

withdrew, resolved never again to attend a performance in a Japanese firetrap.

After Kyoto we went to Osaka and then by slow stages returned to Yokohama, stopping at Nara, Shidzuoka, Nagoya, Nomadzu, Kamakura, Enoshima, and other points on the way. After a few days in Yokohama and a few days in Tokio we parted company with the Barnums and the Fickes, and on the 24th of April sailed for Shanghai. Our boat stopped one day at Kobe, and one day at Nagasaki. In Japan I became deeply interested in Japanese color prints and acquired many. The Western world had not yet recognized their artistic value. Fine examples were still to be had for almost a song.

We spent ten enjoyable and busy days in Shanghai. Here the judges of the Mixed Court invited me to occupy a seat with them on the bench during a forenoon. One judge was a Chinese Mandarin, the other an American lawyer, a former resident of Iowa. Prisoners were brought in by twos, tied to each other by their queues. Neither witnesses nor defendants were placed under oath, and I received the impression that none of them were telling the truth.

When court opened, a box with dice, a number of opium pipes and other opium paraphernalia were placed before us. In five minutes their owner had been convicted of running a gambling house. Three cases of petty larceny were tried and in each case the culprit was given a five days' jail sentence. The next case was one in which the defendant was

charged with arson. In ten minutes he had been sentenced to pay two hundred taels to three of his neighbors whose buildings had been destroyed by a fire which had originated in his building. Thus within two hours twenty cases were disposed of which would have required many days, for trial, in an Iowa court. The explanation for this certain and swift justice is that there are no lawyers in China.

From Shanghai I went by train to Nanking, stopping at Soochow for a day. My wife and daughters followed by steamer to Nanking, from where we continued up the Yangtse as far as Hankau. The Yangtse delta above Shanghai resembles that of the Nile. It lies but a few feet above the sea, and is as level as the sea. Its soil is a rich alluvial, deposited during countless centuries by the Yangtse. It is intersected by numberless canals, on which ply many junks. The hulls of these craft are hidden from view, and one sees only sails flitting hither and thither over an apparently boundless plain.

The delta is destitute of highways. Between Shanghai and Hankau, and from there half way to Peking, a distance of 1,500 miles, I saw not a vehicle or a road passable for one except near the larger cities.

The country as far as Nanking was wonderfully fertile. Fields of ripening grain covered the plain to the farthest line of the horizon. I saw thousands of persons engaged in irrigating fields with water lifted from the canals by pumps.

Nanking, once a city of four million people, was

but a shadow of her former self. Her wall, seventy feet in height and thirty miles in circumference, remains, but much of the area within this wall, is a wilderness covered with ruins of palaces and buildings destroyed during the Taiping Rebellion half a century ago. Her population in 1909 was less than a quarter of a million.

Beyond the city wall are the famous avenues of heroic sized sepulchral statues of warriors, horses, camels, and other animals, and the tombs of the early Ming Emperors. Here, too, once stood China's famous pagoda, the wonderful Porcelain tower, which rose to a height of 320 feet, which was also destroyed by the Taipings.

Our steamer carried 250 native, second class passengers on its lower decks. Competition was so strong that passengers were being carried from Shanghai to Hankau, a distance of 800 miles, with five days board included, for ninety cents. Chinese junks carried passengers between these points for twenty-five cents, but required thirty days for the trip. Each day we passed many large rafts. One evening we saw twenty rafts tied to the bank, forming a line a mile in length. These rafts require six months to reach Shanghai from the upper reaches of the Yangtse. The occupants of one raft manifested their anti-foreign feeling by pointing to us and shouting: "Kill them! Kill them!" and making the sign of cutting off a head. As our steamer advanced up stream through four provinces, each hour brought new and pleasing pictures. Wide level

stretches of country became less frequent. The banks of the river became higher and higher. Fleets of junks were constantly met or overtaken. We passed ruined pagodas, walled towns and villages, mud and stone forts, and islands. At one point we passed a flock of more than one thousand ducks, guarded by a herder in a sampan, which were being floated to Shanghai, 400 miles distant. On the fifth day of our journey we reached Hankau, the metropolis of the upper Yangtse, the starting point for our long railway journey to Peking. Hankau in 1909 was reported to have a population of 800,000.

Opposite Hankau, on the Yangtse, lies Wuchang, with a million people, and opposite Hankau, on the Han River, Hanyang, with half a million people. All these cities possess narrow dark and filthy streets. Their people work like ants in an ant hill.

Hankau had neither sewers nor waterworks. An army of water carriers with buckets supplied the people with mud laden water from the Yangtse. One day a passing pedestrian struck me a heavy blow on the shoulder. I preferred not to let my rickshaw coolie stop to investigate the reason for this act.

From Hankau we proceeded to Peking, the capital of China, over China's longest and most important railroad. This road runs through an exceedingly productive country. Barring hundreds of thousands of acres, covered with graves, I saw no waste land the entire distance. The labor expended in the cultivation of rice, however, is prodigious. Rice is sown like other small grain. Later each individual plant

is transplanted in rows a few inches apart. From transplanting time until the rice is harvested the fields are kept irrigated with water taken from wells and carried upon the fields in buckets or pumped into irrigation ditches.

Nowhere between Hankau and Peking saw I beasts of burden, except an occasional water buffalo, until after we had crossed the Yellow River and were well toward Peking. Nowhere in the world saw I more hideous beggars. At various stations eggs were offered at what was equal to one and one-half cents of our money per dozen. At one station I made a haggard boy, who begged for food, happy when I presented him with a large baked chicken which I bought for five cents of our money.

In Hankau, Mrs. Ficke, assisted by a tea expert, made it her business to buy a quantity of tea intended for gifts for home friends. That city is China's recognized tea center. This tea was shipped home with other purchases. When the shipment, in which the tea was included, reached Davenport, the tea was missing. In its place was a slip stating that the tea had been destroyed. The New York custom office, when asked for an explanation, replied that the law required all teas, brought into the country, be inspected to determine whether they came up to the standard required by law; that this tea had been inspected and failing to come up to the required standard, had been destroyed. Since then I have questioned Mrs. Ficke's right to call herself an expert on tea. However, if the truth were known it

would show that the rascally dealer clandestinely substituted worthless stuff for the exquisite article which Mrs. Ficke bought.

In Peking we stopped at the Wagon Lits Hotel. With the assistance of a guide we explored this vast city from center to circumference. Of all the cities I know Peking is the most interesting. We visited the Temple of Heaven, built of chaste marble, five centuries ago; the Summer Palace, with its beautiful grounds; the Hall of Classics, in which are the tablets on which are engraved the writings of Confucius; the ancient and neglected Drum Tower, from whose highest veranda there is a wonderful view upon a sea of houses built in the days of the Mings, with roofs of yellow, blue and green tiles, the characteristic colors of the Ming dynasty; and the beautiful Von Ketler monument of marble which marks the spot where this officer was murdered during the Boxer Uprising.

The purchase of a sable coat for Mrs. Ficke was an amusing experience. It required many lengthy visits to the dealers. During the negotiations not a word was exchanged between them. They talked long and often together as the saying is, "up their sleeves." When they wanted to communicate with each other they held each other's hand within one of their wide sleeves, and there signalled to each other by signs.

In Peking the beggars maintain guilds. Before several shops we saw many members of these bar-

ring entrance to customers because the shopkeeper had failed to make a contribution to their guild.

From Peking we went on a side trip to Nankau, the Great Wall, and to the Ming tombs. When we left Peking in the morning the sun shone brightly, and the sky was cloudless. As the day advanced the sky grew darker and darker until by noon not even the outline of the sun was visible. A deep gloom like that at nightfall had settled over the land. This phenomenon was not the result of clouds, but of fine dust which a high wind from the north had brought from the Mongolian desert. I once believed the Pyramids of Egypt to be the world's greatest wonders. I now believe the Great Wall of China to be the world's greatest man-made wonder. It extends over mountains, valleys and plains a distance of 3,000 miles; has an approximate height of fifty feet, a width of twenty-six feet at the bottom, and sixteen feet at the top. Its sides are of dressed granite or stone, and the top is covered with flag stones as smooth as the top of a marble table. From the top of the wall, for an hour, we watched the traffic which ebbed and flowed through the Nankau Pass as it had done during centuries. It was through this pass that Ghengis Khan, with his hordes, entered China.

From Peking we went to Tientsin, 115 miles to the south. What most impressed me, in the district lying between these cities, was the vast area covered with graves. Within five miles of Tientsin, for instance, there are not ten forty-acre tracts which

are being cultivated. All else is densely covered with burial mounds over ancestral graves.

We left China by way of Shanhaikwan, where the Great Wall reaches the sea. When about to leave greater China I noted down some impressions I received, and conclusions reached, regarding that country. These were, that China possessed many elements of strength, but more elements of weakness. Her strength I considered to lie in the high productiveness of her soil; in her rich mineral and coal deposits, as yet but little developed; in the incomparable industry of her people; in the sterling integrity of her merchant class and in the high ethical teachings of her religions. Her weakness I saw in her highly centralized government; in her corrupt public officials; in the ignorance and superstition of her people; in their lack of local and national pride and public spirit; in her lack of a language common to all her people; in her lack of beasts of burden and of railroads; in her antiquated methods of agriculture; in her extreme conservatism; and in her vast population.

With an area a sixth larger than that of the United States she has a population three and one-half times that of North America, South America, Central America and Mexico combined. Her four hundred million people she attempts to rule from her one center of government at Peking. To attempt to rule wisely and judiciously from this one center these millions, scattered over eighteen provinces, thousands of miles apart, and not connected

by railroads, is to undertake an impossible task.

Local self government is China's supreme need. The absence of such is due largely to the lack of a language which all her people understand and speak. All Chinamen speak Chinese. But the Chinese of one province, city, or village, is not the Chinese of even the nearest province, city, or village. China has as many dialects as there are days in the year. What she most needs is a language that all her people can understand. The Yellow peril which so greatly frightens some timid Americans is a fiction if by that term is meant a danger that Asiatics will some day overrun and overwhelm the United States. The Yellow peril ceases to be a fiction, however, when viewed from an economic standpoint. It then becomes a real menace. Teach China's vast population the use of modern machinery; disclose to it our modern processes of manufacture; provide it with capital with which to build factories and buy modern machinery to be operated with China's low priced labor, and you create a real Yellow peril. If we persist in our attempts to break into China; persist in teaching her people all we know, even against their protest; persist in placing our inventions, our capital, and our brains at her disposal, that she may combine these with her low priced labor, we must not complain if she becomes our most powerful competitor in the markets of the world, and eventually even in our home market.

We had arrived in China on April 29. We left greater China, and entered Manchuria just one month later.

CHAPTER XIX

Manchuria—Our Trans-Siberian journey—Harbin —Transbikalia—Chita — Lake Baikal — Irkutsk —Grand Duke Constantine—The Steppes.

LEAVING Shankaikwan in the morning we reached Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, in the evening. All day I sat at the window with note book and pencil making notes. At Shi Shan Chan I wrote: "We are in a most beautiful country. As far as the eye reaches there is a beautiful rich plain with rich dark soil." At another station I wrote: "The country here is wonderfully fine. It is as fine as the country about Holstein in Iowa. It is in a splendid state of cultivation, and has good, one story farm buildings, and small groves." When we reached the Liao River valley I wrote: "This valley is as rich as the valley of the Nile." Practically all the country I saw during my first day in Manchuria compared with Iowa, and I ceased to wonder why China, Japan, and Russia were contending for the possession of this province.

We found Mukden interesting, though filthy and neglected. It was the early home of the Manchu dynasty and near the city are the imposing tombs of the early Manchu kings. The Manchu dynasty ruled over China for nearly three centuries, and

until China became a republic. Mukden is best known to the present generation because near it was fought the decisive battle of the Russo-Japanese War.

From Mukden to a point near Harbin we traveled on a train composed of vestibule Pullman cars which was as fine as any train on any American railroad. The road is Japanese property.

In these Northern latitudes daylight came early. By half past three in the morning it was bright daylight, and I was sitting by the window making notes. Everywhere as far as the eye reached I saw gently rolling country with soil as black as jet. Everywhere I saw houses of sun burnt brick surrounded by small groves. At 4:15 and 7:30 I noted that I was looking upon the finest country imaginable, and that were it not for the houses of sun burnt brick and the many willow hedges I could imagine myself in the best farming district of Iowa.

As early as four o'clock in the morning the people were at work in the fields. The farms in Manchuria all appeared to be divided into long narrow fields by willow hedges, each containing perhaps thirty acres. Not a single field did I see which had a smooth or even surface. The Manchurian farmer converts his fields into ridges and furrows which run in a half circle. In the furrows between the ridges he drops the seed by hand, and drags his foot over it to cover up the seed. Until the Manchurian farmer abandons his primitive methods of agriculture he will have little need for American agricultural machinery.

Southern Manchuria was as destitute of livestock as the interior provinces of China, while northern Manchuria was fairly swarming with cattle. At Chang Chung the line of the Japanese railway ends. The Russian line, on which we continued to Harbin, here began.

At Harbin we reached the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The train from Vladivostock, on which we had reservations, was already waiting at the station. Of Harbin it was said that it contained the worst lot of cut-throats in all China. Fortunately we were there but an hour, too short a time to prove the truth of this assertion.

When in Yokohama we secured reservations for St. Petersburg, we were given orders to be exchanged for tickets at Harbin. The office where the exchange was to be made was two blocks distant from the station. Leaving my family at the station I hurried to this office only to find that here but one employee waited on the half hundred passengers all of whom were in despair lest they should miss their train. When I had already waited twenty minutes for my turn, and was next to the head of the line, an English woman rushed into the room, and asked me to give her my place in the line saying that she was in a very great hurry. She glared daggers at me when I refused her request with the remark: "Madam I am in a great hurry myself, as I have thirteen pieces of baggage to be checked." Not until I was safely settled in our sleeper, with my baggage

checked all the way to Berlin, was life once more worth living.

We entered upon this five thousand mile Trans-Siberian journey much as one enters upon a long ocean voyage. Day after day, during ten days, we were to meet the same people. Would they be congenial? Would this long journey prove pleasant or tedious? Would we have to remain cooped up in our compartments, or would there be opportunities to meet our fellow passengers socially in the diner, after meals?

Our train, after leaving Harbin, passed through country as fine as that south of Harbin. At first it was well settled, then it became less so, and finally we had passed the cabin of the last settler. There were limitless stretches of beautiful prairie awaiting the coming of settlers just as the equally beautiful prairies of Iowa had awaited the coming of the settlers thirty years ago.

Gradually the beautiful plains gave way to more rolling country, and finally to a ridge of low mountains beyond which lay Kailar.

Leaving this city we saw more beautiful prairie which, however, was still without settlers. Then, for an hour, we passed through desert country in which the sand had been swept into high dunes. At the close of the first twenty-four hours out from Harbin we reached the town of Manchuria on the western border of the province of that name.

Now that we were leaving Manchuria I reflected upon the strange position that country occupied as

between Japan, Russia and China. Nominally Manchuria was still a Chinese province, ruled by a Chinese Viceroy, with residence at Mukden. Russia, through a treaty with China, obtained, among others, the right to maintain a military force there sufficient to guard the railroad which she built from Harbin to Port Arthur, to gain at that point a harbor free from ice the year round. Then came the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, every battle of which war was fought on Chinese territory. Imagine Canada and Mexico some day being at war, and fighting all their battles on American soil, and you have a situation such as existed in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. Russia, in the war mentioned, lost whatever right she had in Manchuria, including her railroad to Port Arthur. I shall consider myself a poor prophet if Japan, Russia and China will not, within ten years, find themselves at war, fighting for the possession of this rich province.

At the Manchuria station our hand baggage was inspected by Russian customs officials. Again we had crossed bridges before reaching them. It was reported that the customs examination would be most exacting; that persons would even be searched; that those who would attempt to bring cigars or playing cards into Siberia would be severely punished. Some of the passengers became so wildly excited that they scattered the playing cards, which were to serve them to good purpose on the long journey, to the winds before reaching the border.

The examination turned out to be but a perfunctory one. Passports, however, were most carefully scrutinized, and passengers who had failed to have their passport visaed by a Russian Consul were detained.

At once, after leaving the town of Manchuria, we entered Transbaikalia. This is the title given to a portion of eastern Siberia. Here we were in a different world. East of the border we saw only Chinese. Here we saw only Russians. Here too the houses were all of frame or of logs, instead of sun burnt brick, as they had been in Manchuria.

For hours, after crossing the border, we continued through high rolling country which resembled that of Shelby County, Iowa. It had a fine growth of grass, but was without settlers. It was ideal grazing country, and now and then we saw large herds of stock. One of these contained at least three thousand head. Here also we saw vast numbers of prairie dog mounds, on most of which sat prairie dogs. These animals seemed larger than those in America.

At all the stations, and at the lonely guard houses between stations, there were what seemed to be cyclone cellars. Perhaps these were dugouts for winter use.

The most important town reached during the second twenty-four hours was Chita, with a population of twelve thousand, lying at the junction of the Chita and Ingoda rivers, and five hundred miles east of Lake Baikal.

Chita was one of the places to which in earlier years, under the Tzars, political prisoners were exiled. One of its streets bears the name of Ladies Street in memory of the women of noble birth who followed their husbands into exile.

Our locomotive used wood for fuel. Myriads of sparks were carried to a great distance by the high wind, finally to descend like so many stars from the sky. It was as if a snorting monster were speeding over the boundless steppes, leaving a trail of fire in its course.

Our train carried a strong military guard. An armed soldier was stationed at each end of each car. On both sides of the railway right of way there were fences of posts and rails such as prevailed in Iowa in the fifties.

After leaving Chita we ascended the valley of the Ingoda, which resembled the Susquehanna. Then we crossed the pine clad Yablona Mountains, and after following the valley of another stream for some distance, entered the Vanda Steppes.

This country appeared to be in course of being settled. We passed a number of villages, the newness of which reminded me of the days when I saw just such villages in our own western states and in the Canadian Northwest.

In the afternoon of the second day we reached Petrovski, also once one of Siberia's most dreaded exile stations. By evening we reached Verkhne-Udinsk, an important Cossack military town on the Selenga River, which during two hundred years had

also been a dreaded prison camp for political exiles. Here there was now a large military encampment, and at the station were many officers with their ladies, the latter dressed in the height of fashion. The three towns mentioned as having formerly been exile camps were such no longer. Exiles were being sent to remoter districts.

We passed a number of prison trains. The faces of these exiles that I saw pressed against the prison bars haunt me still.

From Verkhne-Udinsk the railway continues down the valley of the Selenga. At one of the stations I was able to secure a supply of caviar that was the real thing. It was almost as white as snow, and not of the black kind one gets at home.

At 3:30 o'clock of the morning of the third day I sat at the car window looking out upon the waters of Siberia's great inland lake,—Lake Baikal. It was already bright daylight in this northern latitude. I came to Siberia to see, not to sleep away my time. Each day, as soon as there was light enough to see the country, I was up and at the window, where I staid most of the day and until darkness came, making notes of what I saw. During no ten days of my life have I devoted fewer hours a day to sleep than during the ten days of our trans-Siberian journey.

At that early hour the surface of Lake Baikal was as smooth as a mirror. A flock of wild ducks flew over the lake so low that their wings almost touched the silvery surface. It seemed like a dream to find

myself in the heart of Siberia, gazing upon Lake Baikal.

The railway ran between the mountains and the sloping, sandy beach. Now and then spurs of the mountains projected into the lake, and had been tunneled. During eight hours we continued along the lake; first along its south shore, and later along its west shore, with ever changing scenery in view.

Lake Baikal constitutes the boundary between Transbaikalia, or eastern Siberia, and central Siberia. Forty miles west of the lake we reached Irkutsk, a city with a population of 60,000. With only one train a week over this road, on which one can travel in comfort, and compartments on this to be had only with difficulty, it would have been unwise to have stopped over at this point.

There was a three hours wait at Irkutsk, during which we were given a great treat. The entire city appeared to be at the station to bid farewell to Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich, brother of the Tzar, the Inspector General of all the military forces of Siberia, whose private car was here attached to our train. We saw the people of Irkutsk at their best. At the station were several regiments of Cossacks, the city and government officials, the military cadets and the pupils of the public schools.

Never could we have seen Irkutsk, or made a trip through Siberia, under more favorable conditions. The Duke's presence on the train was known along the line all the way to Moscow. At every station detachments of Cossacks awaited him, and high of-

ficials and the people dressed in their Sunday best were present. But the Duke was nowhere received with a cheer or with manifestations of joy. He was allowed to come and go in utter silence.

After leaving Irkutsk we followed the valley of the Angara to Polovina. Here we met an emigrant train, composed of twenty-five fourth class cars, each of which contained forty persons who were on the way to new homes in Transbaikalia. Thereafter until we entered Russia we daily met from six to eight trains with an equal number of settlers bound for some point in Siberia. We learned that for years this eastward movement of settlers had been going on. Many years later I saw a statement that between 1905 and 1913 three million persons had left Russia, in Europe, and setttled in the Russian provinces of Asia.

Soon after passing Polovina we left the river valley and entered the steppes. At this stage of the journey I made this entry in my journal: "Can this really be Siberia? I pictured this country in my mind's eye as a land of terror; a pathless wilderness in summer and a vast snow covered waste in winter. I knew Siberia only as George Kennan had seen and described it a quarter of a century earlier. My imagination pictured lonely travelers being pursued by packs of wolves and convoys of exiles dragging their weary feet toward remote prison camps from which they were never to return. And now I found Siberia as wonderful an agricultural paradise as are the prairie states of my own country.

Here in the steppes just west of Polovina I see as fine country as I have ever seen. All the land is well farmed. In some of the fields the grain is coming out of the ground. In others the land is being ploughed and the soil is jet black. The country is gently rolling and I can see a distance of at least five miles in each direction. If all the steppes are like this one the agricultural districts of the United States cannot measure up with them."

At the next station there was a coal mine which was so near the surface that it was being worked from above, and the vein was of considerable thickness. After leaving this station I made this entry: "Everywhere the meadows are carpeted with flowers. Never, except in autumn at home when black-eyed Susans are in flower, have I seen such wealth of flowers."

That night I retired at 9:45 because we were passing through an apparently limitless birch and pine forest which had no particular attraction. I needed sleep. At seven o'clock the next morning we were still within this forest, but in this bright morning the tall trees, in their garments of spring, and snow-white bark, were a beautiful sight. At this time we were at Yurty, 2,400 versts from the western border of Siberia.

Now and then I obtained a glimpse of the great Siberian Highway, which, before the railway was built, was the only road over which Russia communicated with her distant provinces. Could this highway speak, what tales of woe it could relate.

Over this route passed all the exiles to the distant prison stations.

At noon of the fourth day we reached Kansk. Here a company of Cossacks was drawn up at the station. There was also a large gathering of peasants. The men wore high Astrachan caps, which must have been very uncomfortable that warm day. Perhaps their wearers were members of a party of immigrants from northern Russia as a long immigrant train was on a side track.

At the next station a convict train was waiting. The convicts were heavily chained. When any of them opened a window they were ordered by a guard to close it. When the guard discovered that I carried a kodak he warned me not to use it. If I stopped near a window I was ordered to move on.

CHAPTER XX

The Yenesei River—Central Siberia—The Kirgiz Steppe — The vast immigration — Cheliabinsk — Russia in Europe—Moscow—St. Petersburg.

EAR the close of the fourth day we reached the majestic Yenesei River on whose opposite shore lay Krasnoyarsk. The source of this river is far up in Mongolia. It crosses Siberia from south to north, and empties into the Arctic Ocean. Its length is 3,000 miles.

Krasnoyarsk, which we reached over a fine steel bridge, is a city of considerable importance, with a population of 80,000. Through a large fleet of steamers it carries on a lucrative trade with the settlements up and down the Yenesei, all of which are without railway facilities.

During the day, following our departure from Krasnoyarsk, we passed through level, partly wooded, well settled, prosperous looking country which continued almost to Taiga. Occasionally there was a tract not in cultivation, but densely carpeted with orange colored wild flowers. At many stations girls, for a few kopecs, offered us large bouquets of these flowers and of sweet scented grasses. Finally all the compartments became so filled with these that they resembled a conservatory, both in beauty and fragrance.

At almost every station, many immigrants, with all their goods, were waiting to be taken to new homes, remote from the railroad. At every station the government provided boiling water for the immigrants, for their tea. Upon arrival of an immigrant train there would always be a wild rush for the hot water.

From Taiga, a junction point of no importance, a branch line runs to Tomsk, fifty miles to the northwest. Tomsk, although the most important city of central Siberia, was left out in the cold, when the Trans-Siberian Railway was being built, because it failed to bribe the mercenary engineers who staked out the route.

West of Taiga the road, as far as the Tom River, passed through a primeval forest, in which were no clearings except such as had been made, here and there, by forest fires.

At the close of the fifth day we reached and crossed Siberia's third longest river, the Obi, by a fine steel bridge half a mile in length. Upon its bank, most beautifully situated, lies the city of Obi, which, judging from its busy river front, and the large number of craft moored there, must be one of Siberia's most important commercial centers.

At the Obi River we left central Siberia, and entered western Siberia. The latter extends nine hundred miles westward to the Urals, and to the border of Russia in Europe. That portion of western Siberia, which lies between the Obi and the Irtysch, is called the Baraba Steppe.

We left Obi at five in the afternoon. Until eleven that night I watched the country, through which we were passing, and then at Kotschenewo I wrote in my journal: "This gently rolling steppe country is as rich and as beautiful as Iowa, and all under cultivation. The soil is rich black alluvial. We have reached the region of modern machinery. Here at the station, in the heart of Siberia, and 3,000 miles east of Moscow, I see standing in the open, modern mowers, self binders, and other machinery." At this station a train load of immigrants had just arrived. These immigrants were encamped in the open waiting to be taken to their new homes.

With daybreak, on the morning of the sixth day, I was again at my post. In the course of the forenoon we entered the valley of the Om River, and followed the valley to Omsk, where the Om River flows into the Irtysch. At this time I learned that when Russian towns have names which end with "sk," it usually indicates that they are situated on some river. What surprised me in Siberia, and later in Russia, was that at no station along the 6,000 miles of railway over which we traveled was there a grain elevator.

At Omsk we made an unusually long stop. The usual Cossack guard was present to receive the Grand Duke. A multitude of people were waiting at the fine station building to see this high official. A more unattractive and filthier lot of people could hardly be imagined. Omsk, I learned, was the port for approximately 15,000 miles of navigable water-

ways. From here one can go by boat north to the Arctic, south to the Mongolian border, west through the Tobol River to the Urals, and east by way of the Ob and other rivers to Lake Baikal. To the slaughter houses of Omsk come great numbers of cattle from the Kirgiz Steppe. Omsk is one of Siberia's oldest towns, and as early as the Eighteenth Century, was one of Siberia's most dreaded penal settlements.

Leaving Omsk we sped westward all day, over what is known as the borderland of the Kirgiz Steppe. It extends from the Irtysch to the Tobol, and Petropaulowsk is about its center. My fellow travelers pronounced this level prairie country monotonous. They were looking for more picturesque landscapes. To me it was of never ceasing interest. I saw in it a picture of plenty and contentment. Well cultivated districts, alternated with rich grazing country, in which I saw large herds of cattle. Then again there were miles of country that still awaited the coming of the settler.

At Petropaulowsk our train was delayed a full hour as a result of a hot box. Never did I employ an hour more profitably than this one. About the station platform were gathered hundreds of immigrants, who had just arrived, and were waiting to go to their new homes, seventy miles distant from the railroad. Recalling that in the United States and Canada I had found many German-Russians, and being anxious to learn to what extent Russia was encouraging emigration to Siberia, and on what terms these immigrants were allowed to acquire

land in their new homes, I went among the assembled immigrants, and in a loud voice said in German: "Is there any one among you who speaks German?" Instantly I was surrounded by a dozen persons who spoke German. They had come from Samara Government, in Russia, to which province their ancestors had immigrated from Germany in the days of Catharine the Great, 150 years ago.

From these I learned that the Russian government allotted forty acres to each male member of a family, loaned the settlers the money with which to purchase seed, horses, cattle and machinery, furnished them money with which to improve the land and erect the necessary buildings, furnished them the means to live on until they harvested their first crop, and after three years, and not until then, charged interest on the amounts advanced, in the shape of rent at approximately one dollar per acre. Not until the end of forty years would the settler be given title to the land. They said, that, even with complete title to the land thus long delayed, the landless, land hungry peasants of Russia, eagerly accepted the government's terms. They said that it was the policy of the government to locate all the immigrants from the same district in Russia together, in one locality, in Siberia.

One of the men asked me, in all seriousness, whether it were true that many Americans were planning to emigrate to Siberia to take up land, as he had been told they were. During the entire time, while talking to these men, I was being watched,

suspiciously, by two scowling guardians of the peace. Mrs. Ficke repeatedly warned me to desist from talking to the immigrants, as doubtless I was being looked upon as a dangerous individual, who, in, a language which the officers did not understand, was instilling dangerous doctrines into the minds of the men whom I was consulting.

At Petropaulowsk we crossed another of Siberia's largest rivers, the Ischim. It was the fourteenth large river we had encountered since entering Siberia, and like the other thirteen it was spanned by a fine steel bridge. No railway that I know of, crosses a greater number of streams, both large and small, than the Trans-Siberian. Thirty miles of bridges, I was told, had to be built to cross all these rivers.

From Petropaulowsk to Kurgan, on the Tobol River, a distance of 150 miles, the country was level as the sea. Numberless windmills broke the even line of the horizon and reminded one of Holland. The country was well settled, and gave me the impression of being very prosperous.

Kurgan is a city of 15,000 people, founded in the seventeenth century contemporaneously with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts. Since then our own country has been settled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but Kurgan had to wait almost three centuries before the country, even within a radius of one hundred miles, though an agricultural paradise, became fairly well settled.

After leaving Kurgan I sat at the window hour after hour watching this ideal farming country. There was not a single quarter section that was not in cultivation, and as far as the eye reached I saw fields of ripening grain. It was not until eleven o'clock that night that I retired on the sixth day of the journey.

I began the seventh at two o'clock in the morning after but three hours of sleep. At that hour our train reached Cheliabinsk, a city whence come the exquisite objects of crystal, malachite, lapis lazuli and other semi-precious stones, which the world so greatly admires. I had learned that, surrounding the station platform, there were shops which sold these precious articles, and that these shops would be open when the train arrived. I made plans to devote the twenty minutes, which we were to have at this station, to acquiring some of these articles.

The instant the train stopped I rushed to the nearest shops, accompanied by the chef du train, the dining car steward, and the porter of our car, with whom I had arranged to act as my protectors on my purchasing expedition. As quick as I bought and had paid for an article I handed it to one of my attendants. From time to time I inquired of them whether it was not time to go back to the train, and each time they replied that there was plenty of time left.

Suddenly I saw a look of terror on the faces of my companions, and with one accord they shouted: "The train has started." With that the four of us

made a mad rush for the moving train. However, between us and the train, on the station platform, there lay several hundred human beings, men, women and children, newly arrived immigrants, all of whom were fast asleep. Over these we had to leap to reach the train. We reached it just as the last car, which was the private car of the Grand Duke, was passing. Two of my companions reached it in time to jump upon its front platform. My third companion and I arrived just as the rear platform was passing. To our horror we saw that it was a vestibule car, and that the vestibule was closed. Fortunately one step was outside. Onto this we jumped, and on this we held on for dear life. Within the closed vestibule stood an armed soldier guarding the Grand Duke. He heard us pounding for admittance, and eyed us with suspicion. It was a moment of dreadful suspense. Finally the guard recognized the chef du train, and we were saved. Imagine the mental worry of the women of my party if they had found next morning that I had been left behind at Cheliabinsk. After this exciting experience I retired for another two hours, and when I awoke we had reached the foothills of the Urals.

The Urals are the boundary between Russia in Europe and Siberia. At Zlataust, the highest point of the pass through the mountains, we entered Russia in Europe, and thence on for twelve hundred miles we continued our journey to Moscow. After leaving the foothills of the Urals we were again in

an agricultural paradise. The country was gently rolling, and the soil was as rich as the richest of Iowa. This, indeed, could be called God's country but for Russia's wicked land system. Such country in America would be dotted with countless homes of contented farmers, and every quarter section would have its fine dwellings and substantial farm buildings.

But here, in Russia, from the Urals to Moscow, from there to St. Petersburg, and from there to the German frontier, a total distance of 2,300 miles, I saw no country where the homes of the tillers of the soil were on the land which they tilled. Occasionally I saw farms, with perhaps several thousand acres, with palatial buildings. These were the property of the nobility. Three-fourths of the land of Russia, I was told, was the property of village communities, called Mirs. These own the land in common, and it is this ownership, in common, which has brought such woe to the Russian peasantry.

When, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Tzar Alexander abolished serfdom, and deprived the nobles of much of their land, to give it to the Mirs, the lot of the peasants was but little improved. The new masters were more exacting than the old ones had been. They allotted and, from time to time, re-allotted small tracts to their villagers for temporary use, but failed to furnish the implements which in the days of serfdom the master had provided.

No one person was given enough land to warrant

his buying modern labor-saving machinery, and he continued to farm his few acres in the most primitive way. These tillers continued to reside in their miserable villages, and still continue to reside in these villages, few of which have more than a single street. Their homes are miserable, dilapidated, unpainted shacks that apparently were built centuries ago, and many of which are provided with but a single, small window. Public spirit is unknown in these villages. In not one did I discover a tree, a shrub, or a lawn. This indeed is a gloomy picture of Russia, but it is a true one of the country that I saw, all the way from the Urals to the border of Germany.

During the first day, after leaving the foothills of the Urals, we passed dozens of villages with unspeakable names. Ufa, a city of 50,000 people, picturesquely situated on the Ufa River, was the only important city which we passed between the Urals and the Volga. At a number of stations large groups of peasants with all their belongings were waiting to be entrained for their new homes in Siberia. Armed soldiers continued to guard our train in Russia as they had done in Siberia.

At Samara we reached Russia's most majestic river, the Volga. It is said to be navigable for a distance of 2,400 miles. At Samara it has a width of three miles. The railway follows its south bank for twenty miles and then crosses it. Samara has a population of 100,000. At noon of the twelfth day, we reached Moscow. Now, after twenty years,

I recall this Trans-Siberian journey as a beautiful dream of long ago.

In Moscow we secured rooms at the Hotel Metropole, and under guidance visited the city's many places of interest. Among these were the Kremlin, the Church of Ivan the Terrible, and the Sunday fair at which there were at least twenty thousand people.

From Moscow we proceeded to St. Petersburg. Here we remained a week. Cholera was raging, and our stay would have been even shorter had we been able to obtain earlier reservations to Berlin. Even then, though we held first class tickets, we were glad to travel second class in order to get away.

Of all the interesting places of St. Petersburg, the Hermitage was the most interesting. In this great art gallery are three thousand of the greatest paintings produced during three centuries. It contains hundreds of pictures, each of which is worth a king's ransom. Here are forty-two Rembrandts, fifty Rubens, thirty-two Van Dycks, twenty-two Murrillos, and many examples of the works of any great painter, of the last three centuries, that one might name. The aggregate value of this collection reaches a figure beyond belief.

What is most amazing about this collection is, that Russia acquired most of these paintings at a time when her own art was still as near its infancy as was American art one hundred years ago. Except within the last one hundred years Russia had

no great painters of her own. She collected her art treasures, which are now the envy of the art world, in Italy, Spain, France, and the Netherlands. The love of art, which must have prevailed then, still prevails. Whenever I visited the Hermitage, either in 1909, or in 1913, I found it crowded with visitors, most of whom belonged to the common people.

Among the other places of interest visited were the Peter and Paul prison, St. Isaacs Church, and Peterhof. In the Zo-ological Museum we saw the mammoth, which was discovered in a frozen morass in northern Siberia. Its hide is well preserved. Its flesh was so well preserved during the countless ages during which it had remained in its frozen condition that dogs eagerly consumed it. Both in Moscow and St. Petersburg I was able to secure a few Dutch and Italian Old Masters.

From St. Petersburg westward to the western border of Russia there was gently rolling country, here and there interspersed with forest. All the villages were as miserable as those described earlier. We crossed into Germany at Eydkuhnen. Immediately there was a complete transformation. The villages appeared prosperous, their houses were of brick and there were trees and gardens. The farms were in a splendid state of cultivation.

We devoted four days to Berlin, then visited Munich, Brussels, and Paris. In each of these I acquired a number of paintings. On July twenty-fifth, after an absence of five months and twenty days, we reached home, having once more proved

to our complete satisfaction that the world was really a globe.

After our return from this trip I had an illustration of how little the world misses us although we think our presence is indispensible for its happiness. Meeting a friend on the street I stopped and shook hands with him fully expecting that he would tell me how glad he was to see me back safely after my long absence. He remarked that he had not seen me for some time. Had I been away? I admitted that I had. Where had I been and how long had I been absent? I told him. "Why August" he exclaimed, "I have not missed you at all!"

Later in the year I spoke before the Moline After Dinner Club on "China and Manchuria," and before the Tri-City Teachers Association on "Manchuria and Beyond."

In January, 1910, I delivered an address before the Scott County Farmers Institute, at Eldridge, on "Japan."

In February, 1910, I delivered a lecture entitled "Present day China," in the Turner Opera House, under the auspices of the Davenport Academy of Science. Every seat was occupied, and many people were standing in the aisles.

In the city campaign I made my first political address in years, upon the renomination of Mayor Geo. W. Scott. I had reason to regret this later, because it caused the Democrats to take for granted that I was now again, unreservedly, one of their number. They at once began making plans to run me for

Congress. While in the South I received a letter from Arthur stating that he had been requested, by local leaders, to write me that I was the logical candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket, and to ask me to consent to run. Upon my return from the South these leaders, in vain, urged me to become a candidate. I clung to my decision never again to accept an office.

During the summer we spent a month as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barnum, at their cottage on Isle Royal.

CHAPTER XXI

Our Central and South American tour—Lima—Purchasing antiquities—Chili—Argentina—Brazil.

IN 1911, accompanied by my wife and my two daughters, I visited Guatemala, the Isthmus of Panama and various countries of South America. It must not be assumed that journeys to distant parts of the world caused me to neglect the work of my office. My firm had its share of strictly legal work. Yet its work consisted more largely in making investments for clients, in farm mortgages. Such investments were mostly made between October 1 and January 1. During this period, when my presence was most needed, I would be home.

We sailed from New Orleans on the "Parismina," one of the United Fruit Company's boats, for Puerto Barrios, in Guatemala, on January 18. Steaming down the Mississippi, which between New Orleans and the Gulf, flows high above the country, we beheld picturesque villages, isolated cabins, and country as level as the sea, as far as the eye reached. This was Louisiana's rich sugar cane country.

We reached Puerto Barrios after a voyage lasting four days. From here we proceeded to Guatemala City, the capital of the republic. The first sixty miles took us through dense jungles. Now and

then there were patches that had been cleared and converted into banana plantations. After leaving the lowlands, the railway climbed to an altitude of 4,000 feet, within a distance of eighty miles. After thirteen hours travel we reached Guatemala City, at an altitude of 5,000 feet. Its climate was like that of Iowa in June. At stations along the road forty oranges were offered us for six cents of our money.

In a buckboard wagon, drawn by six mules, over wretched and dusty roads, we went to Antigua, the earlier capital of the republic, which was partially destroyed, by an earthquake, in the eighteenth century. Of its forty-nine churches only four were still in use. Those not in use had been confiscated by the government. They were in all stages of decay. At Antigua we were taken in hand by Father Rossbach, an Austrian by birth, but a naturalized American citizen, who, besides ministering to the religious wants of the Indians of the community, operated a coffee plantation, a general store and a candle factory, which furnished the candles for all the churches of a large district. At Guatemala City a Mr. Gerlach, who had been one of our fellow passengers, took us to a bull fight, and to one of his coffee plantations. At this plantation coffee was being dried, hulled, graded, and sacked for exportation. Two hundred Indian girls were employed in assorting the beans by hand and excluding the broken and discolored ones.

After Guatemala City we visited Virginia City near the Quirigua, Maya ruins, which we inspected.

No Central American republic contains more interesting prehistoric ruins and burial grounds than Guatemala. Near Guatemala City I counted half a hundred mounds, some of which were important enough to be called pyramids. Only one of these seemed to have been opened.

Until I reached Guatemala it was supposed that there were no fake Guatemalan antiquities. On the strength of this supposition I purchased many antiquities, under guarantee that they were genuine. I also arranged for the purchase of a large collection, which, however, was to be inspected by Dr. Hewitt, the American archaeologist. To his and my amazement he found that all the numbers of this collection were forgeries, and that all my purchases were also forgeries. The latter I returned.

Returning to Puerto Barrios we took another boat for Colon. This stopped two days at Port Limon in Costa Rica. We did not visit San Jose, the capital of this republic, because yellow fever was prevalent there.

During two days we watched carloads of green bananas being loaded onto ships destined for England, and other countries. At Colon, although hailing from no port where yellow fever prevailed, we were sent to the quarantine station and detained several days. After release we inspected Colon and Cristobol, crossed the Isthmus by train to Panama, inspecting the Gatun Locks on the way.

Panama was unbearably hot even early in February. Rain came down in sheets. After each shower

the tropical sun, beating down on the water soaked ground, produced an intolerable humidity. From Balboa we embarked on the steamer "Peru" for South America. This boat resembled boats on the Mississippi. Its cabins opened upon its outside narrow decks.

The Southern Pacific was a revelation. On the Northern Pacific I had encountered tremendous storms and even a typhoon. Here this ocean merited the title "Pacific." It was as smooth as a mirror all the way to Peru. It took us seven days to go from Panama to Callao, the port for Lima, the capital of Peru. The thermometer never registered below 72 and never above 80 degrees.

The first Peruvian port at which we touched, was Paita, which is the center of the "Panama hat" industry. Hardly had the boat cast anchor when it was overrun by an army of dealers in Panama hats. These dealers played amusing tricks on the passengers. They offered hats that were works of art, at exorbitant prices. Lower prices would be offered, but refused. Finally, when ordered to leave the ship, they handed over the hats at the price offered. Too late, the purchasers discovered that they had received much inferior hats.

For two days, after leaving Panama, we were out of sight of land. After that we were constantly near enough to the coast to see the towering Cordilleras, far inland.

For a thousand miles the coast, between the moun-

tains and the sea, is a desert twenty to a hundred miles wide, which is rainless and without vegetation.

Other Peruvian ports at which we touched were Eten, Pacasmayo, and Salavary, places of no importance. From Callao we at once proceeded to Lima, by tramway. Lima is Peru's largest city. It possesses a very fine cathedral, in which rests the body of Pizarro. It has many beautiful old Spanish houses, and an interesting museum. Its greatest treasure, however, is its balmy climate. The year round it is cool enough at night to sleep under blankets, and during the day the thermometer never rises above 78 degrees in the shade. Even with this moderate temperature all business is suspended between twelve and three o'clock. Malicious tongues assert that mid-day closing was invented by shopkeepers who did not trust their employees while they were enjoying their siesta. We visited a number of points about Lima where there were interesting Inca ruins. Among these were Chorillos, Ancon, and Baranca. We went by the Oroyo railroad, up the Rimac River valley as far as Matucana, which lies at an altitude of 8,000 feet. The scenery, the entire distance, was superb, and most of the way we saw ruins of castles of Inca nobles, abandoned centuries ago when the Spaniards took possession of the country.

The present generation has used sun burned brick from many of these buildings, in building adobe walls around their fields. Along the road to Matu-

cana the mountain sides were covered with terraces of Inca origin.

No country of South America is richer in archaeological material than Peru. I had been advised, above all, to look for pre-Inca or Nazca pottery, supposed to antedate the beginning of the Christian era by twelve centuries. Only three museums, as yet, possessed any of this pottery. I inserted an advertisement, in several Lima papers, in which I announced that I desired to purchase Peruvian antiquities. During a number of days, there came to my room men, women, and children, some of whom brought one or two pots, while others brought baskets filled with pots. Several complete collections were offered me. I bought everything that came, until my room became a veritable museum. When I had already acquired three hundred Inca pots and other artifacts, but not a single Nazca pot, there called a wholesale grocer who offered me a collection of ninety-nine Nazca pots. I accompanied him to his store, and there found that number of these highly prized pots. I bought the entire collection on the spot.

Its owner told me this story of its genesis. While Dr. Uhle was excavating the Nazca Necropolis in the daytime, his workers continued work, on their own account, during the night. They disposed of the pots found, to a local merchant, who, in turn, sold them to the Lima wholesaler.

We were in Lima during carnival time. The rowdyism, which manifests itself in the United

States, at Hallowe'en, is nothing when compared with that which we saw in Lima, during the Carnival. From second story balconies or windows, adult men and women dropped toy balloons, filled with water, and cheese cloth bags, filled with flour, on well dressed pedestrians below, drenching their clothes first with water, and then covering them with flour, when the balloons and bags burst. From a balcony opposite our hotel a party of men and women for hours hurled these missils on people below.

After two weeks in Lima we sailed for Valparaiso in Chili, on the way touching at Mollendo in Peru, and Arica, Iquique, Antafogasta, and Coquimbo, in Chili. In Valparaiso we witnessed a review of Chilian troops by the President of Chili. These were uniformed like German troops. In Valparaiso harbor we saw myriads of diving gulls which differed from the gulls of other countries. These circled high above the sea, in larger or smaller flocks, and, as on a given signal, all dove into the sea at once like bolts from the sky.

Next we visited Santiago, the capital of Chili. What Paris is to France, that is Santiago to Chili. It contains many fine homes, streets, drives, and parks, and is the home of most of the rich people of the republic. An odd custom prevails here. Well-to-do residents, while absent from the city, permit their coachmen, for their own private profit, to hire out their carriages to whomever they please. We drove about the city in one of these carriages, for

hours. Often as we passed other carriages, their occupants bowed to us pleasantly, apparently recognizing our carriage as that of a friend and mistaking us for their friends.

From Santiago we started on our trans-Andean journey. The altitude reached by the Andean Railway is 10,170 feet. Lest a too rapid ascent, into so high an altitude, should bring on mountain sickness, we spent one night at Los Andes, at an altitude of 2,800 feet.

Our train entered the Andean tunnel, in Chili, and emerged from it in Argentina. I imagined the Pampas of Argentina to be a vast uninhabitated wilderness. When I saw these, from the car window, they became transformed into a well settled agricultural paradise. Argentina claims to be the world's largest exporter of meat and corn, and the second largest exporter of wheat. I found it as well supplied with railroads as my own country. Fourteen trunk lines radiate from Buenos Aires into distant parts of the republic.

Farming in Argentina, however, differs widely from that in the United States. It is carried on on a grand scale. I saw no small farms between the Andes and Buenos Aires. Thousands of acres, in some instances, were being farmed by one individual with the help of cheap peon labor. Argentina has an area equal to that of all the states east of the Mississippi. The distance from the border of Chili to Buenos Aires is one thousand miles. After leaving the foothills of the Andes the country, all the

way to Buenos Aires, is as level as the sea. Not a hill, or slightly elevated ground, breaks the even line of the horizon. There are no depressions, such as we call sloughs. We saw a few shallow lakes, in which hundreds of beautifully tinted flamingos were wading. Occasionally we saw wild ostriches.

We passed many estancias, as farms are called, which had fine dwellings, but none had buildings to house horses or stock or for the storage of grain. In the latitude of the Trans-Andean Railroad winters are so mild that stock is allowed to remain in the open, the year round. At not a single station along the line, did I see a grain elevator. I saw many large pyramids of sacked wheat ready to be shipped. At a number of stations I saw sacked wheat being loaded from heavy two-wheeled carts, drawn by eight horses, upon flat cars. At some points we saw large herds of cattle and sheep. Buenos Aires has far over a million inhabitants. It is a marvel of beauty and business activity.

I went on side trips as far south as LaPlata, and as far north as Rosario. The country between Buenos Aires and Rosario differs widely from that which we saw during our journey across Argentina. It is divided into ten or twenty acre tracts, owned by Italians and used for raising vegetables and fruit.

A night's trip by ocean steamer took us from Buenos Aires to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. Here, after a short trip inland, we embarked for Santos, Brazil, from where we proceeded to Sao

Paulo. The country all the way was mountainous and covered with dense tropical vegetation.

Sao Paulo is an important commercial center, with beautiful homes, a municipal theatre of which it is justly proud, and a most interesting museum, which unfortunately was erected miles outside of the city, on the spot on which Brazil's independence was declared. The distance is so great that but few people visit it.

From Sao Paulo we went to Rio Janeiro by rail. We saw much mountainous and densely wooded country, but also considerable high rolling prairie. The latter was without settlers. There were but few coffee plantations. Yet the state of Sao Paulo produces two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee.

Rio Janeiro possesses one of the world's finest harbors, and its environs offer much of interest. From the summit of the Corcovado, reached by a cogwheel railway, one obtains a surpassing view of the city.

Brazil has vast areas of forest, yet imports all the lumber it uses. Its forests produce only hard woods which are too heavy to be floated down its rivers, and lumber, transported to the coast by rail, cannot compete with that brought from foreign countries by vessels.

In none of the South American republics did I discover any love for the United States. The individual American is everywhere treated with respect, but South America rejects the Monroe Doctrine, and resents our "Big Brother" attitude toward

it. It claims that it is quite able to look out for itself.

From Rio Janeiro we took passage for New York. Our steamer stopped one day at Bahia in Brazil, one day at Port au Spain, on the Island of Trinidad, and one day at Bridgetown in the Barbadoes.

We ate a midday meal at the Queen's Hotel, at Port au Spain. We were served with a ragout of what was called "Bush Meat," and it was delicious. It was not until we returned to our ship at four o'clock that we learned that "Bush Meat" was the camouflaged name for monkey meat. It was then too late for regrets, and to undo the harm. Our healthy digestion had already completed its task.

When we left Rio Janeiro it was the sixteenth day of South America's autumn month of April. When we arrived in New York it was the fifth day of North America's loveliest spring month of May.

My visit to the South American countries converted me into a believer in subsidies to ocean transportation companies. I became convinced that the United States would not, without granting subsidies, acquire a merchant marine. It was most humiliating to find every port visited, crowded with ships of other countries and not to find a single ship carrying the flag of my own country.

In New York I celebrated our safe return by adding twelve rare paintings to my collection. Eight of these were by the earlier American landscapists, now so highly esteemed and so difficult to find.

That year I read a paper before the Davenport

Contemporary Club, entitled "Our Trade Relations with the Latin American Republics," gave a talk on "South America" before the Davenport Commercial Club, another on "Travels in South and Central America" before the Unitarian Club, and finally one on "South America from a North American Standpoint" before the Moline After Dinner Club.

Before the close of the year I presented my entire collection of Peruvian pottery to the Davenport Academy of Science.

On January 12, 1912, by good brother Herman died.

CHAPTER XXII

Touring Europe 1912—Italy—Austria—England—Buying paintings — Europe 1913 — Russia revisited—Helene married.

ON February 26, 1912, during the worst snowstorm of the winter, my wife and daughters and I left Davenport for a European tour, embarking at New York for Naples. During the voyage I had many delightful talks with America's famous painter, F. D. Millet. At Perugia we received the appalling news of the sinking of the Titanic, with great loss of life, after colliding with an iceberg. Mr. Millet was one of the passengers who lost his life in this disaster.

After devoting two weeks to Naples and environs, and four weeks to Rome and environs, we entered upon an automobile trip through Italy's hill towns, Narni, Terni, Perugia, Spoleto, Foligno, Assisi, and Siena. In these towns the coming of an automobile was an important event. Multitudes turned out to greet us. Some of the towns visited possessed priceless Old Masters. In the town hall at Narni I saw a large painting by Ghirlandajo, Florence's great fifteenth century painter, which would find a purchaser at a quarter of a million dollars. After devoting ten days to Florence and its art treasures,

we visited Bologna, Padua, and Venice, and then proceeded to Vienna.

Vienna at first was disappointing. Not until we had visited its great art galleries and museums, and attended its theatres, operas, and concerts, did we become fully reconciled to it. Vienna prides itself on its water, brought from a distant mountain region. Its people spend hours at restaurants, listening to good music, and drinking water. The four of us spent an hour at one of these restaurants. With our coffee the waiter brought four glasses of water. Soon he brought four more glasses, and then still four more. Of the twelve glasses none were removed while we remained.

We went to Budapest by Danube steamer. The Danube has an extremely swift current. At many points water wheels placed between two barges, anchored in the stream, were carrying power to factories on shore by means of steel ropes.

We were in Budapest during the week of its great horse races. We attended these one day, not because we were interested in horse races, but because we wanted to see an Hungarian crowd, and we did. One hundred thousand persons were in attendance that day. After witnessing the running of one race we were glad to escape from this mob.

After Budapest we spent a week in Munich, then visited relatives in Switzerland and Freiburg in Baden, stopped a day and a night in Heidelberg to witness an illumination of its famous old castle, went by Rhine steamer from Mayence to Coblenz,

and then to Brussels. After Brussels we visited Antwerp, The Hague, Delft, Harlem, and Amsterdam, in Holland.

I was staggered by the wealth of paintings I saw in the Royal Museum in Antwerp; in the Moritzhuis in The Hague; and in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam. I left my family in Amsterdam while I went for a brief visit to relatives in Hamburg, Uelzen, and Hanover. In Germany I discovered a bitter feeling against England. While waiting at the station at Cologne a trainload of German soldiers arrived. As I walked up and down the station platform, soldiers, who were leaning out of the car windows, or waiting on the station platform, made remarks about me, the supposed "Johnny Bull." Whenever any of them made a funny or offensive remark about the supposed Englishman, there would be a whirlwind of laughter. Finally, when one of them directed a particularly offensive remark at me, I stopped, and addressing the soldiers in German said: "Boys, you are mistaken. I am not a Johnny Bull. I am an American." Instantly they gave me a rousing cheer.

People with whom I talked in Germany about the bitter feeling which existed between Germany and England, agreed that a war between these countries was inevitable, and that it was but a question of time, when it would come.

In England people were equally pessimistic. I found a bitter feeling against Germany wherever I went. People said that a war between the two

countries was inevitable. The only question, on which they differed, was how soon this war would come. When I sought for the cause for this bitter feeling no one could name any except mutual jealousies.

We left Brussels for England at nine o'clock in the morning, crossed the Channel between Calais and Dover, and at half past five in the afternoon we were in London. Thirty-five years had passed since my first visit to that city. After devoting a week to London's art galleries with their priceless art treasures, its museums, and its many other places of interest, we started on our auto tour of England. On the first day we passed through Epping Forest, and reached Cambridge, where we spent the night. Next day we visited Ely and Petersborough with their interesting Cathedrals, and stopped at Lincoln for the night. The third day, after visiting the Lincoln Cathedral, we proceeded to Ripon, visiting York with its splendid cathedral, and Studley Royal, with the ruins of Fountain Abbey on the way. When we were approaching Fountain Abbey we noticed a woman frantically waving her handkerchief at us. She was an English woman whom we had met in South America.

At Ripon, where we remained over night, the ancient custom of blowing a horn three times at a quarter past nine in the evening, as a signal for people to retire, was still in vogue. On the fourth day we drove to Carlisle, one hundred and twenty miles distant. The next day we drove to Edinburgh,

stopping at Abbotsford, Scott's old home, and Melrose Abbey on the way. The sixth day was devoted to Edinburgh, its two art galleries, its castle, St. Giles Church and Holyrood Castle. On the seventh day we visited the Scottish lakes and spent the night at Callendar. Next day we drove to Berwick-on-Tweed via Stirling, Edinburgh, and the east coast.

The day on which we were at Berwick the Democratic National Convention, which nominated Woodrow Wilson for the presidency, was in session at Baltimore. At breakfast next morning I asked an American, at another table, if he knew whether Wilson had won. An Englishman, at still another table, answered me by saying: "Oh yes, Wilson has won. Here it says so in the paper." With that he handed me the paper. It was indeed true that Wilson had won, but it was not Woodrow Wilson. It was Wilson, a golf player, who had won the golf match at Berwick the day before.

On the ninth day we drove to Darlington, visiting Durham, with its castle and cathedral, on the way. The next day we drove through Sherwood Forest, the Dukeries country, and ended up at Boslow for the night. I was disappointed in not being allowed to visit Chatsworth House; but the Duke was home, and when he is, Chatsworth House remains closed to visitors. I wanted to see the Duke of Devonshire's so called Rembrandt, representing a Rabbi, of which I had either a replica, or an old copy, and which Dr. Van Dyke claims is not a Rembrandt, but a painting by Koninck, one of Rembrandt's pupils.

On the eleventh day we drove one hundred miles visiting Haddon Hall, Litchfield, with its wonderful cathedral, the finest yet seen, and Birmingham, and ended up at Warwick, where we took rooms at the Woolsack Inn. This was the quaintest inn at which we had so far stopped. The next day we first drove to Stratford-on-Avon, where we visited Shakespeare's House, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, and the church in which lies Shakespeare's body. Then we continued to Oxford, stopping at Blenheim Castle on the way. On the thirteenth day we returned to London, via Windsor and Henley on the Thames. At Windsor we visited the castle with its fine collection of paintings.

The barber at the Cecil Hotel asked me whether I had attended the "bout races at Enley?" I said "Enley? Enley? Do you mean Henley?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I mean Henley," but he again pronounced it "Enley." Then he wanted to know whether I would like to go up in an "Haeroplane." I said: "No, but if I ever go up in one I shall want to go straight into Heaven." Then he said: "Do you know my opinion about 'Even' and 'Ell?' I believe there is no 'Even' and 'Ell' except such as we make for ourselves on 'Hearth'."

On a Sunday we witnessed an imposing Labor demonstration in Hyde Park. In the procession were at least fifteen thousand persons, of whom many were women and children. Ever and anon one of the marchers, in a loud voice, asked: "Are we disartened?" And all, in unison, shouted "No." Final-

ly, when the procession halted, the marchers gathered around six stands from which they were addressed by speakers. Wandering about aimlessly, among the thousands, was an old man, on whose hat was fastened a large placard bearing this pathetic inscription: "I am McDougal, from Australia, looking for my lost daughter."

While in Europe I made many additions to my collection of paintings. I began my search for "Old Masters" in Naples. In Rome I inserted an advertisement in several papers, which stated that I desired to acquire paintings of merit. I received many responses. One of these particularly interested me, because of its mysteriousness. It spoke of a choice collection of Old Masters that was for sale, which could be inspected in a palace, of which the name would be given in the course of further negotiations. The letter added that negotiations would have to be carried on with great secrecy.

At my first meeting with the writer of this letter, a day, one week off, on which I was to be shown the collection, was agreed upon. On the appointed day, upon promising that I would not disclose its location, I was taken to a large building in a remote part of the city, which perhaps, in some earlier century had been a palace. On the third floor of this building, in a room devoid of furniture, I was shown the most astonishing collection of worthless daubs, of past centuries, imaginable. It did not contain a single painting which I would have accepted even as a gift. And for these, most extravagant prices were asked.

The collection, manifestly, had been planted in this pretended palace, and surrounded with such mysteriousness, for my special benefit, and with the hope that I would be stupid enough to buy it.

One letter mentioned an important collection, the property of a woman in a village near Rome, who desired to retire into a convent. The writer offered to bring the collection to the city. I lost no time in arranging to have this collection brought to Rome, with the result that I bought thirty of the paintings.

In October our daughter Helene became engaged to Charles Harlan Watzek, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Watzek. On November 12, the stork brought a fine boy to the home of my son Arthur. To him was given the name of Stanhope Blunt Ficke.

In 1912 I was inactive in politics, except that I presided at a meeting at the Burtis Opera House at which Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, who had presided over the convention which nominated Mr. Wilson, spoke.

In December the Art Department of the Woman's Club held its meeting at our house, and I gave an address on the most important paintings in my collection. In this I expressed the hope that the day was not far distant when my collection could be made the nucleus of a Public Art Gallery. Yet more than ten years were to elapse before my dream was to become a reality.

In December a cablegram from Mrs. Hugo Ficke from Rangoon, in Burma, brought the appalling news that her husband, my cousin, had suddenly

died in that city. She requested me to meet her in Naples at a designated time. Although I had been home only six months, and was reluctant to start on another trip so soon, I cabled her that I would meet her at the time and place mentioned. I assumed that she was bringing her husband's body back to Germany.

I sailed from New York on January sixteenth, arrived at Havre on the morning of the twenty-third, and reached Paris at three o'clock in the afternoon of that day. I left for Naples the same night, and next morning awoke just as the train was leaving Montreux, and in time to get a glimpse of the Castle of Chillon from the car window.

I had two hours between trains at Milan, which I devoted to the Brera Art Gallery which contains Raphael's greatest painting: "The Marriage of the Holy Virgin," and to a visit to Milan's wonderful cathedral, which I had not seen since 1877. I spent a night and a day in Florence, and two days in Rome. At Naples I found a cablegram from Mrs. Ficke which stated that the body of her husband had been cremated, and that she was returning alone. I accompanied Mrs. Ficke to Freiburg. During the journey I read her husband's autobiography. It showed him to have been the big hearted man and deep thinker that I had always considered him to be. In his manuscript he deplored that he had been able to make but so little of what he had seen the world over, of use to his fellow men, and that so much which he had hoped to accomplish, in his lifetime,

had been left undone. Like so many of us he found life too short to carry out all the plans made in youth.

Dr. Ficke was a most interesting person. For thirty years he served his home city (Freiburg, in Baden) as Alderman without pay. He was so conscientious that when he visited us during the Chicago Exposition he hastened home because his permit to absent himself from Council Meetings was about to expire.

The Freiburg Museum, of which he was the founder, contained thousands of interesting objects which he had collected in all parts of the world on his travels. Collecting butterflies was his particular hobby. Our children, to his great joy, gave him the title of "Doctor of Butterflies." His remarkable collection of these he left to his museum. It was amusing to see him, the dignified gentleman, who had the bearing of a Roman Senator of old, become as active as a youth the instant an interesting butterfly came within his vision. Drawing a butterfly net, which he always carried, from his pocket he followed it wherever it led.

Once, during his visit with us, he espied a beautiful butterfly in a garden on Brady Street. Instantly he gave chase. The amazed look of the owner of the garden, when he saw so dignified a person, a perfect stranger to him, chasing a butterfly in it I shall never forget.

The University of Freiburg conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science; and the

Grand Duke of Baden invested him with a much prized decoration. He died, honored, in his old age, after a full and happy life.

I spent a busy week in Freiburg in conferences with executors, attorneys, and excruciatingly bureaucratic and overbearing officials. Then I went to Wuerzburg, to meet one of my clients, who wanted me to draw his will. From here I went to Berlin. Here I discovered that one could go to St. Petersburg, spend three days there, and be back in Berlin in a week. I had had such good luck, in my search for Old Masters, in St. Petersburg, in 1909, that I decided to visit that city once more. I left Berlin in the evening of the day on which I had arrived. My train reached the Russian border at Alexandrowa at two o'clock in the morning. Here I was detained two hours while my baggage was being searched and my passport examined.

I arrived in Warsaw at eight o'clock in the morning. Every minute of the day, until I left for St. Petersburg that night, was occupied in seeing the sights of that city. The thermometer showed a temperature below zero. All cabs were open ones and none carried robes. I nearly perished with cold while driving about the city.

Warsaw was swarming with soldiers. The country between Warsaw and St. Petersburg was one great expanse of snow. What I had seen of Russia in summer was dreary enough. The picture which I saw of it in winter, was indescribably sad. There were many villages, with twenty or more houses, to

which or from which, there led no beaten paths. These seemed to be deserted. It was still zero weather in St. Petersburg on February fifteenth. At street corners, fires were kept going for people to warm themselves. Owners of corner properties, I learned, were required to maintain these fires at their own expense. I found this city also swarming with soldiers, most of whom were raw recruits. People were in a panic, believing Russia to be on the brink of war. Yet no one was able to tell me with what country Russia was expected to go to war. Some expressed the opinion that it would be Austria.

The hours which I did not devote to a search for Old Masters I spent at the Hermitage. I was convinced that I would never have another opportunity to feast my eyes on its priceless art treasures, and therefore made the most of this one. My success in finding paintings did not meet my expectations. Yet I did not regret this trip. St. Petersburg, with its ice-covered Neva, its winter life, its swift horses, and elegant turnouts was well worth a visit. I returned by way of Vilna, Wirballen and Eydkuhnen, and in exactly one week was back in Berlin. I spent one day in Berlin, and one day in Hanover to call on relatives. Here a lot of lingerie, for my wife and daughters, which I had ordered in Rome, was waiting for me at the custom house. I was prepared to pay a considerable duty. But Germany bases her duty on weight instead of value, and I had to pay but fifteen cents on the entire shipment. The cus-

toms official said: "Do you live in Davenport?" I replied: "Indeed I do, but how did you guess that I did?" He replied that his brother-in-law lived there. After one day in Brussels and one day in Paris I sailed for home from Cherbourg. Inasmuch as Mrs. Ficke did not accompany me I found this trip the most lonesome one I had ever made and I vowed never again to travel without her.

On September 27, 1913, our daughter Helene's marriage to Charles Harlan Watzek was solemnized. It was for us a joyful, as well as a sad event. Joyful because Helene was being married to so sterling a young man; sad because her home was to be at so great a distance from ours.

In November, Mrs. Ficke and I spent several weeks in New York. Here I acquired Alexander Harrison's "The Fisher Boy," which has been so much admired in our Municipal Art Gallery where it now hangs. When Mr. Harrison learned that I had become its owner he wrote me: "My brother writes me that you have come into possession of my 'Fisher Boy.' It was always one of my pets, and was painted from the same model kid who posed for my 'Chateau en Espagna' now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The boy had a shy and dreamy expression that appealed to me. I trust that the 'Dream Boy' will wear well in your company."

In New York we visited at the home of W. A. Hornaday, the writer on natural history, whom with Mrs. Hornaday, we had met on one of our southern trips. I had searched the galleries of America and

Europe in vain for paintings by Baltasar de Echave, three of whose paintings I had acquired in Mexico. I knew that somewhere there were others. This great Spanish painter had executed a set of twenty for a convent in Mexico City, three hundred years ago, which, when the government closed the convent, had been scattered.

Out of New York's million homes, we happened to visit the one in which was one of the missing paintings. The Hornadays had the "St. John" of the set of which we had the "St. Paul," the "St. Peter," and the "St. Simon."

CHAPTER XXIII

Touring Japan, Korea, China, 1914 — Peking antiquities — World War begins — Unemployment — Blakeslee picture sale — S. S. Lusitania sunk — Alice married—Reisinger picture sale.

N March, 1914, my wife, my daughter Alice, and I started on another trip to Asia. We planned to visit Japan, Korea, and China. On the way to Victoria, from where we were to sail, we stopped at Wauna for a visit with Helene and Harlan. Our route to the Pacific took us through Washington, Idaho, and Oregon. These were the only states which I had not previously visited.

At Wauna I witnessed a remarkable migration of gulls, down the Columbia to the sea. It lasted thirty-five minutes by my watch. By careful estimate I found that ten gulls passed every second, and twenty thousand during the entire period mentioned. I learned that these mass migrations to and from the sea, up and down the Columbia, are the result of changes in the weather.

At Victoria Mr. and Mrs. Barnum from Duluth again became our traveling companions. The trip across the Pacific was cold and stormy.

In Yokohama we again had rooms at the Grand Hotel, which later, in the great earthquake, was

utterly destroyed, with great loss of life. In Japan we went over much familiar ground, and then took the steamer the Schimoniseki for Fusan in Korea. We spent two days at Seoul, the capital of Korea, and one day on the train to Antung, where we crossed the Yalu River into Manchuria. Even during this short time in Korea, I became convinced that Japan's rule over that country was an unalloyed blessing. The Koreans are a picturesque people, but a more shiftless one it would be difficult to imagine.

After two days in Mukden, and another day on the train, we reached Peking. A dust storm of great fury accompanied us all the way from Shanhaikwan to that city.

On the train we met a party of Americans, sent by the Rockefeller Foundation, to study conditions in China. Dr. Francis Peabody of Boston, one of the party, when he heard my name, inquired whether Arthur Davison Ficke, whom he knew, was my son. The same day at Peking a Mr. Roger Green, of the American Consular service at Hankau, and Langdon Warner, both of whom also knew Arthur, individually asked me the same question. In Peking we revisited the many interesting places we knew from our previous visit. We again visited the Great Wall at Nankau. Major A. J. Bowly, military attache of the American Legation, Roy Anderson, and W. H. Donald, correspondent of the New York Herald, gave us a Chinese dinner of thirty-five courses, at a noted Chinese restaurant. As course after course was served, the dishes were piled up in

the center of our large table, until they formed a veritable pyramid.

I inserted an advertisement in the Peking papers, in which I stated that I desired to purchase Chinese antiquities, and gave the number of my room at the Wagon Lits Hotel. Before nine o'clock next morning, the corridor upon which my room opened, resembled a curio shop. During two days this corridor was so thronged with persons who brought antiquities they wanted to sell, that the hotel management had to provide attendants to preserve order.

One after another I admitted these persons to my room, and there, with the assistance of my guide, purchased the things that interested me, until my room had become a veritable museum. The most highly treasured article purchased was a large, exquisite, fire-gilt, bronze figure of Buddha. This was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. For one full hour I refused to purchase it at the extravagant price asked. I even allowed it to be taken as far as the outer door of the hotel. Then I repented, called back its owner, and bought it at his price. My acquisitions during the two days filled eighteen large cases.

I also become interested in Chinese paintings. To assist me in acquiring such, Minister and Mrs. Reinsch invited Mrs. Ficke, my daughter, and me to an afternoon tea at the Embassy, to which they also invited several experts on Chinese paintings. They arranged with a number of dealers to bring paintings to the Embassy, and under guidance of

the experts I made many selections. These paintings will be donated to the Municipal Art Gallery whenever it can find room for them.

One day we saw a wedding procession. A girl was being taken to the home of her future husband in the lacquer wedding chair, now in the Davenport Museum. She was being carried by eight bearers and escorted by a large party of friends. In China a girl does not see her intended husband until she is carried to his house in a wedding chair. Next day I bought this chair from its owner. While inspecting it, in front of the owner's shop, we were surrounded by several hundred curious natives. Our guide heard one of these say to another: "That man must have many daughters to marry off. He is not renting the chair. He is buying it."

After exhausting the time we had reserved for Peking we returned to Japan over the route by which we had come. After spending a few days in Osaka, and a day in Nara, we devoted three weeks to Kyoto, Japan's most interesting city. From here we continued our journey eastward, by rickshaws, over the Tokaido. We spent the first night in Seki at a native inn, which had not had a European guest since our party had stopped there five years before. Wherever we appeared we created as great a sensation as previously. At a couple of inns they had cages full of fire flies for the amusement of guests. After reaching Yokohama we visited Tokio and Nikko.

With what prodigality I purchased antiquities, in

Japan, appears from the fact that I sent home thirty-four cases filled with my purchases, with a total weight of 7,200 pounds. These acquisitions are now in the Davenport Museum.

We were to have sailed from Yokohama for Vancouver on June eighteenth. Our sailing, however, was delayed four days because our boat had been held in quarantine in Kobe. While waiting at the Grand Hotel we experienced an earthquake. This fortunately was not severe enough to destroy that hotel, as did an earthquake some years later.

Between the day on which we sailed and that on which we reached Victoria there transpired a tragedy in Europe which lead to the World War. On June twenty-eighth, while we were in mid-Pacific, the Austrian Crown Prince Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated at Serajevo in Bosnia. It was not until we reached Vancouver that we learned of this assassination. We arrived at Victoria on July first. Helene and Harlan were waiting for us there. They went with us to Vancouver, and later accompanied Alice and her mother on a trip to the Canadian Rockies, while I hurried home.

My journey home, and matters that awaited my attention when I reached home, so engrossed me that I failed to realize that a catastrophe was approaching. I did not realize the gravity of the situation until July twenty-third, when Austria charged Servia with responsibility for the assassination of the Crown Prince, and presented her with an ultimatum.

The seriousness of the situation increased from day to day. Germany demanded that Russia state within twenty-four hours why she was massing troops on the German frontier. A great panic struck the New York Stock Exchange. For the first time in forty years it suspended its sittings. The British fleet sailed from Portsmouth under sealed orders. The final blow fell when Germany, one day, ordered the mobilization of her fleet for action, and a general mobilization of her army, and on the next day declared war on Russia. This was on August first. Thence on events followed each other with appalling swiftness.

On August fourth Germany declared war on France and Belgium, and England declared war against Germany. At once Germany invaded Belgium and France, and German victories followed each other at short intervals. Having been born in Germany, and being bound to it through my love for its people, their language, literature, and songs, and by ties of relationship, it followed that my sympathies were with that country in this war. The sympathies of Americans of British and French birth were with the Allies. Thus, American citizens, who had dwelt peacefully side by side, found themselves divided into hostile groups, in their sympathies.

Communication with Germany at once became interrupted while that with England remained unimpaired. The latter flooded the United States with stories of alleged German atrocities. Although these

stories, subsequently, were proved to have been unadulterated fiction, they were believed by many at the time. I knew the German people too well to believe that they would permit such atrocities. I rejoice that my faith in them later received convincing confirmation. While in Belgium in 1922, I talked with many persons who intensely hated the Germans, because of their oppression of Belgium during the war. However, when I questioned them in regard to alleged atrocities, which the Germans were reported to have committed upon men, women, and children, they, one and all, emphatically declared that such had not been committed. I could not find a single person who had heard of such atrocities.

Within two weeks after war had been declared, those of us who sympathized with Germany, organized a citizens committee for the purpose of raising funds for the German Red Cross. Native born and naturalized citizens contributed to this humane work with equal liberality.

Early in the war a prediction that the United States would be drawn into it, as an ally of England, would have been pronounced ridiculous. A prediction that we would eventually be siding with Germany would have been readily believed. The reason for this was Great Britain's flagrant disregard of our rights as a neutral. Vessels flying the flags of neutral countries were stopped, by British war ships, and searched, and forced to surrender mail which they were carrying from one neutral country to another, in order that it might be censored by the

British censor. Thus a letter to me, mailed in Switzerland, was taken from the mail, was opened by the British censor, who cut out portions of it, and made other portions illegible. A protest which I filed with our government was ignored.

I became convinced that the United States would be forced into a war against England, if that country continued in its violations of our rights as a neutral. That I correctly interpreted the situation is shown by Dean Inge of St. Paul's of London, in his book: "England," published since the war. In this he says: "It has now become certain that the American government seriously contemplated taking action against us in the earlier part of the Great War."

Great Britain was able to maintain so strict a censorship over war news, that the American public remained in ignorance of the fact that the German armies had been advancing through Belgian and French territory toward Paris, at the rate of more than twenty-five miles a day, until it learned that these armies had arrived at the gates of Paris on September third, and that the French government had been removed to Bordeaux. It then learned to its surprise that most of Belgium, and all that part of France north of the Marne, was in German hands.

The battle of the Marne, on September ninth and succeeding days, ended the German advance and forced their armies back across the Marne. Day after day during October, November and December, Americans read accounts of battles won or lost on

the different battle fronts without being able to determine which side had gained advantage. Everywhere the contending armies were locked in a life and death struggle. Before the close of the year it became manifest that the war would be one of long duration.

By this time America realized that the war was greatly affecting her prosperity. Stagnation in trade had set in throughout the land. In all the cities there was unprecedented unemployment. Davenport was no exception. In November, when unemployment had reached appalling proportions, a public meeting was called to devise ways and means of relief. At this meeting P. T. Walsh, Judge French, J. R. Lane, Charles Shuler, and myself were named a committee to submit a plan to the City Council under which work would be given to the unemployed. It was found that all the funds available for that year had already been exhausted. The committee thereupon arranged with the Council to let the city undertake public improvements, requiring an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars. It agreed to provide the necessary amount to pay for these improvements and rely on the city for repayment out of funds available the following year. This arrangement, lived up to loyally by the committee and the city, relieved the situation.

As the war progressed there was great danger of friction between those of our citizens who sympathized with the Allies and those who sympathized with Germany and Austria. There could be

no criticism of those who sympathized with the countries in which they were born. Unfortunately, however, there were persons who forgot that America was a neutral country, and therefore, should avoid acts that would constitute a breach of her neutrality.

On August ninth, five days after war had been declared, the German-American Central Society called a meeting for the purpose of taking action in regard to the situation. Scenting danger of extreme action I attended this meeting. When a motion was made to call a public meeting to express sympathy with Germany I opposed it. I stated that my sympathies were with Germany; that Germany was not responsible for the war; that many false reports would reach America by way of England, which it would be impossible to disprove since communication with Germany had been destroyed; that a public meeting would not change the situation, and that unless the purpose of the meeting were restricted to raising funds for the German Red Cross, it would be a blunder to hold it. I said that in these exciting days everything should be avoided that would further inflame the passions of the sympathizers with this or that country. I received support from Henry Vollmer and Gustav Donald, and the motion failed.

During this period of turmoil there came one day of great joy to the Ficke and Watzek families. On November fifteenth, at Wauna, at the home of Harlan and Helene Watzek, there arrived a young man to whom was given the name of Peter Ficke Watzek.

In November, the Davenport Academy of Science, after having devoted months to the installation of the Chinese and Japanese antiquities which I had presented to that institution, opened these collections to public view. Multitudes came, and the city papers published lengthy descriptions of the exhibit, accompanied by illustrations of a number of the objects.

In December I accompanied Arthur to Chicago. At a dinner which he gave to a number of his friends I met Hamlin Garland, whose stories have given me such infinite pleasure.

Early in 1915 Mrs. Ficke and I visited Helene and Harlan in Wauna. At the Crosset-Watzek sawmill I saw a large Douglas fir log, which was about to be sawed up into lumber. The number of its annual rings indicated that the tree, of which it had been a part, had started growing nearly six hundred years ago. I caused a cross section of this log to be shipped to me at Davenport, with the intention of placing it in the museum of the Academy of Science, after having its surface polished, so as to show the annual rings more distinctly. When the log arrived in Davenport, the transportation charges amounted to forty dollars. One of the freight handlers, in the Davenport freight house, was overheard saying to another one, "What a peculiar man Mr. Ficke must be. He has his kindilng shipped to him from Oregone and pays forty dollars freight charges on as much kindling as he can buy in Davenport for three dollars."

Later in the year, in New York, I attended the

sale at auction of the Blakeslee collection of paintings. The one painting in this collection, which I particularly wanted, was that by Italy's great Sixteenth Century painter, LoSpagna, which was still in its original Venetian Tabernacle frame. I entertained no hope of securing it. I expected it would bring from ten to twenty thousand dollars. To my great surprise it was knocked down to me at the ridiculous price of one thousand dollars. The frame alone was worth that amount. Among other paintings which I acquired were a Joshua Reynolds, a Sustermanns, and a Manni.

The European war, through the year, continued with unabated fury. On the western front but little territory was gained by either side. At Ypres the Germans for the first time employed poison gas with deadly effect. On the eastern front they took Warsaw. The Russians, in their retreat, not only destroyed the fine bridge by which I had crossed the Vistula, two years before, but also devastated large districts in Poland and Russia. The Germans made many air raids on London and Paris with great loss of life. It did not become known in America, until later, that the Allies had made an equal number of air raids on German cities, with equally great loss of life.

Throughout the year, sympathizers with Germany accused the Wilson administration of laxity in maintaining American neutrality, and a number of newspapers and individuals of being in the pay of Eng-

land, and of endeavoring to stampede the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

In February the submarine blockade, which Germany had declared over the waters surrounding Great Britain, took effect. Germany hoped, and all the world thought, this measure would end all ocean traffic, and starve England into suing for peace. Early in the blockade the Lusitania, a British ship, fearing a submarine attack, hoisted the American flag. The Wilson administration thereupon, for once, roused itself and protested. The only reply made by England was that it claimed such deception was permissible in war.

On May seventh the Lusitania again encountered a submarine, and was sunk without warning, with appalling loss of life. Indignation against Germany increased to fever heat. Millions, who up to this time had remained neutral, now inveighed against Germany.

During the year some of the warring European powers sought to float war loans in America. In a communication in the Chicago Tribune, later copied by Davenport papers, I warned against investing in these.

On July 10, 1915, our daughter Alice was married to Devore N. Simonson, a young Rock Island attorney. The marriage took place in the Unitarian Church, in Davenport, and was followed by a reception and supper at our home. We greatly rejoiced that at least one of our daughters was to reside near Davenport.

In the Orient in 1914

In January, 1916, Mrs. Ficke and I attended the sale at auction, at the American Art Association Rooms, New York, of the large Hugo Reisinger collection of paintings. I acquired a Jules Dupre, an Isabey, a Paul Dougherty, and a Dabo. From dealers I bought an additional number of paintings.

That year the Wilson administration's attitude toward the World War was considered highly unneutral by those who sympathized with Germany, and they had no hesitancy in saying so. They read in it a disposition to bring our relations with Germany to the breaking point. I still hoped that an amicable solution would be found, and a break with Germany averted. On April 25, I telegraphed Congressman Hull, representing our district, and Senators Cummings and Kenyon: "Will you permit a Democrat, who voted for President Wilson and who apologizes for having done so, to appeal to you, a Republican, to do your utmost to prevent severance of friendly relations and a threatened war with Germany? It would be a national crime to go to war with that most steadfast friend of our country in order to protect a few foolhardy, not to say disloyal, American travelers, who, even though war result, continue to patronize British ships in preference to American ones. The people of Iowa hope that with your earnest efforts this country will be saved the horrors of war." I received most courteous replies. Congressman Hull stated, in emphatic language, that he was not in accord with the attitude of the administration, and that had we warned people against

traveling on armed vessels, the present crisis would have been averted.

In June, when sympathizers with Germany were still bending their efforts towards preventing America from being drawn into the European War, and the sympathizers with the Allies were equally active in their efforts to bring about a break with Germany, the attention of both factions was, for a time, diverted from the European War to trouble nearer home.

Our relations with Mexico had been bad enough for years. It was worse now. A war with that country seemed inevitable. The President ordered the mobilization of thirty-five thousand National Guard troops for service on the Mexican frontier. Every member of Battery B, Davenport's unit of the Iowa National Guard, volunteered for service. When the Battery left for the front, Davenport staged a most patriotic demonstration. Thousands escorted the battery on its march through the city. Twenty thousand persons assembled at the intersection of Fourth and Main Streets, where Judge French, J. R. Lane, Charles Grilk, A. F. Dawson, and myself, selected as speakers for the occasion, from the balcony of the Commercial Club, bid the boys Godspeed and a safe return. Once more, however, a break with Mexico was averted.

During July and August Mrs. Ficke and I occupied a furnished house in Portland, and Helene and Peter were our guests. On August fifteenth, 1916, Helene presented us with a dear little grand-daugh-

ter, to whom was given the name of Frances Helen Watzek.

In December the threatening war clouds lifted for a short time. Germany dispatched to the Allies a proposal for opening peace negotiations and President Wilson sent a note to the warring nations, inviting an exchange of views on terms of peace. After the President had heard from the Allies he delivered an address before the Senate, in which he stated that "the paths of the sea must alike in law and in fact be free." This proposition was unassailable. But had the President done anything to keep them open when Great Britain had practically closed them in her attempt to starve Germany into suing for peace? He manifestly sought to prevent further harm to British shipping by German submarines. Germany, thereupon, announced that being compelled to fight for her existence, she would, after February first, stop sea traffic about Great Britain, France and Italy, in what was designated as the blockaded zones, with every available weapon and without further notice.

Three days later the President sent the German Ambassador his passport, and recalled the American Ambassador from Berlin. Thus our President had at last created a situation which was to end in a war between two countries in whose friendly relations there had never before been a break.

CHAPTER XXIV

United States enters World War—Liberty bond sales —Arthur enlists—Loyalty of German-Americans —War regulations — Arthur's Paris letters — Armistice scenes—Post war drives.

ON April 2, 1917, President Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany. A resolution, declaring a state of war with Germany, passed the Senate on April fourth, and the House on April fifth, and became a law on April sixth, when signed by the President.

On the same day the Davenport Patriotic Society, which had maintained its organization since our trouble with Mexico, called a patriotic public meeting, to be held under its auspices. When Judge French, the President of the Society, invited me to be one of the speakers I asked him to accept a letter, to be read at the meeting, in lieu of my consent to speak. I was so unnerved, stunned, and heart-broken over the threatened war between the country of which I was a citizen, which I loved, and to which I owed loyalty, and Germany, the country I also loved, that I did not dare to trust myself to speak in public, lest under stress of my emotions, I should suffer a breakdown. A professional trip to Texas, long delayed, gave me a welcome excuse for absence from the city on the day of the meeting. Then and

there, with his hearty consent, I delivered to Judge French a letter in which I stated that my contemplated absence from the city, for a week, would prevent my acceptance of his invitation to speak at the proposed patriotic meeting; that I would assist the Society in all its patriotic work and that I would loyally support our government in this war.

Following the declaration of war the nation's energies were directed toward victory. At Rock Island Arsenal the number of employees gradually increased from a few hundred to thirteen thousand. Large areas of the island, until then forest or meadow, were seemingly, almost over night covered with buildings for the manufacture or storage of war material.

On April twenty-fourth the first issue of Liberty Bonds, in the sum of seven billion dollars, was authorized. It was quickly oversubscribed. On May eighteenth a law, which provided that a war army of a million men should be raised, by selective draft of men between twenty-one and thirty years, became effective. On June fifth nearly seven thousand men, between these ages, registered in Scott County under this law. Nine and one-half million registered in the entire country. From these registrants were drawn the men who were to constitute the Army of Conscription to be sent to Europe. The order in which the registrants were to be called, for military service, was settled by a great central lottery at Washington on July twentieth. Even before that date the first American troops reached France.

By September first the first one hundred and eighty thousand men were in training. By November American troops were proceeding to France in streams. It was predicted that before many months General Pershing would have a million American soldiers under his command.

By April, wheat speculators, taking advantage of the country's fear of a food shortage, had raised the price of that staple from $2 to $3.10 per bushel. Early in the war Herbert Hoover was appointed American Food Administrator by the President. He was given power to enlist a corps of volunteers to assist him in making inquiry into existing stocks of food stuffs; to prevent the unwarranted hoarding of these; to requisition such when needed for public use; to establish prices; to prevent waste and to stimulate greater production of foods.

Mr. Hoover promptly suggested the following economies: One wheatless meal a day, the use of corn, oatmeal, rye and non-wheat breakfast foods, the use of meat but once daily, the free use of vegetables and fish, the saving of fats and sugar, the use of perishable food, and the storing of potatoes.

Simultaneously there was started a successful movement to increase production. Farmers were asked to sow more wheat, and to cultivate their farms more intensively, and they loyally complied. City dwellers also did their share to increase production. Hundreds of thousands of back yards, vacant lots, and beautiful lawns, were converted into potato patches, corn fields or vegetable gardens.

In May the President appointed a Red Cross War Council, to raise funds needed by the Red Cross, to carry on its work during the war, and to supervise its work. This council effected a nation wide organization. I became a member of the local finance committee, and Mrs. Ficke was appointed Chairman of the Home Service Division of that organization, for Scott County.

The first Red Cross Drive, in June, yielded over one hundred million dollars. A second one, a year later, brought pledges for even one hundred and seventy million dollars. A membership drive, shortly before Christmas, increased the Red Cross membership to twenty-three million. There was scarcely a house in Davenport which did not display a Red Cross flag in its front window, indicating that it was the home of a member of that organization. The Red Cross organization was so well managed that there was not a community, however small, anywhere, which did not maintain a Red Cross center, in which devoted women of that community were daily engaged in making surgical dressings, hospital garments, and many other articles, to be sent to the various war zones.

The women of America, in addition, devoted their time to knitting stockings and sweaters for the boys who were to spend the winter in camp or in the trenches. There was not a social gathering or a church meeting, to which the women did not bring their knitting. Some women even knit during the Sunday sermon.

The Davenport Red Cross workers used the ground floor of the Commercial Club building for their workroom. The Home Service Division occupied quarters in my building, adjoining my office, the use of which I donated. Here Mrs. Ficke was in attendance daily, early and late. Many times, and at all hours of the night, I took her to homes, to which she had to carry messages, which brought tears to the eyes of those for whom they were intended.

When war had been declared the Y.M.C.A., the Salvation Army and the Knights of Columbus, organized for service at the war fronts, and at the cantonments abroad and at home, and were promptly provided with the means with which to carry on their splendid work.

When it became apparent that our forces would have to be sent across the ocean, persons who possessed field glasses, guide books, or other books containing information relating to the countries engaged in the war, were requested to turn these over to the government for the use of these forces. We promptly sent two pairs of field glasses and numberless guide books and other books relating to Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Russia, which we had accumulated while traveling in these countries.

When constitutional prohibition and the Volstead Act became effective as a war measure, I was among the millions who rejoiced that the saloons were to go out of existence. Although all my life I had been an opponent of prohibition, because I did not believe

that it was the best method of coping with the liquor evil, I realized that the saloons as they were then operated, with many notable exceptions, were breeders of drunkards and crime.

Personally, I always abstained from the use of liquors other than light wines and beer. Of wines, I always kept a supply in our home, although I seldom indulged in it. The only addition which I made to my stock of liquor, in anticipation of war time prohibition, was one bottle of good "Old Crow Whiskey," for use as medicine if needed.

After war time prohibition had taken effect I made an amazing discovery. In 1886, while in California I sent home, and caused to be bottled and stored in my wine cellar, several casks of California Tokay wine. Several years later when I opened the first bottle of this wine it appeared that the contents of the bottle opened had turned into viengar. Assuming that the contents of all the other bottles had also turned into vinegar, I decided to empty their contents into a vinegar cask at some future time. The time for this task, however, was not found until long after war time prohibition had taken effect. Then I discovered to my surprise and joy that the contents of none of these bottles had turned into vinegar and that I was the possesosr of more than one hundred bottles of most excellent, thirty year old, California Tokay wine.

The rapid increase in the number of men employed on Rock Island Arsenal, the majority of whom sought homes in Davenport, caused so sudden

an increase in our population that serious housing difficulties resulted. There was not a vacant house in the city, and even a vacant room was difficult to find. I drove a man, on whom I had taken pity, about the city for two hours, in search of a couple of rooms for himself and his family, without success. The government finally brought relief by creating a Housing Corporation, which erected many attractive homes in West Davenport, in what is known as the Government Housing Addition. These were leased or sold to government employees or workers employed in essential industries.

During this period the demand for workers on the island, and in the essential industries, was far in excess of the supply. To provide the government with an additional worker I granted my chauffeur a vacation, for an unlimited period, on half pay, and he found immediate employment in government work.

In December, following a proclamation by the President, the United States, as a war measure, took over all the railroads of the country, for temporary operation, as one system, by the United States Railroad Administration.

With the approach of Christmas, those who had relatives or friends in the Expeditionary Forces in France, sent them Christmas packages, which the government guaranteed to deliver safely and free of charge.

During the summer of 1917 Mrs. Ficke and I visited Helen and Harlan in Wauna. The highways

of Oregon were still in such wretched condition that it took us eight hours to go by automobile from Wauna to Portland, a trip, which now, over the well paved Columbia Highway, requires but two hours. On our auto tours, little Frances Helen, then one year old, lying in a clothes basket, was always one of the happiest and most contented members of our party.

While we were at Wauna our son Arthur telegraphed us to ask whether we had any objections to his enlisting in the Ordnance Corps, for service abroad. We at once wired our consent. On our way home we visited Yellowstone National Park. There we received a telegram from Arthur stating that he had been appointed Captain in the Ordnance Corps. He was temporarily stationed at Washington, and on October third, 1917, sailed for France, where he was first made liaison officer, then Judge Advocate of the General Court Martial, and as such organized the first Court Martial in Paris.

Before the close of the year he was entrusted with an important matter, which required his return to Washington. After a short stay in that city, he returned to France, where in time he was made a Major and finally a Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the autumn of 1917 I took an active part in the Second Liberty Loan Drive. I addressed a number of meetings in the county. At a dinner at the Blackhawk Hotel, attended by the 260 members of the 26 committees engaged in the drive, I was the principal speaker.

On the day following this dinner the mail brought me a letter from big hearted Tom N. Hooper of the Davenport Water Company in which he wrote as follows: "Will you permit an old man, who will be eighty-five years old on the day our President has set aside for Liberty Day, October 24, to thank you for the patriotic remarks made yesterday before the committee which is selling Liberty Bonds. It did my heart good to read in the evening paper what you said. I can fully appreciate what your feelings were before our country declared war, but since war was declared you manfully stated your position, for which I thank God."

When I went to country gatherings, during various Liberty Loan drives, to urge people to purchase bonds, I assured them that these bonds, with peace restored, would sell at premium, because bonds, sold by our government during the Civil War, had later sold at a high premium. It turned out that I had been too optimistic. Liberty Bonds went far below par during the war and remained below par for years after the war.

In 1917, April Fool's Day fell on a Sunday. Never did I feel more like a fool than I did when I opened my Democrat that morning. It contained my picture, and a half page write-up which told how successful I had been in my real estate investments. It gave a list of my holdings. The Real Estate Board, to stimulate interest in real estate investments, and relying on my good nature to condone their taking this liberty with my name, had caused this article to

be secretly prepared and to be published. I felt resentful, but finally, in view of some amusing statements in the article, took the matter as a good joke.

During 1918 I wrote on an average one letter, of several typewritten pages, to Arthur in France, each week, in which I related home events, especially those connected with the war. Of these letters I kept copies. Arthur, in return, wrote, on an average, one letter of many typewritten pages, a week. In these letters he related the events of the war, so far as he could, without disclosing military secrets.

In January, after President Wilson had made his so-called "Fourteen Points Speech," before Congress, I wrote: "I have read, with great interest, President Wilson's address before Congress outlining our war aims. I feel like patting him on the back. It is such a clear and gentlemanly statement of our demands, and so free from irritating language, that Germany should be forever damned if she does not reply in a conciliatory tone. If the warring powers once begin talking to each other, in non-irritating language, they are going to agree on terms of peace."

On March twenty-fourth Arthur wrote: "The morning paper has come, and I am greatly astonished to find that the long range gun story, which was rumored yesterday, is officially corroborated, and that the chief source of yesterday's bombardment was not fliers but a nine and one-half inch projectile that they are shooting over a distance of more than seventy miles. It seems beyond belief,

but this morning, with great steadiness, one is falling every ten or fifteen minutes, with a tremendous reverberation." He also wrote: "An old woman on the street today stopped me and said: 'So the Americans have come. That is fine.' It is the first kind word I have heard from native lips."

Later, when the French were beginning to realize that our assistance was the only thing that saved them from utter defeat, Arthur wrote: "They have begun to realize that we may be of value to them. After months of the cold shoulder I refuse now to get so awfully brotherly when a native tries to buy me a drink in a cafe where we are dining. Nix on this 'Kamerad' stuff. However, things do seem to be going fairly well at the front, but I'll bet General Foch would die an untimely death if he could have heard one of my sergeants say: 'Aw, it's all over but the shouting now that we are here.' "

In March, well meaning persons were sponsoring a movement in Davenport to organize the German-Americans, the Irish-Americans, the Scandinavian-Americans, and other naturalized Americans, into separate patriotic clubs. To me this plan appeared absurd. At a monster patriotic mass meeting at the Grand Opera House, held under the auspices of the Defense Council, at which I had been invited to speak, I expressed my opposition to this plan. The Davenport Democrat quoted me as follows: "I came to this meeting," said Hon. C. A. Ficke, "because I knew it was to be an All-American and an All-Come-Together meeting, and that every loyal American

citizen, regardless of the country where he was born, would be welcome. At this critical hour of our country's life, when, above all, we should be a united people, I feel that it would be the part of wisdom to cease calling foreign born citizens, German, Irish, Scandinavian, or other foreign Americans. These adopted citizens are doing their utmost to help win this war, and they deserve to be honored by being called simply Americans. I recognize the patriotic motive of those who have organized, or wish to organize, foreign born citizens into separate patriotic clubs. However, I question the wisdom of doing so. What we need are All-American patriotic clubs, with members pledged to sacrifice their all, if need be, to win this war. We need patriotic clubs of which all American citizens, regardless of the country of their birth, can become members, and from which no native born American would be excluded. Of such clubs we can have none too many."

At this time there were still a few persons who questioned the loyalty of American citizens of German birth. At Blue Grass, at a meeting held under the auspices of the Council of Defense, I appealed to these to desist from casting unjust suspicion on citizens because they had been born in Germany. I asserted that ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens of German birth were loyal to the core, and ready to respond to every call of the country of their adoption. In proof of this I stated that of the 150 men from Scott County, who had recently left for the training camps, 96 bore German names. I asked

my audience to examine the Roll of Honor published daily by the government; the lists of the men in training at the various cantonments; the roster of the men at the front, or on the way to the front; the lists of subscribers to the Red Cross and other patriotic clubs; and the lists of workers in the various patriotic activities, and then to say, on their conscience, whether foreign born citizens had not done their full patriotic duty in comparison with all other American citizens. I told my audience it would be more fitting to hunt down a disloyal one per cent, if one there was, than to question the loyalty of the other ninety-nine.

Notwithstanding all this proof of loyalty, the sanity of peace days continued to give way to unreason. Thus, the local branch of the National Council of Defense, imposed a heavy fine on a couple of old people, who did not speak English, because they conversed in German over the telephone. Furthermore, that body sent a communication to the directors of the Davenport Symphony Orchestra, stating that it had been informed that, at the rehearsals of the orchestra, musicians conversed in German, and that the council wanted this stopped.

At one time I was requested by the Council of Defense to interview seven German-American farmers, living near Walcott, who were suspected of harboring pro-German sentiment, and to convince them of the error of their ways. I felt like a fool, when I found that the whole seven had been born in this country; that some of them did not even speak Ger-

man, and that all of them were one hundred per cent Americans.

The rules laid down by the Food Administrator were very generally obeyed. There was very little hoarding of food and other essentials. I came across only one flagrant exception. My firm probated the will of a woman who had taken her own life, supposedly because of worry about the war. In her home were found 1,680 jars of canned fruit and vegetables, 75 shirts for her husband, 90 suits of underwear for herself, 50 skirts, 100 sheets and other articles in almost equally large number.

In my own house the Food Administrator's rules were obeyed strictly. At the beginning of the week, each person in the house had weighed out to him or her the exact quantity of sugar which the rule allowed. If one used his portion too liberally at the beginning of the week he had to go without sugar at the end of it. During months we ate only war bread.

Many economies were recommended by the government and practiced by the people. One of these was to abstain from using pleasure automobiles on Sundays, in order to save gasoline needed for military purposes. Even during week days the quantity of gasoline allowed each car owner was restricted. Another economy recommended was to keep the temperature in one's home at or below 68 degrees to save coal. This recommendation was accompanied by the information that Iowa would be allowed no hard coal whatever, and would have to restrict herself even in the use of soft coal and wood.

I bought an oil stove to be able to defer starting our furnace as long as possible. I also bought a chamois vest because convinced that I would not survive the winter if I lived in rooms in which the temperature was kept at 68 degrees or under.

In April the members of the Arsenal Golf Club were notified that the golf links were still open for their use.

Mrs. Ficke and I had been life members of the club since its organization. She rarely played, and I played but little. When we entered the war I decided that times were too serious to play golf. I have never begun again.

In May it was made known that one thousand women could find employment in the shops on the island. During the summer Mrs. Ficke and I made our usual visit to the children at Wauna. From Davenport to Wauna the country was swarming with men who were getting ready for service abroad. At Butte, in Montana, two cars filled with raw recruits, bound for the training camp near Tacoma, were attached to our train. In the Pacific coast boat yards thousands of men were being employed in building wooden ships for the government. On the Pacific coast labor was as scarce as in the East. Women were being employed in many branches that, theretofore, had remained closed to them. I saw them in railroad section gangs, in the saw mills, and in other industries. In Portland they acted as mail carriers, as street car conductors, and as motormen. I was as much shocked to see women in section

gangs as I had been when I saw women acting as hod carriers in France and as coal heavers in Japan.

During the war German instruction was prohibited in the Davenport Public Schools. A few over zealous patriots demanded of the trustees of the Davenport Public Library that all the German books in that institution be burned. The board had the good judgment to refuse compliance with this demand. A number of persons changed their German names into English ones. Some institutions, which carried the words "German-American" in their corporate names were forced, by public opinion, to eliminate these. A few towns even dropped their German name and substituted an English one.

Persons who failed to take their pro rata share of the various Liberty Bond issues were cited before the Council of Defense, and compelled to do so. When troop trains passed through Davenport, the Red Cross canteen girls supplied the soldiers with coffee and sandwiches.

War days were not without an occasional amusing incident. A hundred girls of the Lend-a-Hand Club were having a dinner in one of the dining rooms of the Commercial Club. A number of officers were having a banquet in the adjoining dining room. The girls, while waiting for their honoree, sang the National air, and the officers in the next room stood at attention. The girls, however, continued to sing the same air, until requested by the officers to desist, so that they might continue their banquet.

On June fourth Arthur wrote: "The Germans are

now about as far from Paris as Clinton is from Davenport. If they advance ten miles more, and have time to bring up their naval guns, they will unquestionably let us know what a real bombardment is like. Even now, with their long range cannons, they are raising considerable hell. The evacuation of the city is a possibility that may confront us any day now."

On June sixth he wrote: "The air is thick with rumors. No one doubts that there will be a direct bombardment, and no one believes that the Germans are likely actually to capture the city. No one doubts that the war would be over now but for the Americans. There are large forces in line already, and new divisions are being rushed in every day."

On June seventh he wrote: "Tonight is very like the night before Waterloo. That is because the Germans will be flying overhead in about an hour. In my own mind there is no doubt that the evacuation of Paris is a reality. Not tonight or tomorrow but within a week."

On July fifteenth he wrote: "The final stage of the great offensive against Paris started last night. At noon today the long distance cannons began firing again, and it is rumored that a vast infantry advance by the Germans is in progress. The general impression is that the most critical moment of the war is perhaps to be today or tomorrow."

It was not until August thirtieth that Arthur wrote: "All apprehension of the evacuation of Paris is now over. The Germans will never again be near

enough to knock the city to pieces with the big naval guns which they were bringing up in large numbers just as they were compelled to retreat. The general impression is that the marines at Chateau Thierry turned the tide of the war."

During the year, the drives for the sale of the bonds of the third and fourth issues of Liberty bonds were successfully carried through. Scott County oversubscribed its quota of each of these issues. The total of my subscriptions to the four issues was one hundred and forty thousand dollars. From the start I was determined not to sell my bonds until peace was restored. And I did not. After I had already invested fifty thousand dollars in the bonds of the third issue, twenty of us jointly agreed to take an additional million, although the Scott County quota had already been oversubscribed. Our subscription, however, was scaled down so that I received only twenty thousand dollars in bonds through this syndicate. I was in no amiable mood, however, when I discovered that most of the members of this syndicate had immediately sold their bonds, thereby assisting in depressing their price, while I was holding mine until the war was over, and then sold them at a discount of fifteen per cent.

In one of my letters to Arthur I said: "If you should happen to see the Red Cross Magazine for October look at the Red Cross Stamp of Melbourne on page thirty-five. It is a reproduction of the painting by Bellange, which I got in Mexico many years ago. Where the picture from which this stamp was

copied is, and whether my painting is a replica or a copy of it, I do not know."

On November eleventh I wrote Arthur: "Since I wrote you yesterday I have gone through the wildest day of my life. Yet, I venture to say it was nothing, when compared with what you went through on the same day, for the same reason, that set Davenport wild. Well, at half past two this morning, the anxiously awaited signal, that the Armistice had been signed was given. The whistles in the city began to blow, and then pandemonium broke loose. As quickly as we could dress, your mother and I, started for downtown in our electric. When we got there the streets were already thronged with people, who were marching up and down the streets, yelling themselves hoarse. A thousand automobiles quickly formed into a procession. Their tooting almost brought on deafness. Such cheering and waving of flags and such unearthly noise I have never before witnessed. We mingled with the multitude until four o'clock, wisely keeping on the sidewalk, however, and then went home and refreshed ourselves with two hours more sleep. By nine o'clock we were downtown again, and by that time the multitude was even greater. No one, of course, thought of doing any business. The banks and business houses remained closed. All morning great processions marched up and down the streets. All the fire companies, the Boy Scouts, various civic organizations,

and thousands upon thousands of men, women, and children were in the procession. It was a great day, which those who lived through it, will never forget. Tonight there are to be other doings on the levee, and doubtless there will be wild times, but your mother and I have had quite enough for one day, and like sensible folks will stay at home."

During December the city was visited by an epidemic of grippe. There were thousands of cases. Turner Hall was converted into a hospital, and was constantly filled to capacity. During the height of the epidemic all the stores remained closed for a week. We kept our office door closed but kept at work because there were many matters that had to be attended to, grippe or no grippe.

On September 23, 1918, our grandson, John Wyckoff Simonson, was born.

In my Christmas letter to Arthur, in 1918, I advised him of a very substantial Christmas present I was making him, and each of his sisters. I also wrote him that I had long realized that he was not finding the satisfaction in the law that I had hoped he would find in it; that he remained in it only out of consideration for me, and that upon his return from France he and I would work out a plan under which he could be released from the law and engage in work that was more to his liking.

Arthur, some years earlier, had dedicated to me the following poem:

TO MY FATHER

I

. . . And thus we face each other, day by day,
Across the desk with tangled papers strewn . . .
Your hair grows whiter and my hair turns grey,
And many a Fall goes by, and many a June . . .
And still through all the turmoil of the hours
No hour is born in which at last to break
The silence—let the deep imprisoned powers
Rise eloquent to the daylight world and speak.
And doubtless you or I shall to the grave
Go down with this strange silence still unbroken;
And for all gifts, all wisdom, that you gave
My wonder still unvoiced, my thanks unspoken . . .
. . . Know that if I first to the ending come,
It was flood, not dearth, of speech that held me dumb.

II

I shall not be that which you have desired.
Your dream, like all dreams, will escape in air.
I, with another vain illusion fired,
Must elsewhere seek the thing that I find fair.
Yet not in dust shall perish the old spirit . . .
You saw one goal, as I another see;
And in my different station I inherit
Something of that which makes the bondsman free—
The will to build an edifice where before
Was desert only . . . Mine is futile dreams,
And yours was wiser . . . It is a distant shore
Where meets the confluence of the many streams—
But somewhere, somehow, let some heart divine
That the same passion fed your soul and mine.

This poem was written while Arthur was a member of my firm, and while he occupied one side of a double desk, mentioned in his poem, of which I occupied the other. It showed how profoundly Arthur

longed to be released from the law so that he might turn to literature.

Soon after Arthur's return from France, and after he had obtained his discharge from the army, a solution was found, and he withdrew from my firm.

During the war the American people had responded nobly to every demand for financial assistance. Every Liberty Bond issue had been oversubscribed and the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus, and the Y.M.C.A. had been amply supplied with funds, with which to carry on their work. When the war ended it was supposed there would be a letup in the calls on men's purses. However, with the opening of 1919 these calls increased in number. There came an epidemic of "Drives" for funds for every conceivable purpose at home and abroad.

The Lend-a-Hand Club, which but recently had raised $175,000, wanted additional funds. The Battery "B" boys wanted money with which to erect a club house. The Y.M.C.A. started a drive to raise money. A national organization, which had the endorsement of our government, and whose aim was to relieve starving women and children in Germany, opened a local branch in Davenport. Mrs. Fritz Kreisler asked for help for the Vienna Children's Milk Relief. The Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art; the American Relief for Austrian war prisoners in Siberia; the society which caused Americans to adopt French orphans; the Far East Relief; the Passion Play actors at Ob-

erammergau; the Quaker Child Feeding Society; the Belgian Relief Society; the American Relief Society; the Greek Relief Society; the Louvain Library Committee; the Literary Digest Child Feeding Fund; the local organization collecting money for the same purpose; the American Committee for the relief of distress in Saxony and Thuringia; the Relief Committee for East Prussia; the Loyal Legion, and many other organizations and committees asked for contributions. With hardly an exception, the causes for which help was asked, were worthy, and it was impossible to ignore their appeals.

In April the drive for the sale of the Victory Bonds took place. Scott County again oversubscribed her quota. I oversubscribed my quota also in this issue. The purchase of a total of $160,000 of Liberty and Victory Bonds, however, created a financial problem whose solution caused me some worry. I had most of my means tied up in Davenport real estate when we entered the war. As a result I had to borrow large amounts with which to pay for my bonds. The banks charged me from seven to eight per cent interest, while I was lending this money to the government at 4¼%.

However, I clung to my decision not to sell any of my bonds until peace was restored. The Armistice was agreed upon on November 11, 1918. A year later I sold half of my bonds. The balance I sold in 1920. My loss in discount and difference between interest received and paid amounted to over $25,000.

That was the price I paid for holding my bonds until the close of the war.

In May I presented my collection of rare books, with the ten cases in which they are now being displayed, to the Davenport Public Library. Davenport and state papers printed illustrations of a number of these books with lengthy accounts of the gift.

We looked for Arthur's return early in the year. But so much work remained to be done in his department, in straightening out post-war complications, that it was not until July that he was released from his duties and returned to America.

In 1919 we visited Wauna as usual. Among the automobile trips taken with Helene and Harlan was one to Mount Rainier National Park. At Astoria I met with this amusing incident: The colored employee of a shine parlor asked me whether I lived in that town. I replied in the negative and told him that I supposed that he did. He answered that his home was in Davenport, Iowa. By further questioning him, I became convinced that it was not. What puzzled me was how the fellow happened to give my home city as his when there was nothing about me that could indicate to him that I was from Davenport.

In February, 1920, I attended the sale at auction, at the American Art Association rooms in New York, of a part of Arthur's collection of Japanese prints. Inasmuch as Arthur's book, "Chats on Japanese Prints," then considered the most up-to-date book on the subject, had made him well known

among collectors, the sale was attended by many of these, and some of the prints brought amazing prices. One print sold for twenty-four hundred dollars and many others brought prices ranging between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. The total amount realized was $62,500.

CHAPTER XXV

Wauna visit 1921 — Glacier Park — Tour Europe 1922 — Our fortieth wedding anniversary — Donated my antiquities — Offered my paintings to city — Agricultural crisis 1923.

URING the summer of 1921 we visited Wauna and with the Watzek family, by automobile, made a tour which included the Red Wood Grove near Crescent City, California, Crater Lake, and the Des Chutes River. On the return trip to Davenport we visited the Glacier National Park. This park includes a part of the Black Feet Indian Reservation. One evening at the Glacier Park Hotel, Eagle Calf, the Chief of the Black Feet tribe, dressed in a gorgeous Indian costume, suddenly gave a series of war whoops, which caused a hundred of the guests to surround him. These he addressed in good English, telling them about the excellent qualities of automobiles which were on display in the lobby of the hotel. It is a far cry from the ferocious Blackfeet of half a century ago, who were the terror of settlers, travelers and traders, to the peaceful Blackfeet of today with an automobile salesman as their Chief.

The interesting Indian warrior costume which Eagle Calf wore, he agreed to sell to me, at a certain price. I accompanied him to his tent, for the pur-

pose of closing the purchase. Here we encountered an unexpected obstacle: his squaw. He had bargained without her permission, and she would not agree to the sale, except at a price three times that on which we had agreed, which was three times what the costume was worth.

In May, the Davenport Contemporary Club, of which I was one of three surviving founders, celebrated its silver jubilee. Its members, on this occasion, were my guests at a dinner at the Outing Club. Following the dinner I read a paper in which I reviewed the history of the club.

Mrs. Ficke and I spent most of January and February of 1922 in Florida.

March 23, 1922, was our fortieth wedding anniversary. Alice, Helene and Evelyn made it a long to be remembered event. A family party, which had been planned for the occasion, had been postponed until the next day, because Arthur was absent from the city. In the evening of the twenty-third the three persuaded Mrs. Ficke to don her forty year old wedding dress, which she had had refitted for the approaching family party. They stated that Dr. and Mrs. Watzek were going to drop in for a brief call, on the way to a party, and they wanted to see the ancient dress. After the Watzeks arrived, and had admired the dress, and the many flowers that had been received, we could not understand why they stayed on and on instead of going to their party. Not until the door bell rang and suddenly two dozen friends marched in upon us, did we realize that we

were victims of a conspiracy, and were having a surprise party. Our worry, as to where the food and drink for so many people was to come from, on the spur of the moment, was quickly relieved when the conspirators assured us that they had provided an abundance of both and had hidden it in our house while Mrs. Ficke was dressing.

On June 6, 1922, Mrs. Ficke and I sailed for Europe. I wanted to see that country after the war. Then too, I was planning to present my collection of paintings to the city, but before doing so wanted to enlarge it by a few paintings by important German artists.

France, between Cherbourg and Paris, showed no evidences of the World War. Even between Paris and the German frontier, there was but little which reminded one of the horrors of that war. Between Paris and Brussels, however, at St. Quentin, Noyon, Compiegne, and other towns of the western battle zone, I saw appalling proof of its fury and devastation. Here entire villages, and in the larger cities, whole blocks, were still in ruins. In Paris I at first was unwilling to believe my eyes. The city did not seem to differ from the Paris of pre war days. Only its traffic appeared more congested. The crowds seated on the sidewalks, in front of the cafes, on the boulevards, deep into the night, were as large as ever and Paris appeared to have even more well-to-do people than it did when I last saw it before the war. However, I was soon undeceived. Leaving the principal boulevards, which are the haunts of the

well-to-do Parisians and visiting American tourists, I visited some of the Faubourgs. Here I seated myself in front of cafes and watched the passing crowds. The sights which met my eyes here were sad beyond description. Every other woman who passed was in mourning for a son, husband, father, or brother, who had been killed in the war. Equally sad scenes repeated themselves in all the German cities which I visited in the further course of my journey.

I searched Paris diligently for paintings, to add to my collection. In the Grand Palais there were two exhibitions of paintings, all of which were for sale. In one of these were more than two thousand. Among these I saw not a dozen that were conservative enough to interest me. All the rest were of the extreme modernistic school, which I so strongly detest. In the other there were a number of attractive paintings, but the prices asked for these were prohibitive.

After Paris, on our way to Germany, we spent a day in Strassburg. I consider its cathedral even more beautiful than Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. The peace and quiet of Strassburg were a happy relief from the noise and strenuous days of Paris. Although Strassburg was now again a French city, none of its people appeared to speak French. They spoke German. I learned that, even during the war, the French had raised no objections to German being spoken. I recommend this tolerance to the super-patriots of Davenport, who during the war,

caused the old couple, which knew no English, to be fined, because they conversed in German, over the telephone.

During previous visits to Europe, we had never been required to show our passports. In 1922 we were required to show them times without number. At Cherbourg, when landing; in Paris, upon arrival and when departing; at the French border when quitting France; five minutes later when entering Germany; twice going from Germany into Holland; twice going from Holland into Belgium; twice going from Belgium into France; and once upon arriving, and once upon quitting, every German city visited. In addition we had to show them at every hotel, in every town, in every country visited. We were under police surveillance from the day we landed in Europe until we left for home. This treatment was a great discourtesy, at least in the countries in whose behalf America had made such great sacrifices.

German cities that year practiced great inhospitality. Instead of bidding visitors welcome, they taxed them, to the limit, if they came. In Freiburg, in Baden, for which city Dr. Hugo Ficke had done so much, I, his cousin, was charged fifteen hundred marks for a permit which allowed me to remain in that city five days. Every German city in which I spent more than twenty-four hours, exacted a tax for an equal amount. In addition, each German city visited, collected a municipal house tax from us. In Munich this tax was five hundred and forty marks a day for each of us. With marks quoted at one-third

of one cent each, in American money, the financial burden imposed was negligible. It was the spirit of inhospitality, which imposed these taxes, that irked. German cities went even farther in their inhospitality. At the opera, theatre, concert, museum, and art gallery one was questioned regarding one's nationality and residence, and if one were a foreigner or non-resident, he had to pay five times the price charged residents. The excuse given for this discrimination was that with the mark almost valueless, people from other countries were converting their money into marks, and with these were living on the best Germany afforded, while the Germans themselves were on the verge of starvation. For an American, who had converted his dollars into marks, it did in fact cost next to nothing to live or travel in Germany. A first class railroad ticket, for a distance equal to that between Davenport and Chicago cost a sum equal to thirty-three cents of our money.

The economic and financial chaos, and the misery which prevailed in Germany as the result of the depreciated value of the mark, beggared description. All deposits in banks, all government obligations, and all other obligations payable in marks finally ceased to have the slightest value.

When we arrived in Germany, in July, for one dollar we received three hundred marks, each of which, before the war, had been worth twenty-four cents of our money. In August, when ready to leave that country, we received eight hundred marks for

one dollar. Worse days lay still ahead. In July, 1923, a letter which I received from Bremen, bore postage stamps in the sum of four and one-half billion marks; and in December of that year, a letter which I received from a cousin in Hanover, bore four stamps each of twenty billion marks. The postage on a like letter before the war was one-fifth of a mark, equal in value to five cents of our money.

An acquaintance in one of the large German cities, wishing to show Mrs. Ficke and me some attention, invited us and a third person to dine with him at a well known restaurant. Inasmuch as a dinner for four would cost him at least eight thousand marks, I accepted his invitation on the condition, to which he consented under protest, that I be permitted to pay for these dinners. Their cost to me was only ten dollars.

In Munich we attended a sale at auction, of an important collection of paintings, to which came art dealers from all the art centers of Germany. At this sale I bid with marks which had cost me but one-third of a cent while they bid with marks which presumably had cost them the full nominal value. I outbid them on every painting that I wanted. However, they were such perfect gentlemen, that after the sale they gathered about me and extended congratulations on my discriminating purchases, and expressed pleasure that so many fine paintings by German artists were to find a home in America.

This treatment differed widely from that which, on two occasions, I experienced when I bought

paintings in London, at auctions at Christie's. When it was discovered that I was an American, and that the paintings which I had purchased were to go to America, resentment was shown and I was made to feel that I had committed a crime against the British realm.

One of the surprises with which we met in Germany, was the absence of soldiers. On our pre-war visits to that country, they were everywhere in evidence. Its standing army then consisted of a million men and Germany was saturated with militarism. The officers acted as if the world had been created for their sole benefit. In 1922 we had been in Germany more than ten days before we saw an officer or a soldier in uniform. Its standing army then consisted of only one hundred thousand men. Everywhere people rejoiced that Germany was rid of the monarchy, the Kaiser, and militarism.

We were in Germany in a year in which the Passion Play was being given in Oberammergau and of course attended one of the performances. We were greatly impressed with the play. The day on which we attended thousands were turned away although the hall had seats for more than five thousand persons. We were at Oberammergau the middle of July and it was then so cold there that we took hot water bags with us to the performance to keep us from perishing.

In the course of our journey we visited Nuremberg, Wuerzburg, Rothenburg on the Tauber, the latter being considered the most picturesque Ger-

man city of the Middle Ages, and Frankfurt. From Frankfurt we went by automobile to Cologne, Duesseldorf, Wiesbaden, the Niederwald monument, and Coblenz. Later we visited the important cities of Holland and Belgium.

Besides the painting secured at the auction in Munich I acquired fourteen others. Among these was one by Verestchagin, Russia's great battle painter, an early Van Dyck, representing "St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, dividing his cloak with a beggar," a "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto, and "The Huntress" by Ferdinand Boll.

After these paintings, acquired in Europe, had arrived in Davenport, I presented my Egyptian, Roman, Greek and other antiquities to the Davenport Academy of Science and converted the entire third story of our home into an art gallery. I now felt that I had a sufficient number of important paintings to establish the Public Art Gallery which I had hoped to establish some day ever since I acquired so many paintings in Munich in 1905. The questions which remained to be solved were when, how, and where to establish such gallery.

In the course of time I informed a few friends of my willingness to present the larger part of my collection to the city as a nucleus for a Public Art Gallery, if suitable quarters for such a gallery could be found. At once I received a visit from a committee, representing the Kiwanis Club, which offered me the assistance of that club in carrying out my plan.

About the same time, Dr. A. L. Hageboeck read a

paper before the Contemporary Club, in which he stressed the advantages that would result to Davenport from a Public Art Gallery, and in which he made public my offer to present my collection to the city, upon the condition that it provide a home for it. The city papers published his paper in full. Immediately the City Council and many lodges, societies, and civic organizations adopted resolutions in which they thanked me for my offer.

Next the Contemporary Club appointed a citizens committee of forty-eight members, selected from the most representative citizens of Davenport, which was to consider ways and means of providing suitable quarters for my collection. To this committee I sent a letter in which I repeated my offer to donate my entire collection of paintings to the city upon the condition, that, within a reasonable time, suitable quarters to house the same be provided. I stated that my collection consisted of three hundred and thirty paintings, of which, between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy-five would be delivered as soon as such quarters were ready for occupancy, and that the balance would be turned over to the city after Mrs. Ficke's and my death.

However, the years following the World War were not favorable for drives even if their purpose was a commendable one. Nor was it an opportune time to ask the city to build an Art Gallery. The project, therefore, was allowed to slumber until a more propitious time.

Visit Europe 1922

In 1923 I had been engaged forty-five years in the practice of my profession. During forty-four years of that time my firm had specialized in making investments for clients in farm mortgages. During that time not a year had passed in which the number of clients who made investments through us, had not increased. These investments had been made with greatest care, on improved farms, which had been inspected by myself or by some one from our office. Such was our confidence in our loans, that, although we did not guarantee the payment of either interest or principal, we had never, during the entire period, failed to pay the interest on the mortgages when due. If it had not been received promptly we advanced it. On July 1, 1923, we could still boast, that, in forty-four years, though we had in that period invested many millions of dollars for clients, no client had failed to receive his interest when due, and that no client had ever had to take a farm under foreclosure of a mortage obtained through our firm.

At that time, however, it became apparent that the country was confronted with an agricultural crisis. Under our high protective tariff, farmers, for many years, had been compelled to supply their needs in highly protected markets while selling what they produced in unprotected markets in competition with the countries of the world. For their wheat they had received Liverpool prices, less freight and other charges. The only products for which the prices were established at home, by the laws of supply and demand, were barley and oats. Then na-

tional prohibition ended the demand for barley, and the substitution of mechanical power for horse power, both in the cities and on the farms, reduced the demand for oats, thereby compelling farmers to raise more wheat, when that staple, even then, could not be raised with profit.

During years farmers had gone deeper and deeper into debt. First they borrowed money on first mortgages on their farms. When the proceeds of their crops had been insufficient to meet interest, taxes, and the cost of living, they next borrowed from their local banks on second mortgages. When matters went from bad to worse they mortgaged their livestock, horses, farm implements, and growing crops. When finally their local banks, themselves hard pressed, insisted on payment, many farmers lost their farms. Fortunately our loans had been made for such conservative amounts, that only a limited number gave us trouble.

Mrs. Ficke and I spent part of the summer of 1923 at Hood River in Oregon, where Helene was staying temporarily on account of ill health. In the autumn we spent a month at Excelsior Springs on account of Mrs. Ficke's ill health.

On November 28, 1923, our daughter Alice gave birth to twins who were named respectively David Ficke Simonson and Margaret Devore Simonson.

Early in 1924 my wife and I spent two weeks in Washington where professional duties had called me. Later we spent ten days in New York where Arthur and Gladys were then living; Gladys being Arthur's

second wife, his first marriage having been dissolved in 1922.

In July of that year we visited the children in Wauna. With them and their children, and Dr. and Mrs. Watzek and Aubrey Watzek, we went on an extended tour through less known parts of Washington and British Columbia. By way of Olympia we entered the peninsula which constitutes the western part of the state of Washington. Passing through Port Angeles we went as far as Crescent Lake. This reminded me of the lake of the Four Cantons in Switzerland. Next we went to Mora, which is the geographic name given to the most western point of the United States on the Pacific, barring Alaska. On the way we saw some wonderful virgin forest. Returning to Port Angeles we crossed over to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Port Angeles has a very fine harbor, in which at the time of our visit twelve American war ships were anchored. On Vancouver Island we went to the most northern point accessible to automobiles. The places visited were Qualicum Beach, where there is good bathing, Campbell River Falls, Forbes Landing, Campbell Lake, Great Central Lake, Sproat Lake, Cameron Lake, and Naimo. From Naimo we crossed over to Vancouver. We returned to Wauna by way of Seattle, Tacoma and Rainier National Park. When we crossed into the United States at Blaine the American customs officials, after they had most carefully searched our cars and baggage for liquor, ex-

pressed surprise that for once they had found a party of American tourists who in returning from British Columbia, had not attempted to smuggle in liquor.

CHAPTER XXVI

Established Municipal Art Gallery—Desert hobbies — Thrills of hobbies — Yellowstone Park — Taft makes my bust—Phoenix—Tucson—Auto trip.

IN December, 1924, a committee of citizens desirous of furthering the establishment of a Public Art Gallery invited me to accompany it to the old Battery "B" Armory on Fifth street. Its members asked me to inspect this building and determine whether it could be converted into a home for my collection of paintings. They informed me that the Mayor and City Council were willing to convert the Armory into an Art Gallery if I found it suitable for that purpose. After making the inspection I agreed that if the building were remodeled to meet the requirements of an Art Gallery, I would consent to let it become a home for my collection. The Mayor and Aldermen thereupon met at my home, and after making an official inspection of my paintings, by unanimous vote decided to remodel the armory to meet my requirements.

From that time on it was smooth sailing. The city caused to be introduced, in the Iowa Legislature, a bill permitting cities, operating under special charters, to establish and maintain Art Galleries. This bill was passed without a dissenting vote. As soon

as the bill had become a law, the City Council adopted an ordinance establishing "The Davenport Municipal Art Gallery."

Before the City Council acted finally on this ordinance I sent a letter addressed to the Mayor and Aldermen in which I repeated my offer to donate my entire collection of paintings to the city as a nucleus for a Public Art Gallery, to be called "The Davenport Municipal Art Gallery," on condition that the city provide a suitable building to house it; that it establish a Public Art Gallery; and that it provide the means for the maintenance of such gallery. I stated that two hundred and seventy of my paintings would be turned over to the city as soon as the building which was to house them was ready for occupancy, and that the balance of my paintings would be delivered after my death and the death of Mrs. Ficke.

Before the building was ready for occupancy, however, I discovered that in advising the city of the number of paintings in my collection I had overlooked counting those in one of the rooms in my home and that, therefore, I would be able to turn over to the city three hundred and forty-three paintings instead of the two hundred and seventy which I had promised to deliver when the building was ready to receive them. And that is the number which in due time I turned over to the city.

Following the adoption of the ordinance establishing the Art Gallery, the Mayor, with the approval of the Council, appointed a board of nine

trustees as provided in the ordinance, composed of Dr. A. L. Hageboeck, Mrs. J. W. Watzek, E. P. Adler, Miss Elizabeth Putnam, J. C. Hall, Mrs. Harry F. Evans, W. H. Richter, Edward Kauffman and P. N. Jacobsen. The Council, at the same session, by a rising vote accepted my gift. This acceptance was with the tacit understanding, that the city cause my collection to be examined by an expert, of recognized high standing; that only such of my paintings which possessed high merit should be included in my gift and hung in the gallery; and that in future all paintings before being accepted by the city should also be submitted to a similar test.

The trustees held their first meeting at our home. They elected Dr. Hageboeck, President, and Miss Putnam, Secretary. They did me the honor of electing me Honorary President of the Board. They invited Mr. Robert E. Harsche, Director of the Chicago Art Institute, to pass upon the merits of the paintings.

In due time Mr. Harsche, with catalogue in hand, spent five hours in making a thorough examination of the paintings included in the gift. He reported that all possessed sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in the gallery; that he knew of no American private collection in which so many important schools of painting were represented; that the city, through this gift would acquire a collection, which, in importance, was equal to those of the public galleries of St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Los Angeles; and that my collection of early American land-

scapes was more complete than that of either the Chicago Art Institute or the Metropolitan Museum. No public gallery in America, that he knew of, he said, had started out with so large a number of important paintings as a nucleus, as would the one in Davenport as a result of my gift. It goes without saying that Mr. Harsche's report was as gratifying to me, as it was to the trustees.

While my collection contains but a limited number of paintings by the very greatest masters it, on the other hand, contains hardly a painting by an artist who is not represented in some of the world's most important galleries. Thus of the artists represented in my collection ninety-eight are represented in the Staatliche Gallery in Dresden which owns the Sistine Madonna; sixty-three in the Metropolitan Museum; sixty in the Ufizzi Gallery in Florence; seventy in the Prince Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna; fifty-five in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam; forty in the Wallace Gallery in London; and many more in other European collections.

In October, 1925, after the armory had been converted into an Art Gallery, the official presentation of my collection to the city took place. After its presentation in my behalf, and after its acceptance by Mayor Louis E. Roddewig in behalf of the city, Walter A. Jessup, President of the State University of Iowa, delivered an address in which he emphasized the meaning and value of my gift to Davenport and to Iowa, viewed from a cultural standpoint. The Gallery was then thrown open to the public and

during the afternoon and evening was visited by multitudes. During the first three months fourteen thousand persons visited the Gallery.

With the surrender of my paintings, save those which I had reserved during the life of my wife and my own life, I parted with the last tangible fruits of my various hobbies which had served such good purposes. These hobbies had provided me with diversions from business and professional cares; had given me many pleasurable hours; and had made my life richer and fuller. Their fruits at the same time had given pleasure to my contemporaries. And now, at last, I had carried out fully my plan to pass these fruits on to public institutions for the benefit of future generations. My rare books were in the Public Library, my Archaeological and other cultural material in the Davenport Public Museum, and my paintings in the Davenport Municipal Art Gallery. My long cherished dream, of providing my city with a Public Art Gallery, was now a reality.

My hobbies besides giving me many pleasurable hours had also provided me with many thrills. Some of these have been already mentioned. There were many more. Thus in 1908, at the sale at auction of the collection of paintings of T. J. Blakeslee, then the foremost importer of paintings, held at the American Art Association rooms in New York, I acquired a beautiful landscape by John Constable, the famous British landscapist, and a painting by the equally famous 17th century Dutch painter, Govaert Flinck, representing "Christ being shown to

the people." At this sale an art dealer overbid me on a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, on one by Gainsborough Dupont, and on one by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and on a portrait of King Henry VIII of England. To fill my cup of joy I was able, next day, to secure these four paintings from the successful bidder. Never had I hoped to acquire six paintings of such importance.

The portrait of Henry VIII was attributed to Guillim Stretes, court painter to Henry's successor. Yet it was almost identical with several well known portraits of Henry VIII by Hans Holbein. Ten years after I had acquired this portrait, an art expert from New York saw it at our home. He gave it as his opinion that it was an original by Hans Holbein. He wrote from New York later that if I would send this portrait to him, he would give me one hundred thousand dollars for it, if another expert, to whom he wanted to show it, agreed with him in his attribution. I declined to send it because, if it should prove to be an original by Holbein, it would readily sell for five times the amount offered. And because I could not believe myself fortunate enough to own an original Holbein.

When I purchased the painting by Flinck representing "Christ being shown to the people," I was aware that it was a fragment of a very large canvass which perhaps in an earlier century, had been stolen and cut into several pieces to facilitate transportation. My fragment represented a group of persons pointing to an object which did not appear

in the picture and presumably would appear on the missing fragment. During fifteen years I kept up my search for the missing fragment in hopes that I might some day unite it with mine. I finally discovered it in the Hackley Art Gallery in Muskegon, Michigan. It represented Christ and Roman soldiers who were guarding him. These were the persons to whom the people on my fragment were pointing. This fragment contained the arm of which the boy, in my fragment, had been deprived when the painting was cut in two. The two fragments are destined to remain forever separated because neither the Davenport Municipal Art Gallery, the present owner of the one, nor the Haeckley Art Gallery, the owner of the other, will ever want to surrender their respective one.

When, in 1910, the famous collection of paintings of Charles T. Yerkes was sold at auction in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel in New York, in the presence of an audience numbering over a thousand I attended the sale in hopes that I might capture a fine portrait by Frans Hals. I did not get a chance to make even a single bid on it. It started at ten thousand dollars. In fifteen seconds the bids had risen to one hundred thousand dollars and the audience broke into a cheer. In another thirty seconds the painting had been sold for one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. The audience again gave a cheer. The only painting which I secured at this sale was one by Sir Edwin Landseer.

At Christie's, in London, I once attended an auc-

tion at which one hundred water colors by Turner were sold. I went to this sale hoping that I would be able to acquire one or two of these. I came away from it without a single one. The smallest of these were of post card size and had but a few dashes of color. Had they been offered me at some shop without knowing that they were painted by Turner I should have considered them dear at five dollars each. The larger ones measured twelve inches square. Those of post card size sold for from $1,000 to $5,000 each. The larger ones brought from $5,000 to $25,000 each.

Soon after the establishment of the Art Gallery the art lovers of the city organized a Society called the "Friends of Art," whose aim was to make the Art Gallery of greatest cultural value to the city.

A year later, during what was called "Art Week" in commemoration of the anniversary of the establishment of the gallery, this society caused Lorado Taft, the sculptor, to deliver a lecture in Davenport under its auspices. In this lecture he stressed the cultural value of this gallery to the city.

Not long after that I received a visit from a committee representing the Art Section of the Davenport Women's Club and other civic organizations, whose members informed me that the societies which they represented planned to have Mr. Taft execute a portrait bust of me, for presentation to the art gallery in recognition of my gift to the city, and they requested me to give Mr. Taft the necessary sittings in Chicago. I sought to dismiss the committee with

a laugh and the statement that the city had already done quite enough to show its appreciation. Not until told that my refusal to give the sittings would be considered a discourtesy did I consent to do so.

After the completion of the bust, at a function from which I modestly absented myself, the president of the Women's Club, in behalf of the donors, presented it to the gallery with the statement, "that it was a true expression of appreciation from the entire community for my generosity, which made an art gallery possible." I agree with my friends that the bust is a good likeness of me.

Early in 1925 Mrs. Ficke and I spent two weeks in Washington and a week in New York. In the latter city we attended the sale at auction of Arthur's second collection of Japanese prints which brought the surprising sum of thirty-two thousand dollars.

During the summer we arranged with Helene and Harlan to meet them at the "Old Faithful Hotel" in the Yellowstone Park on July tenth. We came fourteen hundred miles from the east and they came eleven hundred miles from the west.

We reached Livingston at four o'clock in the morning and Mammoth Hot Springs at noon. The transportation company which has the park transportation monopoly, demanded the exhorbitant sum of seventy-five dollars for taking us by automobile to the Old Faithful Hotel fifty miles distant. We found other facilities of reaching that hotel and arrived at its front door at the same moment at which

Harlan and Helene and children arrived there. In Harlan's car, the six of us, first toured the park and then proceeded to Wauna by way of Butte, Spokane, Lake Chelan, and Seattle. On the way home Mrs. Ficke and I visited Rocky Mountain National Park in which we reached an altitude of 12,000 feet, which brought great discomfort.

On June 8, 1925, my sister Johanna, who had remained single, died. On June 8, of the following year, my sister Auguste Mueller also died. My sister Mathilde Dueser and I remain the only survivors of the family of ten which reached Iowa with such high hopes in 1852.

In 1926 my wife and I spent part of March and April in Phoenix, Arizona. The valley in which this city lies was turned into an agricultural paradise through the construction of the Roosevelt dam. On our way home we spent ten days with Arthur and Gladys in their temporary home in Santa Fe, and in their company visited the cliff dwellings of Puye and the Indian villages of Santo Domingo and Tesuque. I became interested in the pottery of the early people of the Southwest and secured a representative collection of it, for presentation to the Academy of Science. At Arthur's house we met Sinclair Lewis, an interesting person, then engaged in writing his "Elmer Gantry" as he told me. The book, when it appeared, did not possess a single redeeming feature, and fully deserved the severe criticism it received. That summer we visited Helene and Harlan in Wauna as usual.

Donate My Paintings to City

In June, 1926, "Friendly House," the beautiful new home of the Friendly Society, to whose construction the widow and children of Judge Nathaniel French had so generously contributed more than one hundred thousand dollars, was dedicated with becoming ceremonies. Harry French presented the building in behalf of the French family and Mayor Roddewig, Henry Vollmer, Alfred Mueller, and I spoke respectively for the city, the German Free School, the Friendly Society and the Board of Trustees. The Friendly Society for years has been a great credit to the city.

In 1927 my wife and I spent two of the winter months in Tucson, Arizona, and on the way home again visited Arthur and Gladys in Santa Fe. On the way to the latter, by way of Phoenix, we visited the ruins of Casa Granda, near Florence. While in Santa Fe we again visited the Indian villages of Santo Domingo and Tesuque. At the latter village we witnessed an Indian dance arranged specially for a party of tourists. It was grotesque and far from being interesting. In August we visited Wauna.

On December fourteenth, the Academy of Science (now the Davenport Public Museum) commemorated its sixtieth anniversary, by a dignified meeting in the auditorium of Friendly House. My growing disinclination to speak at public meetings caused me to decline the invitation to be one of the speakers on this occasion. In November the Davenport Turner Society commemorated its diamond jubilee. I declined to be one of the speakers, on this occasion,

for the same reason. At the banquet in the gold room of the Blackhawk Hotel, however, when I was presented with a sixty year membership diploma, a speech on my part was insisted on, and I could not refuse to comply. I was the first person to become entitled to a diploma for having been a member of the Society for sixty years.

In September, fifty years had elapsed since I entered upon the practice of law. Though physically still in splendid condition, so that my friends compliment me on my swift and erect walk, and though my mental faculties are still at their best, I am beginning to let up on my work, allowing the younger members of the firm to do most of it.

Early in March, 1928, Mrs. Ficke and I started out on a long automobile trip with our car and chauffeur. In our itinerary were included Old Salem, with which Lincoln's name is so closely associated, Springfield, Indianapolis, Dayton, Columbus, Marion, the former home of President Harding, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit.

The collection of paintings in the Herron Institute in Indianapolis, of which I had often heard, was a disappointment to me. It is no credit to a city of three hundred and fifty thousand people. It includes only a few Old Masters and modern paintings of great merit. Many of the two hundred paintings housed in its most attractive building are privately owned.

The Art Institute of Dayton had nothing to show for its high sounding name but an antiquated resi-

dence and a few privately owned paintings of no importance. One must pity a city with one hundred and fifty thousand people which shows no deeper interest in art than is manifested by this collection. Dayton, however, owns a small museum connected with its Public Library, which contains most interesting material, admirably displayed in modern cases.

The "Gallery of Fine Arts" in Columbus is a joke for a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people. It does not own a single painting. It was showing a few privately owned daubs. The Columbus Archaeological Museum, however, is a credit to the city and the state. It contains much valuable material from Ohio's many mounds.

Cleveland's Museum of Natural History, housed in an antiquated and unsuitable building which was once a residence, was disappointing and is no credit to a city of Cleveland's size. I left it in disgust in fifteen minutes. Cleveland's Museum of Art, on the other hand, is an institution of which that city is justly proud. It contains more than two hundred and seventy paintings of which many are Old Masters of great merit. It contains much additional valuable museum material.

Toledo's Museum of Art was an agreeable surprise. It exceeded my highest expectations. It far outranks that of Cleveland. The millions which Mr. Libby, of the Libby Glass Company, gave or willed to it makes it one of America's outstanding art centers. This institution is rich not only in en-

trancing paintings but also in other art treasures. Among these are two rooms full of rare Phoenician glass upon which Mr. Libby is said to have expended more than a million dollars. This collection of Phoenician glass has not an equal in the world.

The Detroit Museum of Art is second only to that of Toledo. It is fortunate in having for its director, that able and enthusiastic art connoisseur, my esteemed friend Dr. W. R. Valentiner whom I have encountered so often at art auctions. Under his leadership I expect to see the Detroit Museum of Art eventually outrank its Toledo rival. The Chinese, Japanese, and the American archeological and ethnological material ranks second to that of the Davenport Public Museum.

CHAPTER XXVII

Tour Europe 1928 — Alaska — Books read — Our home life—Visit Miami—My eightieth birthday.

N May 26, 1928, Mrs. Ficke and I left New York for another European tour. Our years were passing swiftly, and we wanted to see once more the places in Europe which we loved. We devoted two weeks to Paris. Here we discovered that French art had experienced a most agreeable change since 1912 and 1922. In the years mentioned I found no paintings in the "Salon" which I considered sufficiently conservative for a place in my collection. In the "Salon" of 1928 there were many. Of these I acquired three.

Our stay in Italy was a short one. It was long enough, however, to convince me that Mussolini's despotic rule over that country was a blessing. It has curbed the lawlessness from which that country has so long suffered. On no previous visit were we treated with more courtesy and did we feel safer than on this one.

Of all the countries visited we found Austria the most pathetic one. Her once well-to-do classes became utterly impoverished when, after the war, her money sank so low in value that one American dollar bought billions of Austrian crowns, each of the nominal value of twenty cents. When Austria finally

stabilized her currency all creditors holding obligations payable in crowns, received one Austrian shilling worth fifteen cents, for every ten thousand crowns.

Notwithstanding their great misfortune, the Austrian people did not lose their love for music and art. The art galleries and museums of Vienna were being daily visited by multitudes and thousands also daily gathered in the parks of that city to enjoy the free concerts.

A strange craze, however, has taken possession of Vienna's people: that of taking sun baths. We saw thousands of people—men, women and children—clad in the scantiest possible costumes, on sunny days exposing themselves to the scorching rays of the sun in her parks, in the open places in the woods which surround the city, and along the banks of the Danube.

In the belief that important "Old Masters" were still obtainable in Vienna, I inserted an advertisement in two of the city papers stating that an American collector desired to purchase a few of these direct from their owners. At once I received an avalanche of replies. Several hundred paintings were offered me. Many of these were rare works of art. Barons and Baronesses offered to send their automobiles for me. Without an exception, the owners of the paintings sought to replenish their broken fortunes, by selling these works of art, to the supposedly rich American at exhorbitant prices.

In one of the Vienna papers I read one day that

on the previous day, in the horse market, 448 horses had been sold to horse butchers and only eighty horses had been sold to others. I learned, however, that Austria prohibits the use of horse meat in the manufacture of sausages.

I found Germany's modern art more disappointing than ever before. To me it was more offensive than modern French art had been even when it was at its worst. In Munich, in the Glass Palast, I saw an exhibition of two thousand paintings by modern German artists. It was the worst collection of daubs I had beheld up to that time. I was to see worse ones in Dresden and Duesseldorf. The exhibition in Dresden I left in fifteen minutes in disgust. In the exhibition in Duesseldorf there were more than two thousand paintings by modern German artists. Here Impressionism had gone mad. I heard it described as "a disease which in time will wear itself out." I asked an attendant how he succeeded in escaping insanity when he was constantly surrounded by such horrors. He whispered to me, that he did not look at them. How Germany, which in the Nineteenth century gave the world such supreme masters as Menzel, Feuerbach, Overbeck, Piloty, Boecklin, Kaulbach, and a hundred others almost equally great, can tolerate its modern debased art, is to me an insoluble mystery.

In Germany our itinerary took us through many of the richest agricultural districts of Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover. In these harvesting was in full swing. In hundreds of fields men and women were

busy cutting and binding grain by hand. Between Munich and Dresden, a distance of over three hundred miles I saw not a single reaper or self-binder in use. Land in this district is held in such small parcels, that the respective owners cannot afford to invest in expensive modern farm implements, and therefore continue to farm in the most antiquated way. These parcels rarely contain more than ten acres of land and these are not enclosed with fences. I saw not so much as a mile of fence in the entire distance. Nowhere saw I farm buildings on the land. Owners and tillers of the diminutive farms reside in villages near the land. Only in northern and northwestern Germany, where land is owned in larger tracts, are reapers and self-binders in use.

One of the most pleasing changes I noticed in Germany, since it became a republic, was the greater self respect of the common people. The cringing, servile politeness, which prevailed under the monarchy, had disappeared. One was spared such titles as Herr Doktor, Herr Geheimrath, Herr Baron and Excellenz so often bestowed upon me, as people almost prostrated themselves before me, in pre-war days. People are not lacking in politeness, but they restrict themselves to the simple "Mein Herr" when they address you.

In one of Munich's moving picture houses we found convincing evidence that the German people abhor war. On the screen one of the actors was quoted as saying "Wir wollen niemals wieder Krieg"

(we never again want war). This elicited deafening applause from a packed house.

In Holland and Belgium I found my ability to speak Low German of great advantage. This language, which I learned to speak from help father employed on the farm when I was a boy, and from my intercourse with Holsteiners all my life, is so nearly related to the Dutch, the language of Holland, and the Flemish, which is largely spoken in Belgium, that when I addressed people in Low German, or they spoke to me in that language, we readily understood each other. I know of no more polite people than the Dutch. Whenever, in Holland, we entered a street car, in which there were no vacant seats, people younger than ourselves rose, and not only offered us their seats, but considered it a discourtesy if we were polite enough to refuse them. In Brussels, as usual, I found a number of interesting Old Masters, of which I purchased ten. With four paintings acquired in Paris, one each in Florence and Munich, and twelve in Vienna, my total purchases reached twenty-eight. Of these I donated six to the Municipal Art Gallery.

In October the city again observed "Art Week" in commemoration of the third anniversary of the establishment of the Municipal Art Gallery. The city papers featured the event by publishing a number of articles written by local people emphasizing the advantage of this gallery, and by printing reproductions of several of its paintings. At a public meeting at the gallery at which I was reluctantly

one of the speakers, I explained how it happened that my collection consisted so largely of Old Masters. I stated that in my travels I discovered that the best examples of the older schools of painting of Europe and America were rapidly passing into the permanent ownership of Public Art Galleries and that this discovery led me to the decision to acquire paintings of the older schools while they were still to be had and later supplement my collection with examples of the more modern schools.

In 1929 the "Friends of Art" arranged a number of exhibitions of paintings at the Gallery. Some of these were of paintings by American "Modernistic" painters. The latter served little in creating greater interest in art. They only made one realize to what depth "Modernistic" American art had sunk. The most charitable explanation for this art perhaps would be that its producers saw the objects they were painting through mal-adjusted glasses.

That year the "Friends of Art" held their first exhibition of paintings by Tri-City artists. It contained 180 paintings by eighty exhibitors. It was a most interesting exhibition and provided convincing proof how wide an interest in art the Gallery had created in the three cities.

In July we joined Helene, Harlan, and their children at Seattle for a trip to Alaska. We went by boat via Victoria to Vancouver from where we started on our Alaska tour on the S. S. Prince Rupert of the Canadian National Line. While our steamer waited at Skagway we went by the Yukon

and White Pass Railroad to Car Cross and from there on a two day boat trip on the lakes which form the source of the Yukon River. The days of our trip were days of bright sunshine, which are said to be so rare in this latitude in July. The scenery was superb. Snow covered mountain chains competed with forests, glaciers, and the crystal waters of Lakes Bennet and Taku in beauty. Yet I would not trade one good acre of Iowa land for an entire township in the country I saw. None of it is suitable for agriculture, and its timber is not of a size to make it commercially valuable.

The Alaska towns visited impressed me as having seen their best days. Skagway, which during the Klondike rush had a population of ten thousand, now contains less than a thousand people. A tent town, which once occupied a site on Lake Bennet, and had a population of ten thousand, has vanished entirely. Wrangel, Ketchikan, and Juneau have lost largely in population. Even Prince Rupert in British Columbia, the Pacific terminus of the Canadian National Railroad, which was laid out on a grand scale, bears the seeds of decay and in my opinion will never become a city of great importance, because of its high northern latitude.

After our return from Alaska we spent a week in Mt. Baker National Park and several weeks in Wauna. Within ten days after our return to Davenport we visited Arthur and Gladys at their home in the Berkshires, near Hillsdale, New York.

October and November, 1929, were months of

panic for Wall Street. For a year prices of all classes of stocks had been steadily advancing. Vast numbers of people had been buying these on margin. While watching their rising paper profits, they failed to realize that they were riding for a fall. On October 29 the storm came. The losses sustained by holders of stocks by November 13, when stocks were at their lowest, were appalling. American Telegraph and Telephone stock had dropped from 310 to 204; Auburn Auto from 514 to 130; General Electric from 403 to 170; Montgomery Ward from 156 to 50; and United States Steel from 261 to 152. Other stocks went down in about the same proportion.

In November the Municipal Art Gallery held the most successful exhibition of paintings in its history. The attendance reached twenty-five thousand. No exhibition arranged in Davenport ever gave more general satisfaction. The Grand Central Galleries had sent 250 paintings and 75 pieces of sculpture by American artists. Sixty of the painters represented were National Academicians. There were no monstrosities in the exhibition.

So far I have omitted to mention to what class of books or other literature from time to time, I devoted my leisure hours. In the years in which I was active in politics I read books which dealt with current problems. I accumulated a very respectable number of books which dealt with such subjects as Workingmens' Insurance, Charities, Immigration, Socialism, Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities,

and others of similar nature. As an indication of what literature most interested me in later years, I mention some of the books which I read in 1929.

I read Keyserling's "The Diary of a Philosopher," which I found dreary; Tarkington's "The Plutocrat," for whose publication I saw no possible excuse; Lewis Browne's "Stranger than Fiction" and "This Believing World," both of which deeply interested me; Gibbs' "The Age of Reason," in which the conflict between Science and Religion and Modern Fads, is discussed at too tiresome a length; Shaw's "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism," which ably describes many existing evils but fails to suggest practical remedies; Sinclair's "Boston," which is too much of a glorification of two anarchists whom I considered guilty of the crime for which they were punished; Ludwig's "Son of Man," "Goethe," "Napoleon," "Voltaire," and "Wilhelm Hohenzollern," in the first of which he so convincingly shows the absurdity of considering Jesus more than the son of man, and in the latter of which he added to the contempt in which I hold the ex-Kaiser by proving that he alone, and not Germany, must be held responsible for the World War.

I read Mussolini's "Autobiography," which shows him to be the kind of despot his people, unfit for self-government, deserve; Durant's "The Story of Philosophy," which was most pleasurable and enlightening reading; Lewis' "Dodsworth," in one of whose characters I recognized Lewis' former wife whom, jointly with Lewis, I met at Arthur's house in Santa

Fe; Feuchtwanger's "Power" and "The Ugly Duchess," the first of which, an amazingly interesting book, I had already read in German.

I read Thaddeus' "Voltaire," which revived in me an interest in the works of French writers which I lost many years ago, when, while traveling in Mexico, I read a French novel which so thoroughly disgusted me that I tossed it out of the open car window and thereafter regretted my act lest it should contaminate the morals of some Mexican bandit who might find the book; Voltaire's "Candide," his "History of Philosophy," and a number of his "Romances," the first of which, "Candide," though witty and vulgar enough for the period in which it was written, failed to give me the pleasure it must have given eighteenth century readers familiar with French foibles; and two volumes of "Rhodes' History," which dealt with the Civil War.

I read Hackett's "Henry the Eighth;" Maurois' "Disraeli;" Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex;" "Zola and his Time;" Lanciani's, "The Destruction of Rome;" Belloc's, "Marie Antoinette;" Poliakoff's, "Catherine, Anna and Elizabeth of Russia;" several volumes of Heine, in German; Bowers' "The Tragic Era;" Wilhelm's "The Soul of China;" America's twelve most important magazines, the Chicago Tribune, the New York Times, Davenport's daily papers, and a number of books of fiction which do not deserve to be mentioned.

I read John Cowper Powys' amazing "Wolf Solent" and Kuno Franke's "The Cultural Value of

German Literature." The latter contained a quotation from a lecture of Herder, delivered before his class in Jena in 1789 which held me spellbound. In translation it is as follows: "To produce our humane century, all preceding centuries have exerted themselves. Ours are all the treasures which Industry, Genius, Reason, and Experience, during the long age of the world, finally brought home. Who of you is there, in whom a bright mind is joined with an impressionable heart, mindful of this, in whom the secret wish may not arise *to pay to the coming generation the debt you can no longer pay to a departed one.*"

I had never read a line of Herder's writings. Yet this identical sentiment had prompted me, a dweller on earth a century and a half after Herder, to found a Public Art Gallery. Of this sentiment I believed myself to be the originator. I thought I was the first one to clothe it in words when I was posing for Lorado Taft for my portrait bust. On that occasion Mr. Taft asked me how I came to present my collection of paintings to my city. I replied that the present generation was indebted to all preceding generations for the blessings it enjoyed; that the only way in which it could pay this debt was to pay it to future generations; and that I knew of no better way of paying my share of this debt than by giving my paintings to my city for the benefit of all future generations. Then and there flashed upon my mind and I uttered the following words: *"Each generation must pay to succeeding generations the debt it*

owes to preceding ones." Instantly Mr. Taft exclaimed, "That is a beautiful sentiment. Where did you find it? I will stress it in my lectures." I replied that it was original with me. And it was. Now Franke proves that Herder uttered a like sentiment half a century before I was born.

In 1930 Mrs. Ficke and I spent the greater part of January and all of February in Miami, Florida. During that time the days were few on which the sun did not shine brightly and on which the temperature was not above seventy degrees.

During the many years which elapsed since our children left the parental home to establish homes of their own, many family incidents happened, which did not lend themselves readily for inclusion in these pages in their chronological order, without breaking the continuity of my story.

Arthur, the first of our children to marry, built himself a home on upper Main Street at no great distance from ours. It was a comfort to have him and Evelyn so near us. Sundays, the two, and after Stanhope's birth the three, usually came to our home for dinner. Need it be said that Stanhope was a most loveable little chap, and that he formed the center of attraction for his two maiden aunts and his doting grandparents.

When next our jolly and affectionate daughter Helene left us to become the wife of Harlan Watzek and with him to establish a home in far off Oregon, there came a great void in our home. Fortunately we at once began to receive from her those cheerful

and comforting letters, supplemented by those from Harlan, which have continued to come with great regularity ever since and which gave us so true and inspiring a picture of her busy, happy, and contented life. From personal observation on the spot we learned what a Lady Bountiful she had become in her little town and what a comfort she was to all who came in contact with her.

When finally our serious minded, and equally affectionate, daughter Alice, the last of our children to leave us, became the wife of Devore Simonson, the void in our home became truly appalling. Our house seemed all too large for us. Happily the distance between Rock Island and Davenport was not great, and the devoted daughter that she was, she visited us almost daily and telephoned us frequently each day. It goes without saying that the enviable place which she made for herself in her new surroundings, and her earnest support of every worthy philanthropic, civic, and political movement, in which she was encouraged by her husband, has filled me with pardonable pride.

Until their children were born Alice and Devore spent at least every other Sunday at our house. Later they were accompanied by their children and then our cup of joy was filled to overflowing.

The passing years saw many happy family gatherings. After Alice's children were old enough to be interested in the Fourth of July that day was always celebrated with a picnic supper at the Devore Simonson home.

Thanksgiving day was always commemorated with a turkey dinner at our house which was attended by our children and their respective families. Helene and Harlan and their children, unfortunately, were often absent from these dinners because they resided at so great a distance.

The happiest days of the year were always those when Helene, Harlan, and their children came to Davenport for a long visit with us and Harlan's parents. Then there were parties and dinners without number. And what a lovely time our grandchildren had together during such visits.

Of all our happy family gatherings Christmas always stood first. All our children and grandchildren who could possibly manage it came to us for that occasion. One year, when Alice and Devore were in China, and Helene could not come on account of sickness in her family, and Arthur and family were away, Mrs. Ficke and John Simonson, then the baby of the family, and I had to celebrate Christmas alone. But that was unusual and not to be repeated.

Remembering the happy Christmases of our younger days, Mrs. Ficke and I were anxious that our grandchildren should remember the good times at the home of their grandparents at Christmas. So we made the most of the occasion. There was always a Christmas tree, brilliant with electric lights and weighed down with lovely decorations and gifts for young and old. Scattered about the room there

were tables and chairs with additional presents for all.

Then came the mid-day dinner. The table, beautifully trimmed with appropriate Christmas decorations, groaned under the weight of good things to eat. After everybody had rendered fullest justice to the spread we adjourned to the living rooms to enjoy a real Christmas get-together; the children trying out their new toys and we, the parents and grandparents, having the satisfied feeling that another lovely Christmas was being spent together.

Eighty years of my life now lie behind me. These were replete with happiness and contentment. Those of my married life, especially, were ideal and without a blemish. My wife's tastes and mine were alike. We loved our home and detested ostentation. Our comradeship was a delightful one. Each was interested in the work and play of the other; she in my various hobbies; I in her many Good Samaritan activities. She accompanied me on all my travels, as did our children until they married. We were blessed with the unbroken love of these. The shadows of life, however, are now lengthening and the long night may at any time claim me without warning. It is time, therefore, to bring these "Memories," written in occasional idle hours, to a close. An account of a happy family gathering on my eightieth birthday offers itself as an appropriate closing.

I celebrated this birthday on April twenty-first, nineteen hundred and thirty. My only surviving

sister, Arthur and Gladys, Alice and Devore, Helene, Dr. and Mrs. Watzek, my niece Clara Petersen from Chicago, and all my nephews and nieces with their respective spouses, who were residents of Davenport, were present. Harlan unfortunately could not come. Before those assembled I read an early chapter of "Memories of Fourscore Years." I also gave my promise to have my manuscript printed "some day," in book form, for distribution among my children, grandchildren, and relations. By the publication of a limited number of presentation copies, of which this volume is one, this promise has been redeemed. No copies of this book are for sale.